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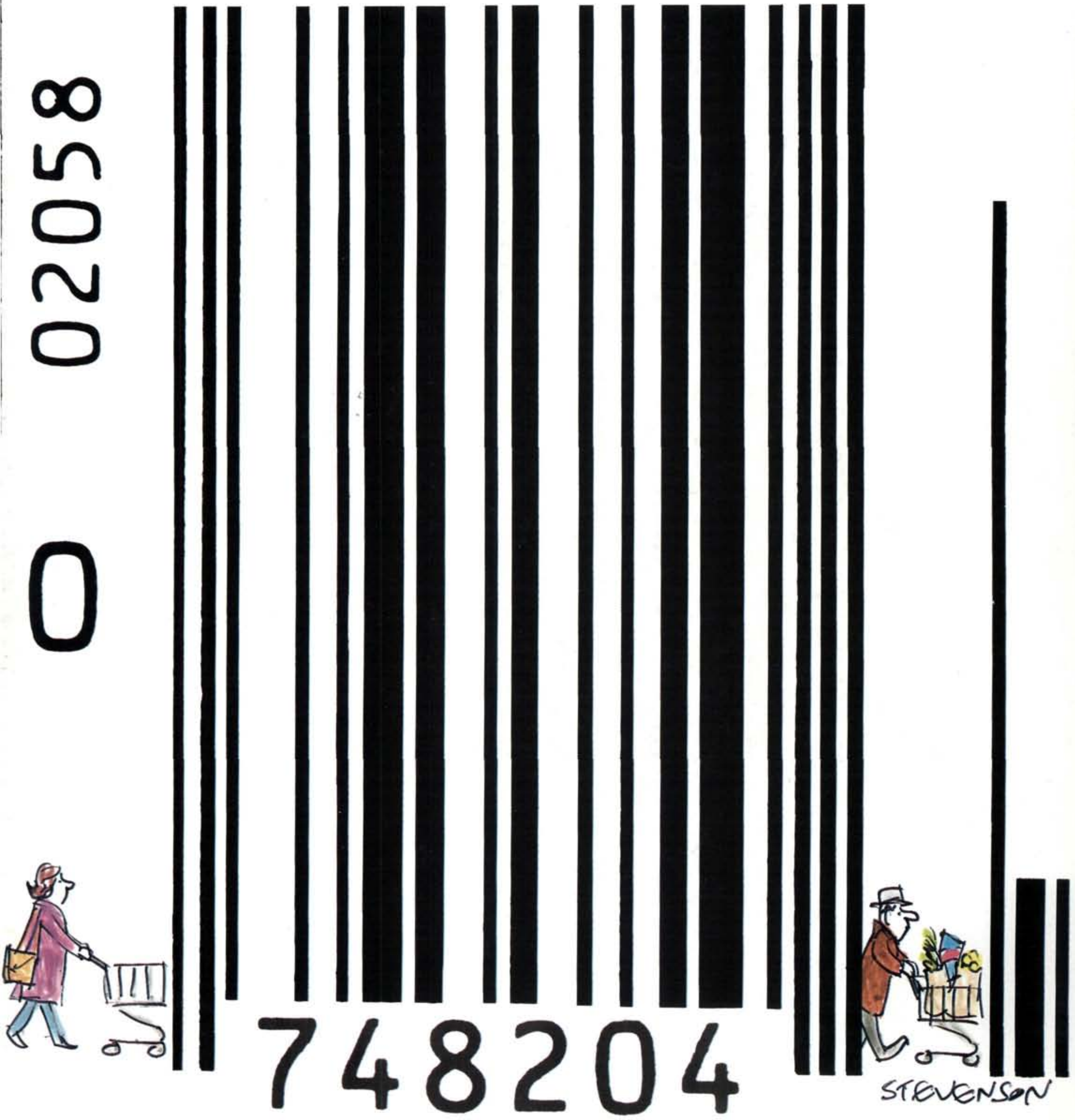
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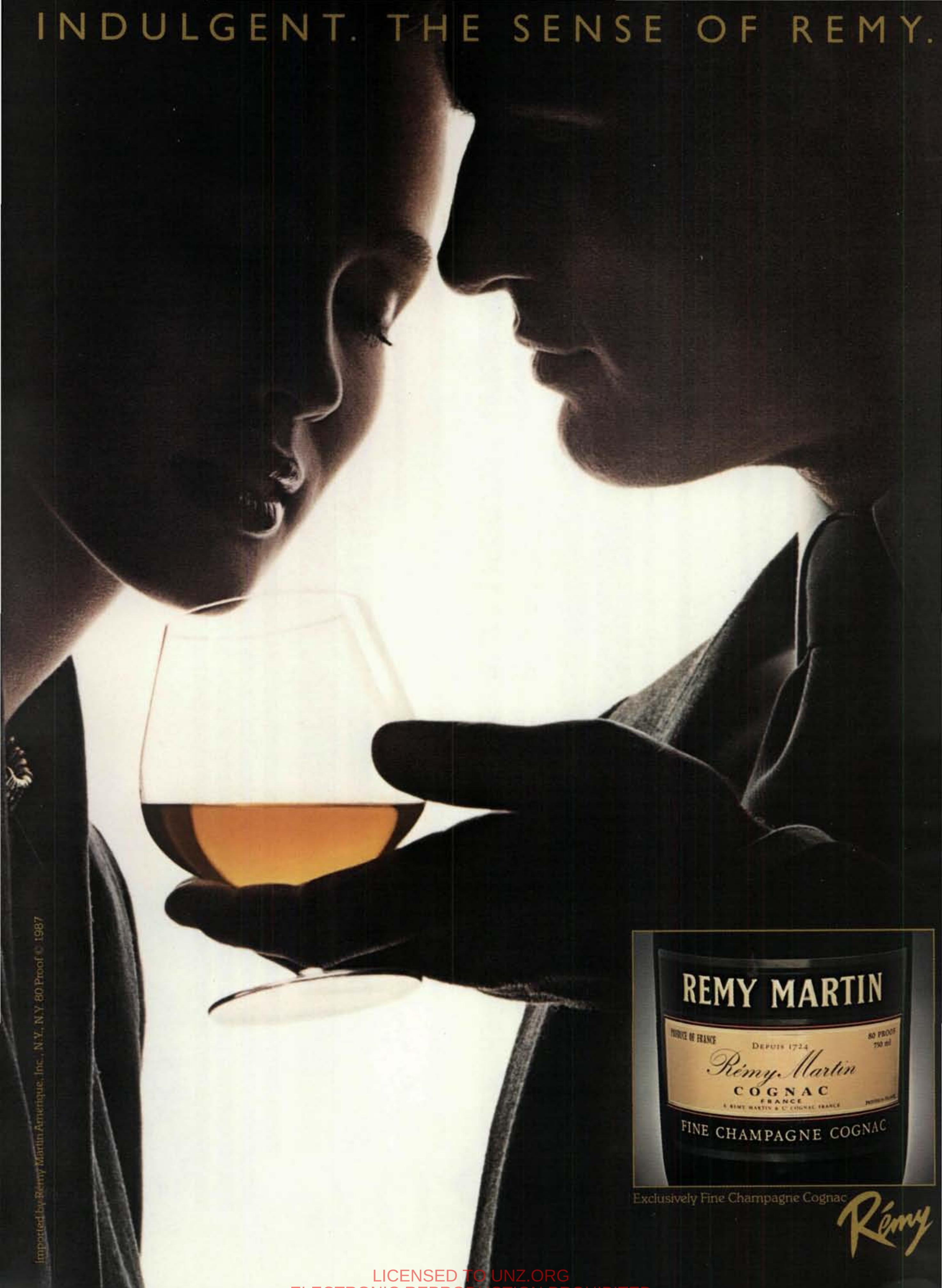
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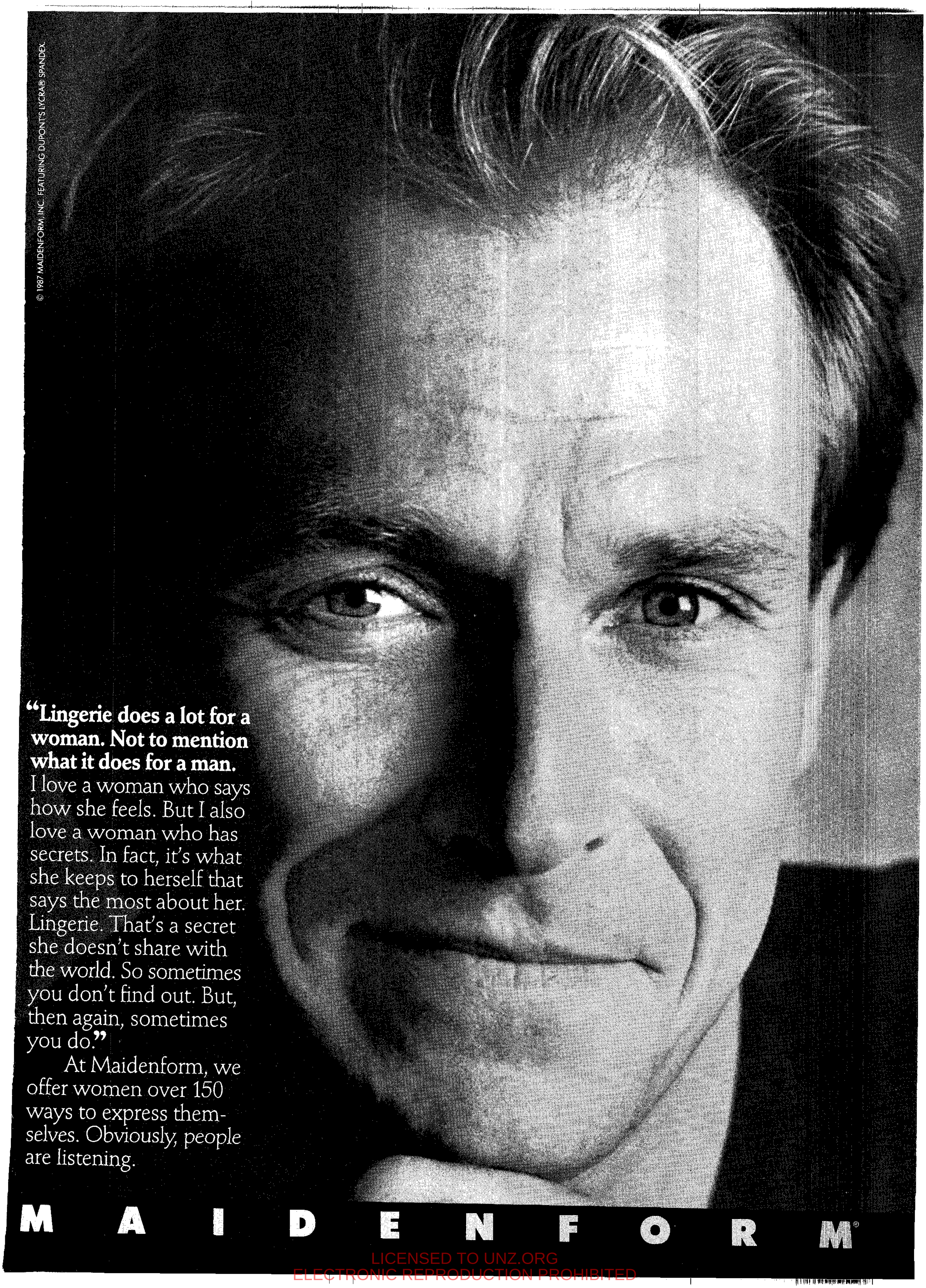

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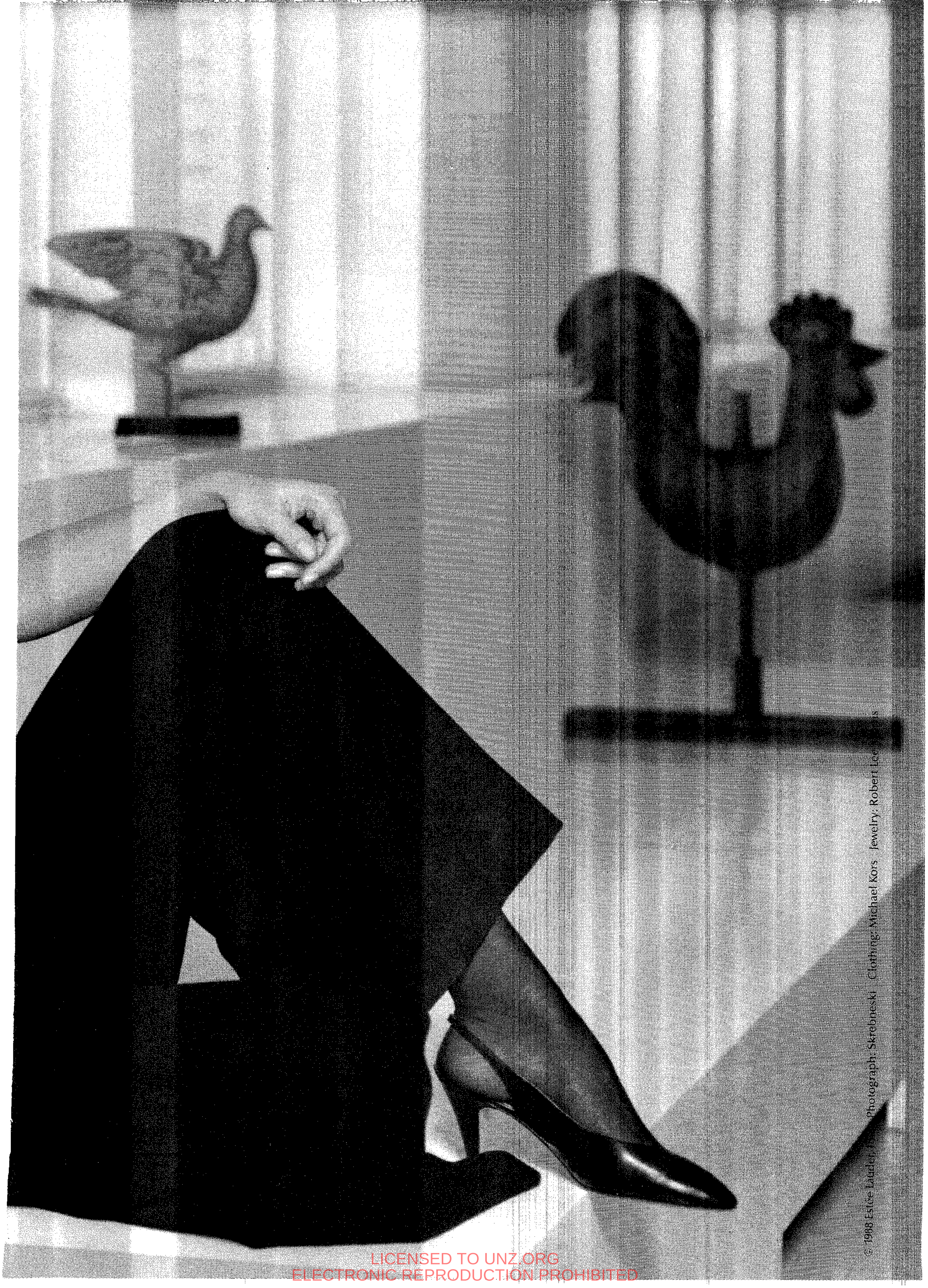

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

A Burning Beach—A play by Eduardo Machado. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Cafe Crown—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's valentine to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this agreeable production. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

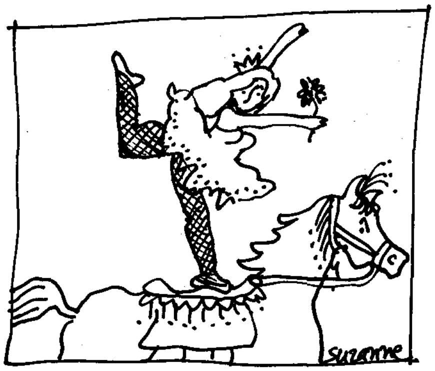
Circle Repertory Company—**reckless,** a new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Devil's Disciple—Philip Bosco and Victor Garber in a production of Shaw's 1897 play. Directed by Stephen Brown. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 13, at 6:30. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1959 musical **fiorello!** (book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)



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Forbidden Broadway 1988—The funniest show in town is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way, as conceived by Gerard Alessandrini, who directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Ghosts—Fionnula Flanagan and David McCallum in Ibsen's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Black . . .—A play by Rob Penny. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Italian American Reconciliation—The latest offbeat comedy about love and loneliness in Little Italy from John Patrick Shanley, the author of "Moonstruck." The play, which marks Shanley's directorial début, is not as wise or as psychologically complex as some of his earlier plays have been—or as charmingly ingenious as its set, designed by Santo Loquasto—but it is full of eloquent laughs and provides the occasion for a masterly performance by John Turturro as the girl-shy young man who tries to do good by seducing his best friend's fierce ex-wife. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **sweethearts.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they are both charged with being spies—discovers that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rameau's Nephew—Denis Diderot's posthumously published dialogue about happiness, morality, and the structure of civilization may be full of observations with contemporary relevance, but they are so obvious and so familiar as to raise questions about why the CSC bothered to stage this ill-conceived adaptation by Andrei Belgrader and Shelley Berc. The production, which Mr. Belgrader directed, boasts an unspeakably crude and vulgar performance by Tony Shalhoub, and the cheap theatrics it uses—childish business and aural and visual gags—are an insult to the audience's intelligence. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Barry Williams and Alison Fraser in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian, which had a brief workshop production last June. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Shooting Stars—A play by Molly Newman. (Actors' Space, 250 W. 54th St., 10th floor. 757-5900. Thursdays through Mondays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Nov. 21.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—A play by Michael Weller, which was seen last season at Second Stage. With Kate Nelligan, Jeffrey De Munn, and Christopher Collett; directed by Austin Pendleton. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 10. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. A deadpan script pokes gentle fun at the Eisenhower era, and some very silly songs are perfectly performed. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea with Mommy and Jack—A play by Shela Walsh, with Sylvia Miles and David Groh. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—F. Murray Abraham, Bill

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City Tales:
EAVESDROPPING

Fragments of the Perambulation

by MARK O'DONNELL

photograph by David McGlynn

"It was many, many years ago, at Lake Tahoe"... "I'm *inhibited?!"*... *"Your English* is *improving! How much do you study?" "Two days an hour."*... *"But Daddy doesn't* know *if Michael Jackson is happy"*... *"Not a social*ist— *a social*ite*"* ... *"Honestly, a billion isn't as much as it sounds"*... *"The Guggenheim* does *look like a collapsible camp cup"*... *"You got homeboys uptown, you got homeboys downtown, you don't need me!"*... *"Spare change? I'm trying to buy a condo."*... *"Is that the sun or the moon on your t-shirt?"*... *"I read about them in Psychology Today"*... *"An* iguana*? It just looks like a big old lizard to me!"*... *"I give up, why would you rather live on Mars than on Venus?"*... *"And I say to you, Einstein could not have gone to heaven, because he died an agnostic!"*... *"The Empire State Building is so tall, it actually* foreshortens itself*"*... *"Her parents are never supposed to find out he's a member of the Racquet Club"*... *"It* is *the fifty dollars, isn't it?"* ... *"I have to go see my mother tonight." "Oh, what is she in?"* ... *"Don't tell me what to do, you're not my pimp!"*... *"No, no— Betty is the* dog*"* ... *"Did whoever wrote the Internationale make any money off it?"*... *"Ya, I have been riding the subway all week, I feel very homely on it"*... *"I'm a normal person, I'm a normal person, I'm a normal person"*... *"It wasn't so long ago you would have said Ralph Lauren was yucky"*... *"Hey! Hey! You with the tie! Show me your resumé!"*... *"But Dalton is so* glitzy*"*... *"I should never have told the judges my cat tried to have sex with me"*... *"Call me the* following *fall, then"*... *"Look! 'Hot' Coffee! Why is hot in quotation marks?"*... *"There's someone who I know who I wish was dead"*... *"That's right, sweetie:* Can-ta-loupe*!"*... *"I think of myself as an executive who happens to swim"*... *"She found she made twice as much in tips if she wore a blonde wig"*... *"Hey, Rambo— shut up!"*... *"There* isn't *any Light Bulb District"*... *"It's just Squeeze, not* the *Squeeze"* ... *"And they misspelled* jackals*"*... *"That kind of nudity is so* insecure*"*... *"It just sort of steamrolled, avalanched— what's the word? Snowballed."*... *"No, just the opposite, performance artists are people who* can't *sing, dance,* or *act"* ... *"'Only the Best in Quality Spankography'— well, that's a refreshing break from that anything-for-a-buck stuff"*... *"I can hear you women saying, 'Oh, I can't go to church, I don't have any skirts, all I have are* pantsuits*!' Well, I have some news for you ladies— You can* get *a skirt! It's not so hard to get a skirt!"* ... *"Its full name is Liberty Enlightening the World. We rode the subway right under it!"*... *"First of all, define* history*"*... *"Hey, babe, what's your name? And where are we going?"*

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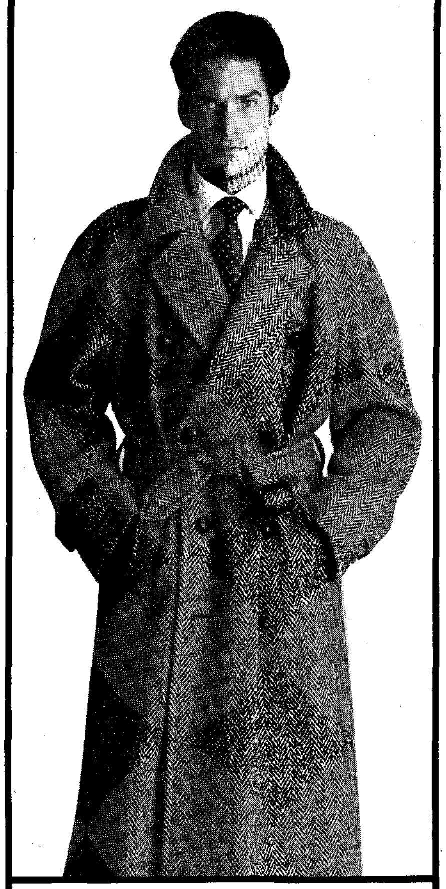

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Irwin, Steve Martin, and Robin Williams in the Beckett classic. Mike Nichols is the director. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

What Did He See?—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman. With Will Patton, Rocco Sisto, and Lili Taylor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Long Runs—ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Anthony Heald, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** This longest of long runs recently had its twenty-eighth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays, except Nov. 9, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Tuesday evening, Nov. 15.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—Juggler **MICHAEL MOSCHEN.** Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7, and Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8. Through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Sunday, Dec. 18.)

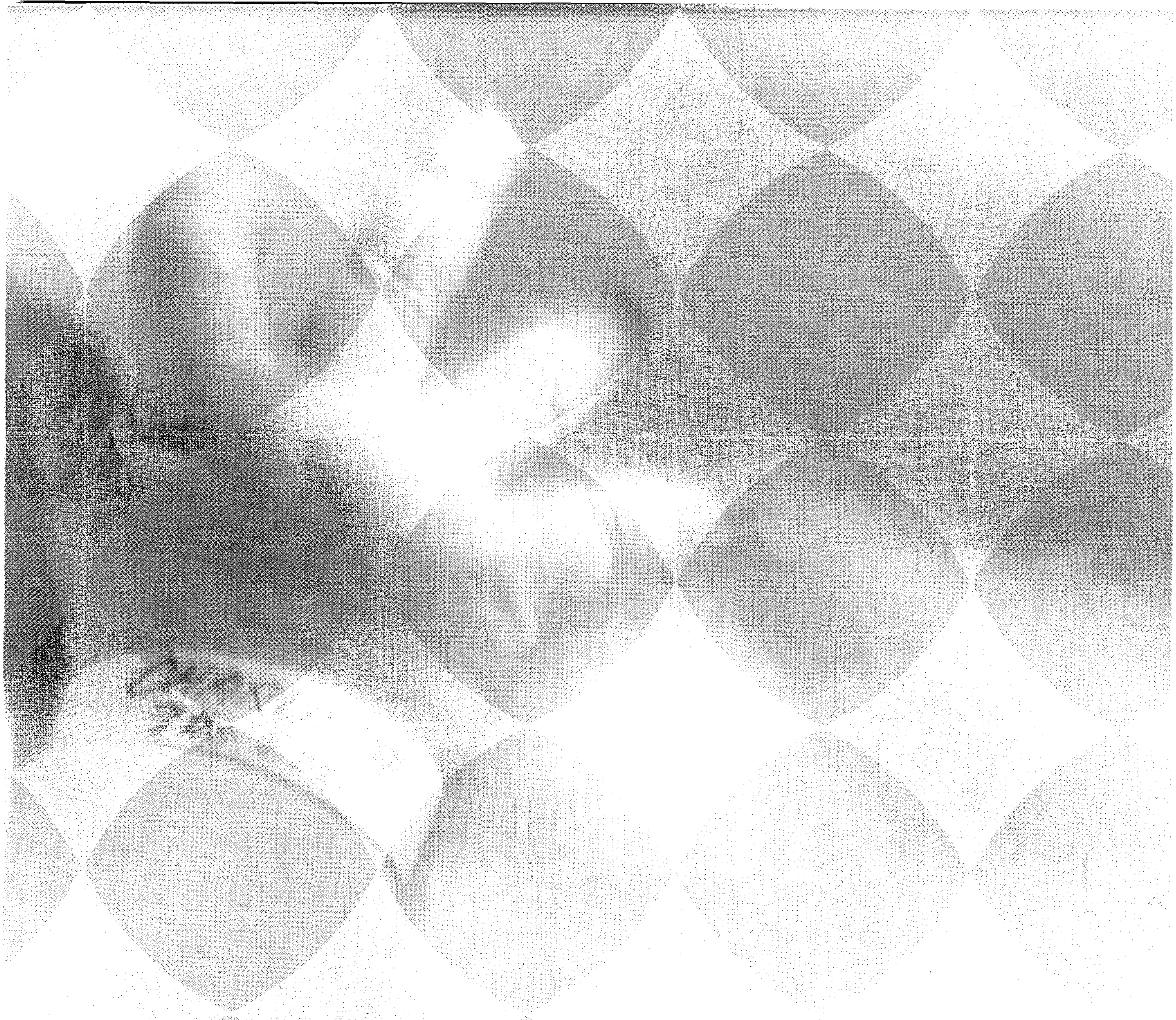
Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Presenting three works. **THE MAGIC FLUTE:** Monday, Nov. 7, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7. . . . **THE NUTCRACKER:** Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 10:30 and 2:30. . . . **THE BARBER OF SEVILLE:** Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 391-0767.)

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes, of course) begin on Friday, Nov. 11, and will run through Wednesday, Jan. 4. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Billy the Kid," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Concerto Grosso," "Love Songs," and "Cotillon." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Petrouchka," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Reflections," "Billy the Kid," and "Light Rain." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2: "Remembrances Pas de Deux," "The Clowns," "L'Air d'Esprit," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Petrouchka," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Cotillon." (City Center,



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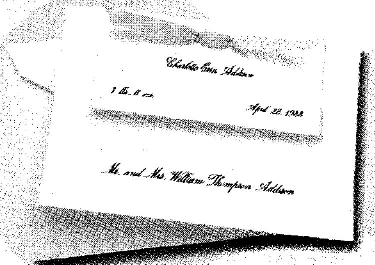
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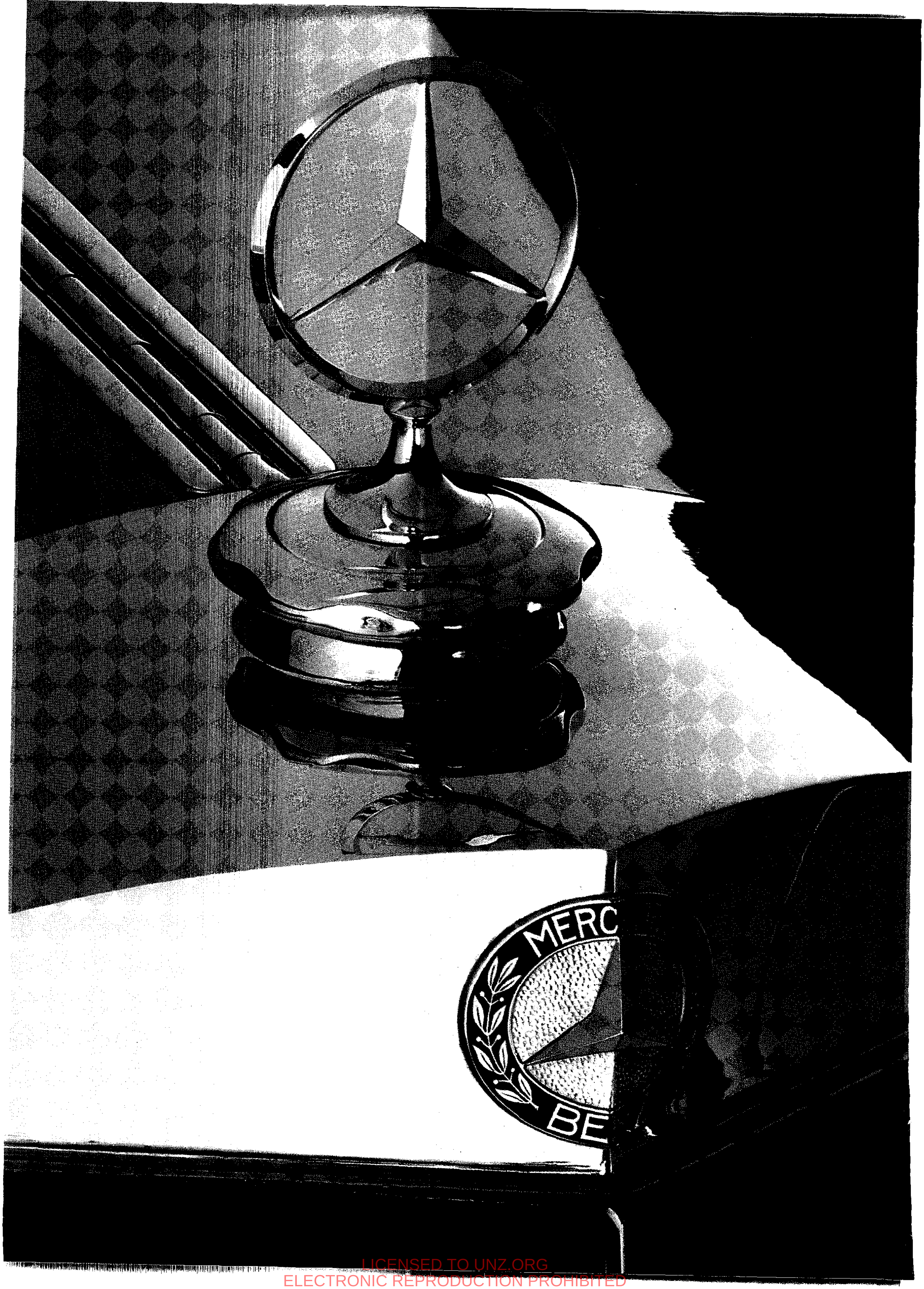
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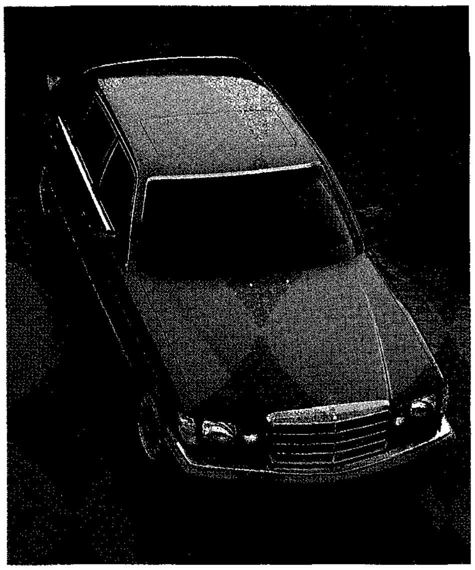

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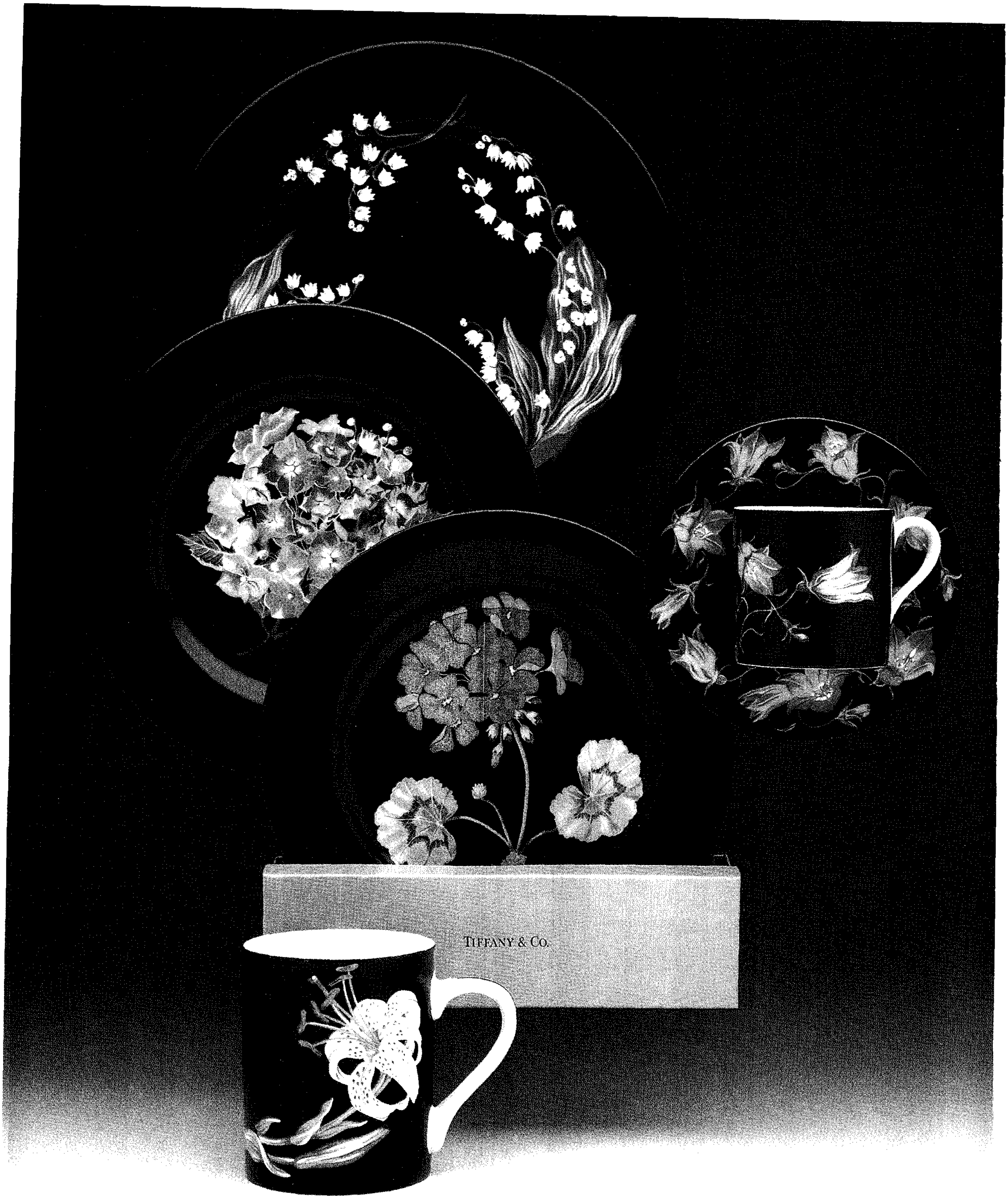

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DANCE–Cont'd

131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances—"Concerto in F," "Tones," and "Firebird." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2 and 8.)

Garth Fagan Bucket Dance—Three programs of contemporary dance. Program B: Tuesday, Nov. 8; Thursday, Nov. 10; and Saturday, Nov. 12, all at 8. . . . ¶ Program C: Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Program A: Friday, Nov. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Ohad Naharin Dance Company—Presenting "Safe Tradition," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

Armenian State Dance Ensemble—A company of sixty, appearing here for the first time in fourteen years. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** a torch-song specialist, sings about broken hearts and more broken hearts in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 8-10, and at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** and her repertoire change little from year to year, but here she was the other evening with a new hairdo (the blond pageboy had given way to a perm) and a couple of new songs. One of them, a kind of love letter from a fan in New Zealand, is called "Blossom," and asks how such a delicate thing survives in "that city of chaos and crime." (It's easy, she suggests, striking a kittenish pose and playing a little one-handed piano.) She also sang "I Won't Dance," her usual batch of Dave Frishberg songs (plus his less well-known "Wheelers and Dealers," on which she played some percussive, loud-pedal piano), two funny-grotesque Sheldon Harnick songs, and her own "Bye-Bye, Country Boy." She's here Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty. **KAREN AKERS,** a tall, slender model of cool whom moviegoers may remember as the Copacabana chanteuse in "The Purple Rose of Cairo," performs at nine Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 8-10, and at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12. **BARBARA COOK** will be here for three weeks starting Tuesday, Nov. 15.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, some trees, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. Baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE** leads a quintet on Thursday, Nov. 10; **IRENE REID** sings the blues on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. **JOE WILLIAMS,** who will be here Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 8-13, is only a month shy of seventy, but his big voice remains flexible and buoyant, and whatever he sings—an Ellington song, a blues, a supper-club ballad—he sings with ease and gentlemanly cool. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the frisky late-swing tenor saxophonist whose name alone suggests coattails flying, will be out in front of his big band for four nights starting Monday, Nov. 14. Music from nine. Dining.

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13	14	15	16			

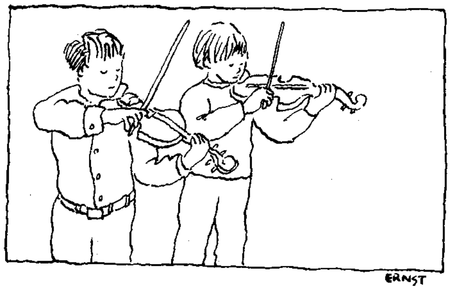
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Bruce Springsteen played here in 1975 and, eyewitnesses say, just about blew the house down; Tony Bennett sang here in 1981; and Dan Hicks, the toast of the folk-swing circuit, spent a night here in 1987. ("Howdja hear about this?" Hicks asked the audience, a small one.) **PAUL KELLY,** an Australian rocker who was here last fall, comes back on Sunday, Nov. 13. In an hour-long show, Kelly and his five-piece band rattled off eighteen songs—seventeen originals and one Woody Guthrie number. Kelly sets a lot of his songs in working-class districts, or on nearby Desolation Row, and he packs them with detail and hardboiled wit, and gives you something to think about while you're tapping your feet. He'll be preceded by bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** and his **QUARTET WEST** on Monday, Nov. 7; by jazz singer Laurel Massé on Wednesday, Nov. 9; and by British folk-rocker **RICHARD THOMPSON** for three nights starting Thursday, Nov. 10. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features horn players, Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and two fellow-Memphians, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER,** will be around through Saturday, Nov. 12. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. A combo featuring several Ellington alumni—trumpeter **CLARK TERRY,** clarinettist **JIMMY HAMILTON,** alto saxophonist **NORRIS TURNEY,** and bassist **AARON BELL** (who plays piano with this group)—performs Tuesdays through Sundays. Tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** leads a quartet on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is back in the little principality known as the Café Carlyle, singing Cole Porter and other old gilt-edged material. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet fly, skirts twirl, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a dreamy look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these Sunday-night meetings, and on Nov. 13 it brings in a big band led by tenor saxophonist **LOREN SCHOENBERG.** Music from eight to midnight.



Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass is played in this frontier bar, on the western edge of town, out where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and Weehawken, the gateway to the Jersey interior, shimmers in the distance. The action takes place on Fridays after nine, behind closed doors in the bar's back room. Risky Business, a Jersey-based band, will be here on Nov. 11.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled lair that will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people (who may want to remove their homburgs before entering). **SHIRLEY HORN,** a singer and pianist who was championed by Miles Davis in the early sixties and then drifted out of sight, will be here with her trio Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 8-13. She has a soft, mild, slinky voice that recalls Peggy Lee and Billie Holiday, and she accompanies herself with nimble, cushioning piano. Alto saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON** brings in a quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 15. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Two nice things not known to be available in the next world—Chinese cooking and American jazz—are here, under a greenhouse roof, above which loom garden-variety skyscrapers. **DICK HYMAN** and **RUBY BRAFF** play piano-cornet duets on Monday, Nov. 7. **HAROLD NICHOLAS,** the flyweight dancer who used to tap out messages and poems with his fast feet, spends most of his time singing nowadays; he'll do it here Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 8-13, with support from pianist **MIKE RENZI** (replaced by **TONY MONTE** on Friday and Sunday) and bassist **EARL MAY.** Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 9, pianist **CAROL BRITTO'S** trio; Thursday, Nov. 10, guitarist-singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Saturday, Nov. 12, a quintet co-led by guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN** and trombonist **DAN BARRETT;** and Monday, Nov. 14, pianist **DICK HYMAN.** Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a veteran music-theatre man whose sets ramble pleasantly from little-known show tune to little-known movie tune, performs on Mondays, Nov. 7 and 14. **BARBARA LEA,** a fine and easy singer and a whistler who could knock a bird out of a tree, will be here on Friday, Nov. 11. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **STAFFORD JAMES** are on duty Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-12; **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** take over on Tuesday, Nov. 15. Sundays and Mondays have been set aside for **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans-born pianist who plays Monk ("Blue Monk") and Berlin ("Blue Skies," which he turns into a stride workout) and blue Beatles ("Eleanor Rigby"), and now and then, in a languid, down-home voice, sings something like "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. The schedule: Tuesday, Nov. 8, the Go-Betweens, an Australian rock band;

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Thursday, Nov. 10, alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE'S** trio; Friday, Nov. 11, **SONNY SHARROCK**, a strident, bare-knuckled jazz-noise guitarist; and Sunday, Nov. 13, Russian avant-garde pianist Sergei Kuryokhin. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size *iguana on the roof;* Texans like the reminders of home; and musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. **DAN HICKS**, the San Francisco folk-swing man who wrote "How Can I Miss You (When You Won't Go Away)" and "Hell, I'd Go" (a song about interplanetary travel), will be here on Wednesday, Nov. 9, with his Acoustic Warriors. Another Californian, slide guitarist **ROY ROGERS**, plays the blues on Thursday, Nov. 10. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music above the babble, but star thrush **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is here now and her audience hangs raptly on her every note. McGovern has a swell voice—a four-octave range, according to the statisticians—and while she can perform difficult feats with it, she tends to overwhelm pop songs, turning them into big numbers à la Barbra Streisand. In most cases, the song finishes a distant second, way behind the singer and her pure tones. She's here Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-12. **MARIA MULDAUR**, a singer who has tried her hand at everything from jug-band music to gospel, will be around starting Tuesday, Nov. 15, with a combo led by New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN**. Sets at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and occasionally of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. **HUNTER THOMPSON**, the renowned guerrilla journalist, Nixon scholar, and standup comedian, has the floor on Tuesday, Nov. 8; **SWEETHEARTS OF THE RODEO**, two Southern California sisters whose hearts belong to Nashville, perform on Friday, Nov. 11; mega rock star **JIMMY PAGE** holds forth Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 12-13; and **IAN HUNTER**, once the cynosure of the glitter-rock band Mott the Hoople, brings in his group on Wednesday, Nov. 16. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 9-10, the Wailers; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Nov. 15, the **SKATALITES**; and Wednesday, Nov. 16, **YOMO TORO**. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays and Election Day.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **RON CARTER'S** two-bass quintet has the floor Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 8-13; trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and his band move in on Tuesday, Nov. 15. Mondays have again been turned over to the jazz-rock orchestra that wizard arranger Gil Evans brought here for many years; it's now directed by his son, trumpeter Miles Evans. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays after nine are set aside for salsa bands. On Nov. 14, **TITO PUENTE'S** ensemble shares the stage with **RAY BARRETTO'S** orchestra. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist-singer **BROOKS KERR** and bassist **BOB FIELD** hold forth Tuesdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **RED RODNEY**, the red-headed trumpeter who rose and shone with Charlie Parker in the late forties, takes his quintet through some Parker material Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 8-13. The septet that **HENRY THREADGILL** calls his Sextett—it has two drummers, and it sometimes sounds like a raucously up-to-date New Orleans street band—arrives on Tuesday, Nov. 15. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A Columbia University watering hole, which has long served as a home for great and elderly swing men. (Jo Jones and Sonny Greer, to name only drummers, frequented the room during the late seventies and early eighties.) **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON**, who joined Count Basie fifty-one years ago on the recommendation of Jo Jones (Basie's drummer), plays his trumpet with a quartet Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 9-13. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **RONNIE MATHEWS**, a fleet-fingered, bop-oriented pianist, works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Nov. 12. Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music from eight weeknights and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA—With Karla Bonoff and Steve Forbert. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

LOS LOBOS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.

KEITH JARRETT—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.

STANLEY JORDAN—With Tuck & Patti. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

STEVE COLSON—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.

BILLY TAYLOR—With his trio. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

IRISH FOLK MUSIC—With Jerry O'Sullivan, Treasa O'Carroll, Joe Kelly, and Joan Madden. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

KEITH TERRY—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 11. Through Saturday, Nov. 19.

ALLEN TOUSSAINT AND MOSES RASCOE—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.

GAL COSTA—With Rão Kyao. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.)

LEONARD COHEN—Beacon Theatre. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.

GOSPEL CONCERTS—Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: Claude Jeter & the Swan Silvertones, the Golden Sons, and the Heavenly Tones. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: Marion Williams, Sister Sadie & the Famous Biblettes, and the Faithful Harmonizers. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

P. S. 122—Friday through Sunday, Nov. 11-13, at 9: Jeff McMahon. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 11: Frank Maya. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER AGOSTINI—Unpainted plaster sculptures by an artist who casts from bottles, balloons, and other found objects. Through Dec. 17. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT (1960-88)—Paintings done between 1981 and 1984. Through Nov.

30. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Objects, drawings, and multiples—more than seventy works in all. Through Dec. 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Camille Bombois (1883-1970)—Circus figures, rural folk, and narrow streets by a French primitive. Through Dec. 24. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Eggbeaters and all, in more than fifty paintings that span the artist's career. Through Dec. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Scott Duncanson (1821-72)—Landscapes by a black artist of the Hudson River School. Through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

Richard Erdman—Recent nonobjective sculptures. Through Nov. 19. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edgar Franceschi—Works in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—Drawings and paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Donald Judd—Two shows to coincide with the artist's retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Wall-mounted boxes made with metal and Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Furniture, architectural studies, and sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Roger Mühl—Recent landscapes and interiors. Through Nov. 19. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings. Through Dec. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Francisco Ribalta (1565-1628)—Paintings from Valencia and Madrid. Through Dec. 8. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Paintings on shaped canvases which incorporate branches, mirrors, and rocks. Through Dec. 3. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Tropical paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 21. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Delacroix, Ernst, Seurat, de Kooning, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings from 1908 to the present by Hockney, Miró, Nevelson, Modigliani, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works in various mediums by Susan Rothenberg, Neil Jenney, Cy Twombly, and others. Through Dec. 1.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Lothar Baumgarten—An installation. Through Dec. 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Bills—New lead-and-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brown—New paintings and sculptures from the artist's "Golden Age" series, which was inspired by Mayan art. Through Nov. 19. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alberto Burri—Sixteen primarily black paintings by a seventy-three-year-old member of the Italian avant-garde. Through Jan. 7. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clarence Carter—Paintings and drawings from 1960 to the present. Through Nov. 26. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Vija Celmins—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Charles / David Hannah—New steel sculptures. / Drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Enzo Cucchi—Two- and three-dimensional works. Through Dec. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elaine de Kooning—Recent paintings and drawings inspired by Lascaux cave paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

José de Rivera (1904-85)—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Harkins—New watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Leon Kossoff / William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-1877)—Recent figurative paintings. / Photographs. Through Nov. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—Miniature houses made with such materials as beeswax and marble. Through Dec. 3. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Lechay—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Lucero—New bronzes that incorporate found objects. Through Nov. 26. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Large totemlike bronzes. Through Nov. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Medardo Rosso (1858-1928)—Sculptures in wax, terra-cotta, and bronze. Through Dec. 14. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Boxes and a walk-in mirrored cube. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St., has a show of photographs by Samaras and by Erwin Blumenfeld.) Both shows through Nov. 26.

Abby Shahn—Abstractions in various mediums, including egg tempera and gouache. Through Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Torlen—The Maine coastline in paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 3. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—Ink drawings of hands. Through Nov. 19. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Nudes (one titled "Bedroom Blonde with Necklace") and still-lifes done in brightly painted cutout metal. Through Nov. 19. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Wilde—Magic Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Christopher Wool—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **marisa del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: Black-and-white paintings and sculptures by Dubuffet, Kline, Motherwell, Warhol, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . **krugier,** 41 E. 57th St.: "The Presence of Ingres" as seen in seventy-five paintings and drawings by Balthus, Matisse, Degas, Picasso, and Chassériau, not to mention Ingres himself. Through Dec. 23. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures in various mediums by Alice Cooper, William Zorach, and Vincent Glinsky, among others. Through Wednesday, Nov. 16. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by writers, including D. H. Lawrence, E. E. Cummings, Marjorie Welish, and Allen Ginsberg. Through Nov. 30. . . . **washburn,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract reliefs from the thirties by Charles G. Shaw, Jean Arp, Alexander Calder, and others. Through Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arakawa—Paintings you "walk into"—there are panels on the floor and ceiling as well as on the walls. The works are primarily abstract, but some panels have Photo-Realist patches. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

David Bates—New paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Marc Blane—A cement-and-iron sculptural work entitled "Playground/Landscapes," which includes the artist's signature basketball backboards. Through Nov. 26. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—New paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 19. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Recent work by an artist whose "drawings" consist of irregularly arranged sheets of colored paper. Through Dec. 10. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

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ART—Cont'd

Nicaragua by an artist who did a mural there. Through Dec. 3. (101 Wooster Street Gallery. Open daily; opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

Farrell Brickhouse—Impastoed abstractions. Through Nov. 19. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Wall sculptures incorporating marble, wood, granite, and concrete. Through Dec. 3. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Robert Cumming / Bruce Nauman and Richard Serra—Paintings with wood frames cut in the *sawtooth pattern of the pictograph for water.* Through Nov. 19. / Two works by each artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Fluorescent-light sculptures from the sixties. Through Nov. 19. (Hearn, at a new address, 39 Wooster St.)

Connie Fox—Swirling abstract paintings. One, in which five candles and a few dark figures can be made out, is titled "Proust's Birthday." Through Dec. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Lorrie Goulet—Sculptures. Through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Hill, 109 Spring St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Balcomb Greene—Paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 10. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Carol Hepper—Sculptures woven out of willow branches. Through Nov. 19. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Mark Innerst—Small-scale figurative paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Rex Lau—Paintings on carved Hydrocal panels and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Michael Mazur—A frieze of a Chinese garden painted on a wood panel, among other works. Through Nov. 19. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Will Mentor—Paintings and sculptures by an artist who works in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Rubin, 155 Spring St.)

Max Miller—New paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

George Negroponte—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Odd Nerdrum—Recent allegorical paintings by this Norwegian artist. Through Dec. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Alastair R. Noble—New sculptures, drawings, and installations. Through Nov. 23. (Nerlino, 96 Greene St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert and mountain paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Geometric abstractions from the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

Joseph Piccillo / Barton Lidicé Beneš—New paintings in mixed mediums with the artist's familiar combination of figures in action and portraiture. / Found objects and other works *embellished with shredded cash.* Through Dec. 10. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ann Preston—An installation after the Garden of Eden, which includes sculptures of flora and fauna and a working fountain. Through Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

George Rickey—A small retrospective of kinetic sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Faith Ringgold—Painted quilts with texts written on them. Through Dec. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Margot Robinson—Nonobjective drawings and sculptures. Through Nov. 27. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

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13	14	15	16			

Ed Ruscha—Early paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jonathan Scoville—Realist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Ken Sofer—Recent works by an artist who paints on plywood boxes and then joins them with girders and bolts. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Elaine Sturtevant—Drawings after Beuys, Johns, Warhol, Rosenquist, Duchamp, and others, dating from 1965 to 1973, and a new series of drawings after Lichtenstein. Through Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Rosemarie Trockel—Sculptures and knit paintings (machine-woven wool is the medium) by a German artist having her first solo gallery show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Richard Tuttle—Sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

William T. Wiley—Random thoughts ("Where does value come from where does it? go?") have been added to canvases of exploding color. Through Dec. 3. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Martin Wong—New paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Group Material—The second installation in a series of four, all of which are loosely concerned with the principles of democracy. This one is titled "Politics and Election" and incorporates works by Leon Golub, Christy Rupp, Martin Wong, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the CASTELLI, 420 West Broadway: Works by Jasper Johns, Bruce Nauman, and David Salle. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . THE DRAWING CENTER, 35 Wooster St.: Drawings by artists whose work, as the Center puts it, "derives from primitive, folk, and naïve sources." Alison Saar, Tom Duncan, and Denis Gaston are among those represented. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

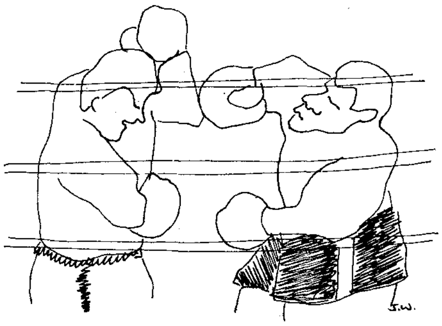
Francesco Clemente / Robert Ryman—"Funerary Paintings," all about six feet tall and sixteen feet long. / Primarily white paintings exhibited in rooms the artist designed for the show. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Matt Mullican—Sculptural works in various mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Mirror-based objects predominate in a show covering three decades of this Arte Povera artist's output. Through Nov. 27. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—Paintings whose frames are encrusted with semiprecious jewels. Through Nov. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Installations by Dan Flavin, Robert Gober, and Yves Klein. Through Nov. 27. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Lois Conner—Platinum prints of panoramic landscapes in China, Hawaii, Louisiana, and New York. Through Nov. 17. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Eileen Cowin—Cibachromes. Through Dec. 3. (Baum, 588 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-six North American landscape photographs. Through Dec. 3. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Nic Nicosia—Sinister black-and-white scenes of figures acting out what could be the highlights of a TV thriller. Through Nov. 29. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

George Tice—Photographs of the home towns of Mark Twain, James Dean, and Ronald Reagan. Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Raoul Ubac (1909-85)—Photographs by this Belgian Surrealist. Through Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Way back in the fifties, photography, believe it or not, was snubbed by art galleries. This exhibit of more than two hundred prints comes from a series of shows that furthered the advancement of photography. The work is by Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others. Through Jan. 8. (*International Center of Photography*, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut.* Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Collages and other works by Anne Ryan. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings, except Election Day, until 8:45; Election Day, 9:30 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: About a hundred prints by Nicholas Nixon. Through Sunday, Nov. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Silk screens and drawings from Andy Warhol's Mercedes-Benz series, a project he was working on at the time of his death. . . . ¶ Douglas Davis, the subject of a smaller show here, once borrowed the Houston Astrodome to send private messages via satellite to every nation on earth. At other times, the video-performance artist has settled for less: the tri-continental satellite broadcast "Ménage à Trois," for instance, and the merely bi-continental "Double Entendre." The works on view include artifacts from such events, a photograph done in conjunction with Komar & Melamid, and a viewer-activated curio that plays a tape recording of the shower scene in "Psycho." Both shows through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's oeuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. Complementary shows are at Vivian Horan Fine Art, 35 E. 67th St. (ending Saturday, Nov. 12), and at Paula Cooper, 155 Wooster St. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by David Park,

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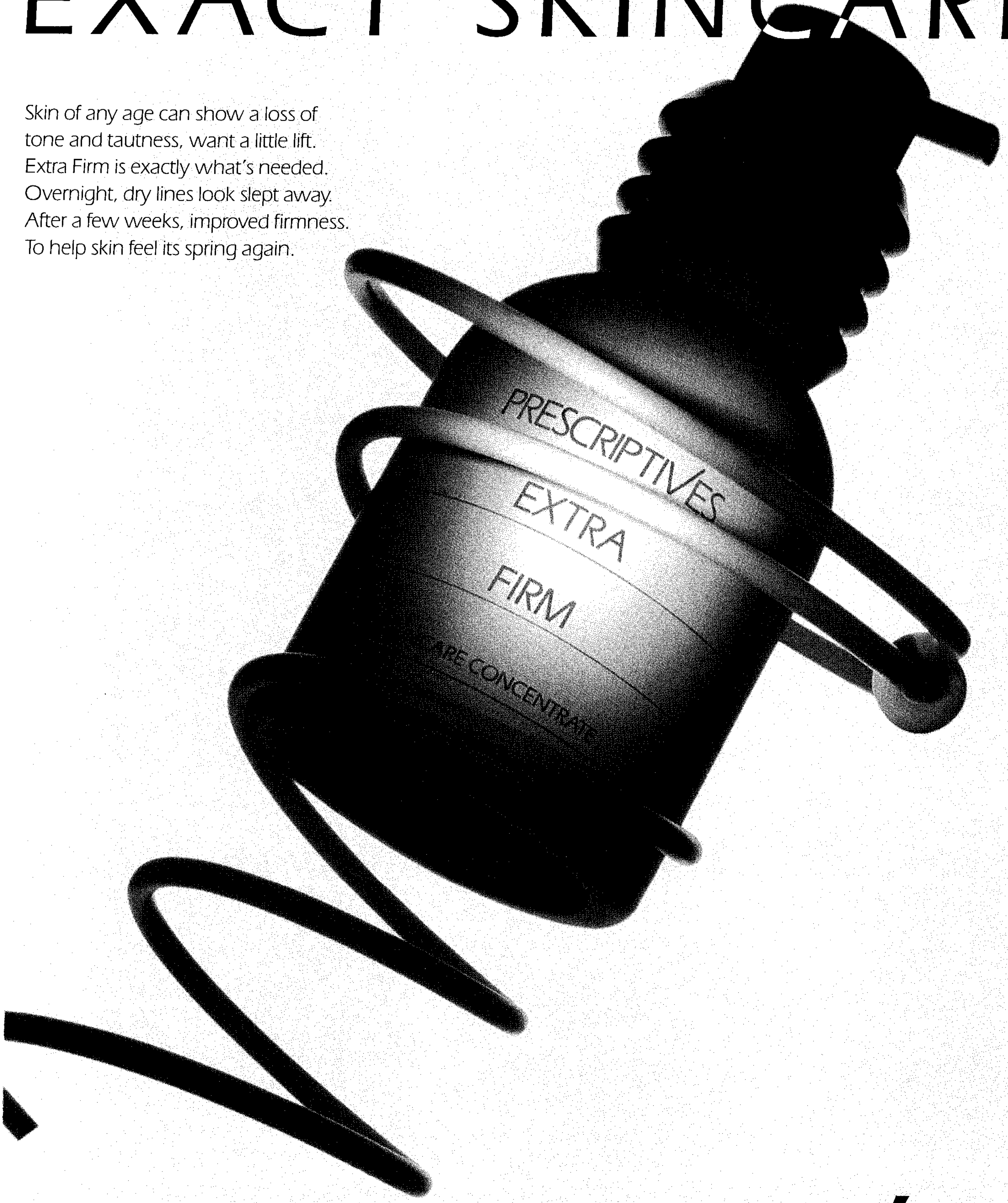
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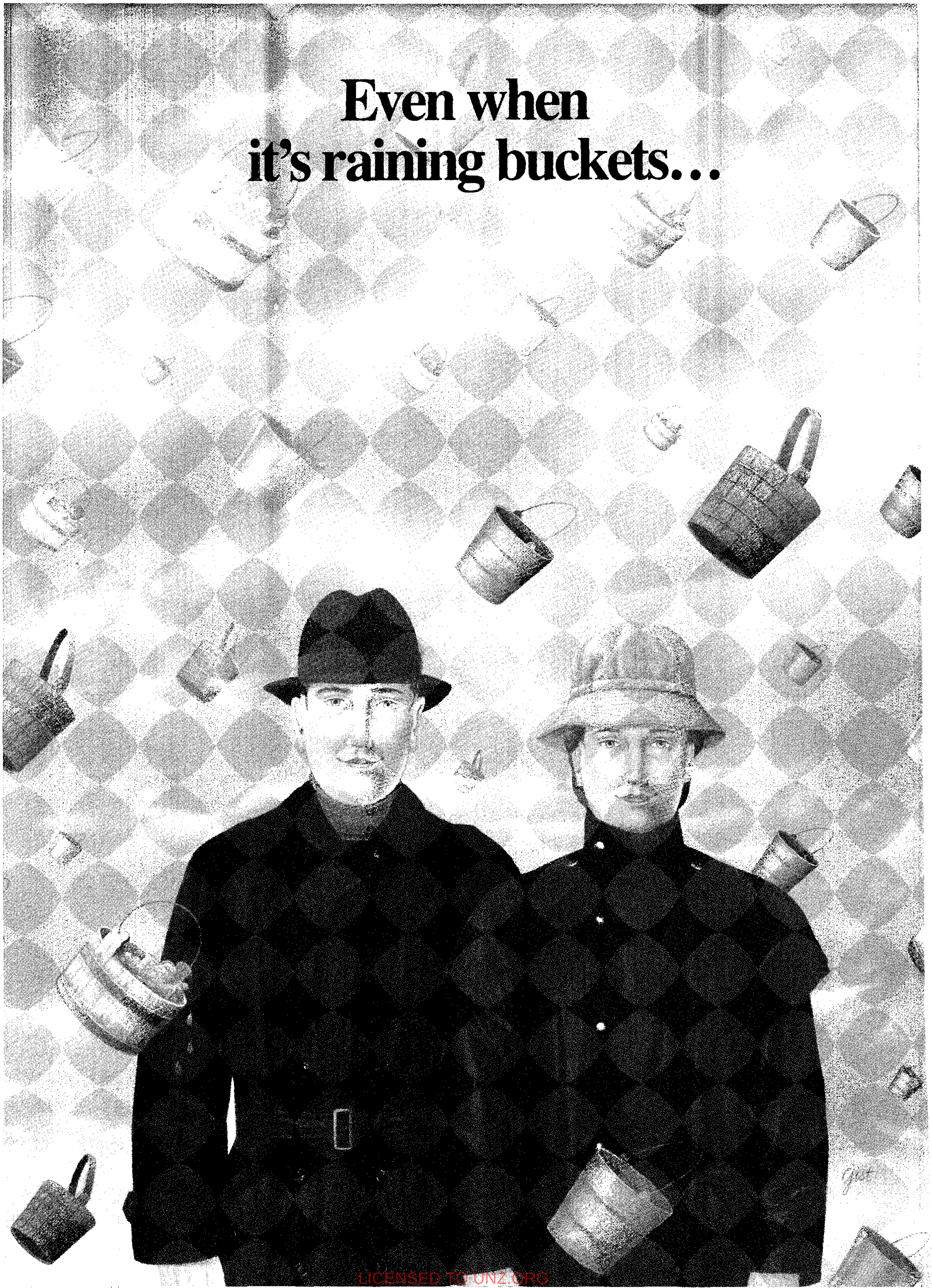
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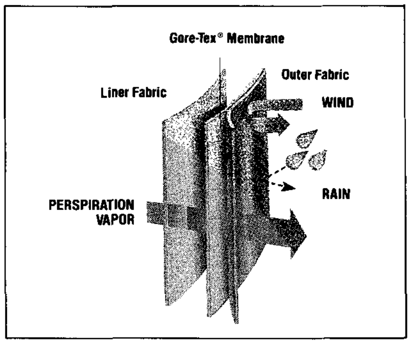

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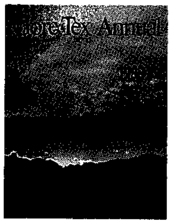

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, silver vessels, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, including a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty, and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features photographs and antique and contemporary tools of the trade. Starts Friday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 6:30, Albert Kumin, former White House pastry chef, will demonstrate his sugar-sculpting skills. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—In the seventeenth century, the cupboards and drawers of Burghley House, in Devonshire, were filled with Renaissance jewelry, pitchers with diamonds and rubies embedded in them, and gold and silver tableware. Sixty of these objets de vertu, preserved as heirlooms, have been brought here for display. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Several hundred drawings by the German architect Erich Mendelsohn, a contemporary of Mies and Gropius. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Soldier Poets of the Great War," a show devoted to the work of the sixteen poets whose names were inscribed on a memorial stone in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day, 1985. The manuscripts and first editions are by, among others, Julian Grenfell, Isaac Rosenberg, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke, and Robert Graves. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese textiles which is all about ordinary things (firemen's coats, banners, bedcovers) and the extraordinary pains their creators took to insure their distinction. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish journalism in the United States is the topic of an exhibition of newspapers, comic strips and other drawings, and photographs from the past hundred and fifty years. The newspapers are in English, German, Ladino, Hebrew, and Yiddish. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Election Day and Veterans Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

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The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Malcolm McLaren, the subject of what the museum describes as "an unconventional art exhibition," has been called many things—most generously, rock producer, fashion designer, and cultural theorist. This collection of clothes, posters, album covers, cassettes, and videotapes follows McLaren's career as it bounced from the Sex Pistols to Adam and the Ants to a British fashion/bondage shop called Let It Rock. Through Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor,* and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings, except Election Day, until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lucia Aliberti, Carlo Bergonzi, and Gino Quilico; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Alicia Nafé, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 1:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lucia Aliberti, Carlo Bergonzi, and Gino Quilico; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Alicia Nafé, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gail Dubinbaum, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," *with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno* Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both.

New York City Opera—Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Sheryl Woods, Elizabeth Hynes, Gwendolyn Jones, Dean Peterson, and Thomas Woodman; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Cheek, and Stephen O'Mara; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Harry Dworchak, and Michael Sylvester; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Carmen," with Janis Eckhart, Ruth Golden, Dale Smith, and William Parcher; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "The Turn of the Screw," with Wendy Hill, Phyllis Treigle, and Peter Kazaras; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Attila," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Cheek, and Stephen O'Mara; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 13: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Erie Mills, Michael Sylvester, and Kenneth Shaw; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 13: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and John Cimino; and "Pagliacci," with Frances Ginsberg, John Absalom, and Richard J. Clark. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 15-16: "The New Moon," with alternating casts. Joseph Colaneri conducting. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of "Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting a Mozart-Rachmaninoff-Beethoven program, with Joaquin Achucarro, piano. . . . Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8; Friday, Nov. 11, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting a slightly different Mozart-Rachmaninoff-Beethoven program, with Jeffrey Siegel, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting his own works in a nonsubscription concert. With Gidon Kremer, violin; Krystian Zimerman, piano; and Joseph Flummerfelt directing the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—Lorin Maazel conducting works by R. Strauss. With Lynn Harrell, cello, and Randolph Kelly, viola. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Tamás Vásáry conducting and playing the piano. The program includes the première of Morton Gould's "Chorales and Rags." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

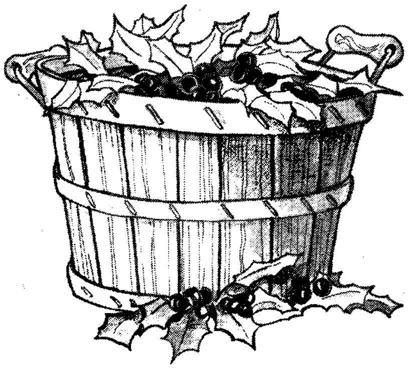
Scottish Chamber Orchestra—Peter Maxwell Davies conducting two of his own works and two works by Mozart. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and playing the piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—David Milnes conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Singing classical and con-



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temporary music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

New York Choral Society—John Daly Goodwin directing Morton Gould's "Quotations," as well as works by Mozart and Dvořák. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Goodman Chamber Choir—Andrea Goodman directing settings of the Lord's Prayer that span nine centuries. With assisting artists. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing an all-Brahms concert. With Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Benefit Concert—Julius Rudel directing the Collegiate Chorale. With vocal soloists and Birgit Nilsson, m.c. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting "Tri-Helio-Metatheses XII," a new work by Joseph Jarman. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Arto Noras—Cello, in his recital début here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Amara Ensemble—With Rosalind Rees, mezzo-soprano. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Waverly Consort—Chamber music by avant-garde composers of the fourteenth century. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, and Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—In a Beethoven-Bartók-Mendelssohn program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Amati Trio—With Paul Neubauer, viola, playing Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Brahms. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—Presenting nine compositions by composers who may have supped at Mory's. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing a program of music by Haydn, Shostakovich, and Grieg. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ Playing a Barber-Janáček-Schubert program. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15-16, at 8.)

Rachmael Weinstock—Violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Cynthia Raim, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the Kuijken Quartet, which will play all the Mozart flute quartets. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

An die Musik—In a program of chamber music by Mozart. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 4.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Performing works by Beethoven, Debussy, and George Crumb. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

New Music Consort—Presenting a program for acoustic instruments and electronic tape. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Barbara Blanchard—Soprano, in an all-Poulenc program, which includes a staged version of "The Human Voice." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sue Ann Kahn—Flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Barbara Nissman—Piano, in the second of her three-concert series of all the Prokofiev sonatas. This concert includes a performance of a fragment left unfinished at the time of the composer's death. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Washington Bullets, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago Bulls, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State Warriors, Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington Bullets, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:30.

Biathlon—The National Biathlon Championship will take place on Sunday, Nov. 13, at 8 A.M. Participants will start and finish the twenty-four-mile event (running and biking) at the Loeb Boathouse parking lot, in Central Park.

Football—Jets vs. New England Patriots. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 13, at 1.)

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Nov. 13, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:45.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Wednesday, Nov. 9, and Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 12:30. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Steffi Graf, Gabriella Sabatini, Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Monday through Friday, Nov. 14-18, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, Nov. 19, at noon; and final singles match Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 8; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry and Prose Readings—John Cage reading from his own work. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ George Konrád reading from his own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ James Schuyler reading from his own poetry. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

"Modernism"—More than seventy dealers offering furniture, decorative objects, jewelry, and photographs from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, from 11 to 9:30, and Sunday, Nov. 13, from 11 to 6.)

Flower Show—Japanese chrysanthemums—single-stemmed, in masses, bonsai-pruned—are on display in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Monday, 10 to 5. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Nov. 8: "The Human Condition, Part 2: Road to Eternity" (1959; directed by Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
Nov. 9-10: (Separate admissions) "Night Drum" (1957; Tadashi Imai; in Japanese); "River of Fireflies" (1986; Eizo Sugawa; in Japanese); and "Operation Negligee" (1968; Kaneto Shindo; in Japanese).
Nov. 11: (Separate admissions) "Night and Fog in Japan" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); "Violence at Noon" (1966; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Affair at Akitsu Spa" (1962; Yoshishige Yoshida; in Japanese).
Nov. 12-13: (Separate admissions) "Ballad of Narayama" (1958; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese); "Tora-San Plays Daddy" (1988; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese); "Night and Fog in Japan;" "Violence at Noon;" and "Affair at Akitsu Spa."
Nov. 15: "The Human Condition, Part 3: A Soldier's Prayer" (1961; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
From Nov. 16: (Separate admissions) "Final Take: The Golden Age of the Movies" (1986; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese); "Violence at Noon;" and "The Affair" (1967; Yoshishige Yoshida; in Japanese).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Nov. 11: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Mystic Pizza" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"They Live" (John Carpenter).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley. From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Distant Thunder" (Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Punchline" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Things Change" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mystic Pizza" (†).

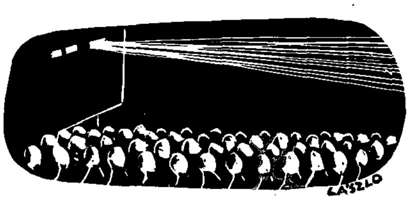
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 10: "Bird" (†).
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "They Live" (John Carpenter).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Madame Sousatzka" (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Punchline" (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Feds" (Dan Goldberg), with Rebecca DeMornay and Mary Gross. From Nov. 11: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.



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Theatre 2: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley. From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Distant Thunder" (Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†). From Nov. 9 (tentative): "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Punchline" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "They Live" (John Carpenter). From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Halloween 4" (Dwight H. Little). From Nov. 11: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Streams of Consciousness: New American Animation" (†). From Nov. 9: "Hello Actors Studio" (1987; directed by Annie Tresgot).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Married to the Mob" (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Bird" (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Punchline" (†). From Nov. 11: "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: The 21st International Tournee of Animation. From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Things Change" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "A Winter Tan" (Jackie Burroughs, Louise Clark, John Frizzell, John Walker, and Aerlyn Weissman). From Nov. 11: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert. From Nov. 11: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
Theatre 2: "They Live" (John Carpenter).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "Halloween 4" (Dwight H. Little). From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Nov. 8: "Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.
From Nov. 9: "Far North" (Sam Shepard), with Jessica Lange, Charles Durning, and Tess Harper.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Little Dorrit" (Christine Edzard), with Derek Jacobi and Alec Guinness. A six-hour film, shown in two parts.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 10: "Film Actress" (Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Gorillas in the Mist" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "Red Sorghum" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin). From Nov. 11: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary. From Nov. 11: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary. From Nov. 11: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley. From Nov. 11

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

(tentative): "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 10: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert. From Nov. 11 (tentative): "Distant Thunder" (Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio.
Theatre 4: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 8: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover. From Nov. 9 *(tentative)*: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 10: "Bird" (†). From Nov. 11 (tentative): "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Nov. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Punchline" (†). From Nov. 11: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "They Live" (John Carpenter).
Theatre 2: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Halloween 4" (directed by Dwight H. Little).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 10: "Bat 21" (Peter Markle), with Gene Hackman and Danny Glover. From Nov. 11: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.
Theatre 3: "Feds" (Dan Goldberg), with Rebecca DeMornay and Mary Gross.
Theatre 4: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 10: "Die Hard" (†). From Nov. 11: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 10: "The Kiss" (Pen Densham), with Joanna Pacula. From Nov. 11: "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Betrayed" (Costa-Gavras), with Debra Winger and Tom Berenger. From Nov. 9: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 3: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 10: "Married to the Mob" (†). From Nov. 11: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"U2: Rattle and Hum" (Phil Joanou), a documentary.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"They Live" (John Carpenter).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 10: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Nov. 11: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Nov. 10: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
From Nov. 11: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 7: "Little Women" (1933; directed by George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Captains Courageous" (1937; Victor Fleming), with Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew.

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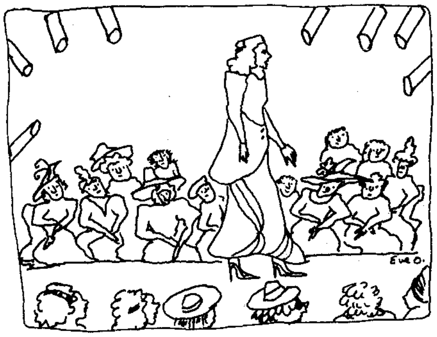
Nov. 8-9: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; *Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole* and Katharine Hepburn; and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.
Nov. 10-12: "Father of the Bride" (1950; Vincente Minnelli), with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.
Nov. 13-14: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "The Actress" (1953; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, Teresa Wright, and Anthony Perkins.
Nov. 15-16: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke; and "Up the River" (1930; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, and Warren Hymer.

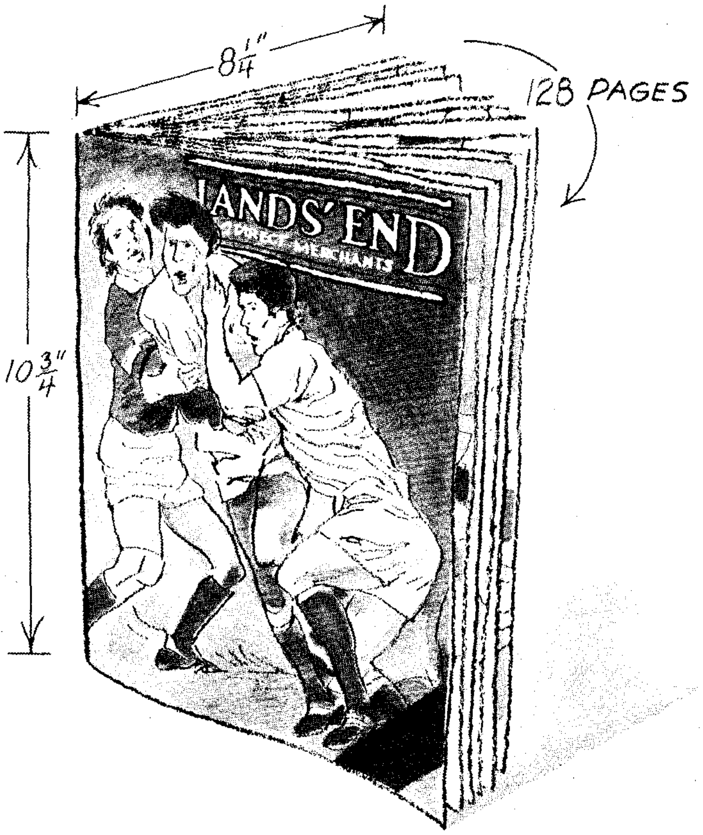
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 8: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton.
Nov. 9-10: "Mélo" (1988; Alain Resnais; in French), with Sabine Azéma, Fanny Ardant, and André Dussollier; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Nov. 11-12: "Solaris" (1976; Andrei Tarkovsky; *in Russian).*
Nov. 13: "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
Nov. 14-15: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
From Nov. 16: "Raising Arizona" (1987; Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter; and "Batman" (1966; Leslie Martinson), with Adam West and Burt Ward.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 7: "Paris Blues" (1961; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier, and Diahann Carroll; and "On the Road with Duke Ellington" (1974; Robert Drew).
Nov. 8: "Mingus" (1968; Thomas Reichman); and "Art Pepper: Notes from a Jazz Survivor" (1982; Don McGlynn).
Nov. 9: "Ornette: Made in America" (1986; Shirley Clarke); and "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Warren Finnerty.
Nov. 10: "The Last of the Blue Devils" (1980; Bruce Ricker), a documentary about *Kansas City jazz; and two short films by* Greta Schiller and Andrea Weiss.
Nov. 11-12: "The Scarlet Letter" (1926; Victor Sjöström; a silent film), with Lillian Gish; "Erotikon" (1920; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "Victor Sjöström—A Film Portrait" (1981; Gosta Werner).
Nov. 13-14: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917; Victor Sjöström; a silent film); "Thomas Graal's Best Film" (1917; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "His Lordship's Last Will" (1919; Victor Sjöström; a silent film).
Nov. 15-16: "Ingeborg Holm" (1913; Victor Sjöström; a silent film); and "The Phantom Carriage" (1921; Victor Sjöström; a silent film).



Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 7: "The File on Thelma Jordon" (1950; Robert Siodmak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.
Nov. 8: "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 9: "Tomorrow's Children" (1937); "Let *There Be Light" (1945; John Huston),* a documentary; and "Night and Fog" (1955; Alain Resnais), a documentary.
Nov. 10: "Viva Maria!" (1965; Louis Malle), with Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
Nov. 11-12: "Near Dark" (1987; Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar, Jenny Wright, Bill Paxton, and Jenette Goldstein; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
Nov. 13: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Small Change" (1976; François Truffaut; in French), with Geory Desmouceaux.
Nov. 14: "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell; and "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, and George Sanders.
Nov. 15: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
Nov. 16: "The Man with the Golden Arm" *(1955; Otto Preminger), with Frank Sina*tra, Eleanor Parker, and Kim Novak; and "Forever Amber" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Cornel Wilde and Linda Darnell.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 7: "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; *in Dan*ish); and "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Nov. 8: "The Big Knife" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Shelley Winters, and Wendell Corey; and "The Grissom Gang" (1971; Robert Aldrich), with Kim Darby and Scott Wilson.
Nov. 9: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.
Nov. 10: "Pretty Poison" (1968; Noel Black), *with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld;* and "Point Blank" (1967; John Boorman), with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn.
Nov. 11-12: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.
Nov. 13: "The Spanish Gardener" (1957; Philip Leacock), with Dirk Bogarde, Jon Whiteley, and Cyril Cusack; and "Finger of Guilt" (1956; Joseph Losey), with Richard Basehart, Mary Murphy, and Constance Cummings.
Nov. 14: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Nov. 15: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
Nov. 16: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitch-



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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

cock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 7 at 2:30: "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (1946; directed by Carmine Gallone; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Tito Gobbi. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "La Vita è Bella" (1943; Carlo Ludovico Bragaglia; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Alberto Rabagliata, and Maria Mercader. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Il Bandito" (1946; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Amedeo Nazzari, and Carla del Poggio. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6 and Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Volcano" (1950; William Dieterle; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Rossano Brazzi, and Geraldine Brooks. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6 and Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Assunta Spina" (1948; Mario Mattòli; in Italian, *with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani*, Eduardo de Filippo, and Titina de Filippo. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 6: "Bellissima" (1952; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Walter Chiari, and Alessandro Blasetti. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), a two-part film, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5: "Molti Sogni per le Strade" (1948; Mario Camerini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Massimo Girotti. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2: "Bellissima." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani, Duncan Lamont, and Jean Debucourt. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Nella Città l'Inferno" (1959; Renato Castellani; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Giulietta Masina, Alberto Sordi, and Renato Salvatori. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Molti Sogni per le Strade." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "L'Amore."

THEATRE 2: Nov. 10 at 3: "Before Spring" (1958) and "The 400 Million" (1939), both directed by Joris Ivens, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6: "17th Parallel" (1967), directed by Joris Ivens, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 3 and 6: A program of German short animated films, 1910-40. . . . ¶ Nov. 12-13 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two programs of animated films from the 1988 Festival of Animation in Zagreb. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6:30: A program of twenty-four silent films made by artists associated with the Fluxus group. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6:30: A program of documentaries by artists associated with the Fluxus group.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th *Ave. at 36th St., Astoria.* (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: Nov. 9 at 3: "Tom Goes to the Bar" (1985; Dean Parisot); and "Last Night at the Alamo" (1984; Eagle Pennell). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 3: "The Gardener of Eden" (1981; James Broughton and Joel Singer); and "Forest of Bliss" (1986; Robert Gardner). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 3: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ A retrospective of film and television works by Jerry Lewis. Nov. 11 at 7:30: "The Ladies Man" (1961; Lewis); and "The Jerry Lewis Show" (12/27/57; NBC). . . . Nov. 12 at 12:30: "The Geisha Boy" (1958; Frank Tashlin); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (5/31/53; NBC). . . . Nov. 12 at 4: "The Caddy" (1953; Norman Taurog); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (5/2/54; NBC). . . . Nov. 12 at 7:30: "Artists and Models" (1955; Frank Tashlin); and "Colgate Comedy Hour" (2/4/51; NBC). . . . Nov. 13 at 11: "Don't Give Up the Ship" (1959; Norman Taurog); and "The Jerry Lewis Show" (6/8/57; NBC). . . . Nov. 13 at 2: "My Friend Irma" (1949; George Marshall); appearances by Lewis and Dean Martin on "Texaco Star Theatre" (1949-*1950; NBC); and a clip from "Welcome* Aboard" (10/10/48; NBC). . . . Nov. 16 at 2:30: "The Ladies Man."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM: Nov. 9-10 at 1:30: "The Influence of Strangers" (1986; Mark Daniels). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2 and 4: "War Stories" (1979; Richard Levine). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 11 (continuous performances): "The Red Star" (1988; Ernest Gusella).

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Nov. 7 at 7: "Sweet Love Remembered" (1980) and "Illuminated Texts" (1982), both directed by Bruce Elder. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "The Cheat" (1915; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film) and "The Tramp" (1915; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 7: "Hapax Legomena" (1971-72; Hollis Frampton). . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8 and 10: "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Emma Gramatica, and Paolo Stoppa. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 6:30: A program of films by Bruce Elder. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8: "Intolerance" (1916; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 9: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 6: "Civilization" (1916; Thomas Ince; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 7: "Lamentations: A Monument to the Dead World, Part 1: The Dream of the Last Historian" (1985; Bruce Elder). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 8:30: "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 7: Four silent Charlie Chaplin films: "The Rink" (1916), "One A.M." (1916), "The Pawnshop" (1916), and "Carmen" (1916). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 7:30: "*Lamentations: A Monument to the Dead* World, Part 2: The Sublime Calculation" (1985; Bruce Elder). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 9: "Hallelujah the Hills" (1962; Adolfas Mekas). . . . ¶ Nov. 12, from noon to midnight: A program of films presented by the New York Center for Urban Folk Culture. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6: A program of six short silent films made by Charlie Chaplin in 1916. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 7: "Sweet Love Remembered" and "Illuminated Texts." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8:30: "Hallelujah the Hills." . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 7: "Consolations (Love Is an Art of Time), Part 1: The Fugitive Gods" (1988; Bruce Elder). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 7: "Lamentations: Part 1." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 8: A program of films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: A program of silent films: "Hell's Hinges" (1916) and excerpts from "The Aryan" (1916), both by William S. Hart; and "Easy Street" (1917) and "The Immigrant" (1917), both by Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 7: "Consolations (Love Is an Art of Time), Part 2: The Lighted Clearing" (1988; Bruce Elder). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 8: "Hallelujah the Hills."

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-*2111)—Nov. 7 at 7:* A program of films made in and about New York City. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 7: "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Isabelle Huppert. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 7: "Almanac of Fall" (Béla Tarr; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 7: "Plain Talk and Common Sense" (1987; Jon Jost). . . . ¶ Nov. 11-13 at 8: Three different programs of films by Boston-area filmmakers. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 7: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1949-63; Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 7: "Six in Paris" (1966; Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollet, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 7: "A Priceless Day" (1980; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian, with English subtitles.).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Nov. 9 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Night Zoo" (1987; Jean-Claude Lauzon; in French, with English subtitles), with Gilles Maheux. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Man About Town" (1947; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Maurice Chevalier, François Périer, Marcelle Derrien, and Dany Robin.

Japan Society, *333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—* Nov. 11 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Lady Camellia" (1988; Yoshitaka Asama; in Japanese, with English subtitles).

Reel Pieces: Film as a Collaborative Art—A series of films and lectures. Nov. 10 at 8:15: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. The producers of the film, Griffin Dunne and Amy Robinson, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Another Woman—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. As if by magic, she begins to encounter people she used to know and to flash back to scenes from her past. And she realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's *polished in its nothingness. The only reso*nance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, John Houseman, and David Ogden Stiers. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers *are trapped in a movie that treats them* as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Bird—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, but mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. (10/17/88) (Plaza, Waverly, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 10.)

Die Hard—A formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York cop battling a group of European terrorists who are holding his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and her co-workers hostage on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming L.A. skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City). The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan, has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence. The problem with "Die Hard" isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). By the end, there has been so much onscreen applause for McClane that the picture's "humanity" seems narcissistic and fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. Also with Alan Rickman, who gives the character of the terrorists' leader a wonderful slimy elegance.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Criterion Center; through Nov. 10.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews New York Twin; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Warner; through Nov. 10.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. (10/17/88) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema; through Nov. 10.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Ziegfeld.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher, of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is—arguably—MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair—she could be Norma Des-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

mond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Nov. 10.)

MARRIED TO THE MOB—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. As usual, Demme is great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne) and a superbly eccentric cast that also features Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest). The vibrant cinematography is by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Embassy; through Nov. 10.)

MATADOR—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

MYSTIC PIZZA—The romantic adventures of three young women who work in a pizza parlor in Mystic, Connecticut: Jojo (Lili Taylor) is small and lively; Daisy (Julia Roberts) is tall and sexy; Kat (Annabeth Gish) is serious-minded, bound for Yale. They laugh; they cry; they bond. The movie, directed by Donald Petrie from a script credited to Amy Jones, Perry Howze, Randy Howze, and Alfred Uhry, is deadeningly conventional. The heroines, along with several of the minor characters, belong to Mystic's Portuguese-American community, but the filmmakers don't show us anything that would distinguish this culture from any other: this is canned ethnicity, and its blandness is offensive. "Mystic Pizza" has an earnest, self-congratulatory little-movie tone, but it's as predictable as if it had been mass-produced—just another thin, reheated slice of life. Also with Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, William R. Moses, Adam Storke, and Conchata Ferrell.—T.R. (Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

PUNCHLINE—Pop-psych moral uplift, about standup comics. The writer-director, David Seltzer, wants us to see Steven Gold, the compulsive young spritzer, played by Tom Hanks, as "troubled;" Seltzer points up Steven's hostility, his inability to relate to other people, his not understanding what love is. And everything that Seltzer points up is soggy and only partway believable. Sally Field plays Lilah, a New Jersey housewife and mother of three who hopes to become a comic; Lilah looks at the restless, driven Steven and sees the soft, suffering child within. The movie gives Lilah an insipid radiance while it pulls back from Steven's aggressive twisted smile and his stabbing vocal rhythms. (These two are Lenny Bruce and Erma Bombeck.) We're supposed to dislike Steven's brashness and desperation, and approve of Lilah because she has a wholesome, normal outlook. We're also supposed to be charmed by the naughty vibrator jokes that pop out of her little head and "embarrass" her. Seltzer's sitcom style of humor is just like Lilah's. The bedraggled plotting forces Hanks into maudlin situations, but he manages to get under some of his material and darken it. He's what keeps you watching. Good performances by John Goodman, Mark Rydell, and Kim Greist. (10/31/88) (34th St. East, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, and Metro Cinema; through Nov. 10.)

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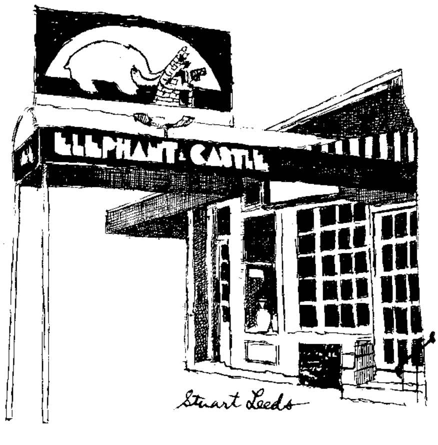
STREAMS OF CONSCIOUSNESS: NEW AMERICAN ANIMATION—This thirteen-film, eighty-seven-minute compilation of recent work by independent animators begins with a five-minute blast of inspired lunacy by Sally Cruikshank and ends with Jim Blashfield's darkly funny domestic nightmare "Suspicious Circumstances." Cruikshank is one of the few independents who are really interested in making *cartoons*. Her "Face Like a Frog" is a delirious romp through a Crayola-colored fun house, and its centerpiece is a deeply silly musical number called "Don't Go Near the Basement," performed by a suave fish: the film is like studio-era animation seen in distorting mirrors by a naughty-minded, giggly child. Blashfield's movie uses shifting arrangements of photocopied images to tell the story of the disappearance of an ordinary middle-aged man. Waking in the middle of the night, this pajama-clad husband enters a strange world in which household items (scissors, potatoes) float through the air and illustrations of "futuristic" vehicles from *Popular Mechanics* jump off the page. This twelve-minute exercise in kitschy surrealism is hilariously unpredictable, and the Xerox-collage technique gives the images a rich, mysterious texture. (If the style looks familiar, it's because Blashfield has since used it in his distinctive music videos for Talking Heads, Paul Simon, and Joni Mitchell.) In between Cruikshank and Blashfield, though, the program is mostly heavy going. The compilers, David Ehrlich and George Griffin (both of whom are also represented here), seem inclined toward arty, "mythic" stuff: for long stretches, we squirm with the kind of embarrassment we feel at an evening of bad, deadly-solemn modern dance. The only other films that rouse us from this stupor are Joanna Priestly's "Voices," a witty portrait of the animator as a young neurotic, and Joey Ahlbum's graffiti-style "Parade."—T.R. (Film Forum 1; through Nov. 8.)



Stuart Leeds

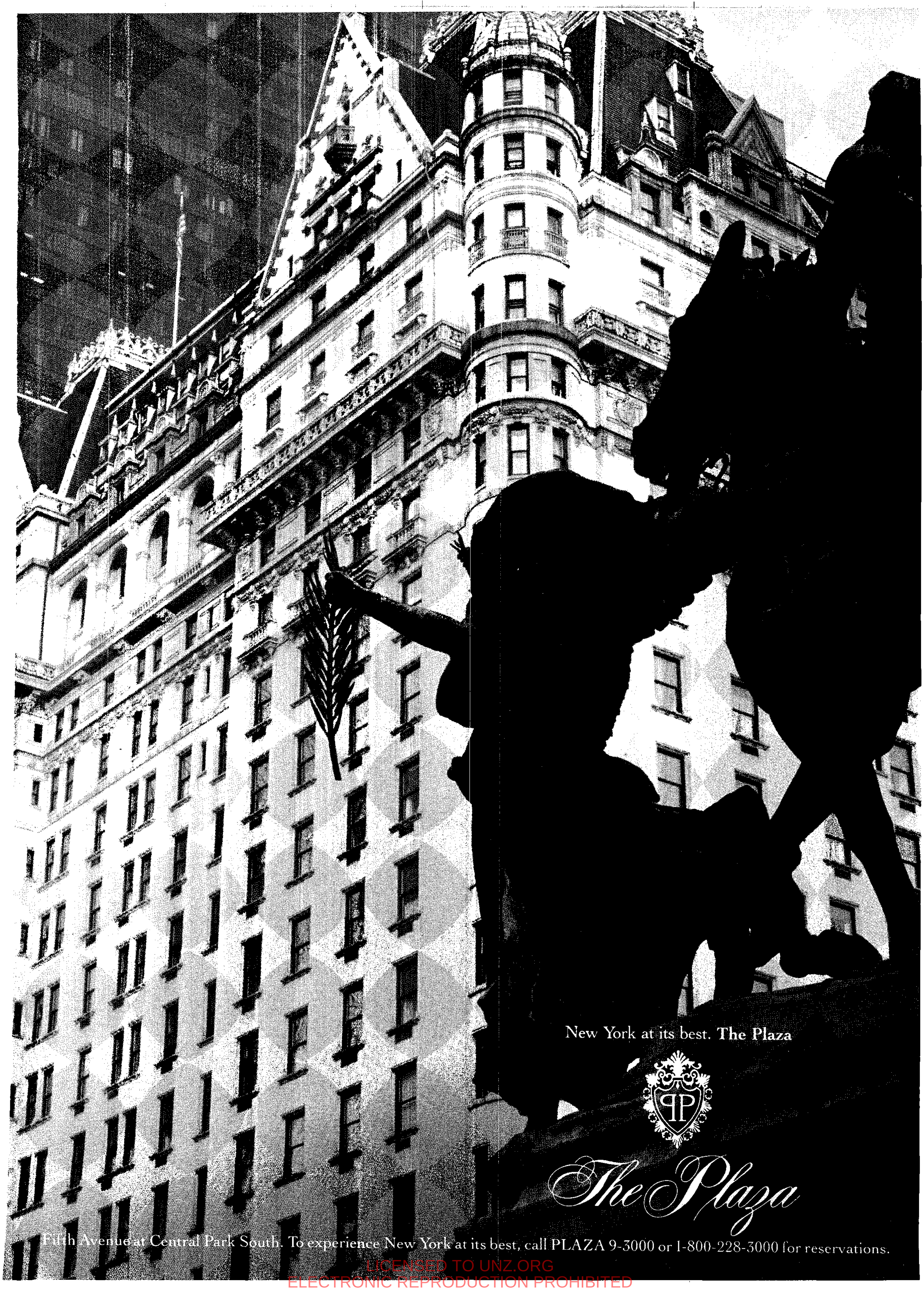
THE THIN BLUE LINE—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THINGS CHANGE—With Don Ameche and Joe Mantegna, directed by David Mamet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 11, tentative.)

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye (Bob Hoskins). The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties, but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Embassy.)

WINGS OF DESIRE ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

WOMEN ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN—Directed by Pedro Almodóvar. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 11.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S not often that people care to celebrate the anniversary of a panic, so we gladly drove down to West Windsor Township, New Jersey, on Halloween weekend for a festival celebrating a night in 1938 when many citizens there and across America got scared by a radio play and ran around and did things they felt sheepish about later. West Windsor, just east of Princeton, includes the village of Grover's Mill, which a scriptwriter happened to pick off a map and use as the site of the Martian invasion in the play "The War of the Worlds," performed by Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the Air and broadcast on the CBS network at 8 P.M., Eastern time, October 30, 1938. About twelve million persons tuned in, many of them too late to hear Welles' introduction but in time to hear about "a huge, flaming object, believed to be a meteorite," crashing near Grover's Mill. It turned out to be a metal cylinder ninety feet in diameter, according to Carl Phillips, the reporter in the play, and the folks at home could hear the crowd of curious onlookers at the crash site, an ominous humming sound, and a loud *clank* as the cylinder opened, and then Carl's gasp. A thing with luminous eyes and gray tentacles wriggled out of the black hole, glistening, pulsating, dripping saliva, and a moment later Carl's microphone thunked to the ground. Dead air. Then an announcer came on with a news bulletin: "At least forty people, including six state troopers, lie dead in a field east of the village of Grover's Mill, their bodies burned and distorted beyond all possible recognition."

The play bounced along in this news-documentary style: to Washington for an emergency message from the Secretary of the Interior; back to the studio for news bulletins as the invaders advanced toward New York City in giant walking tripods and zapped Army bombers out of the sky with deadly heat rays; then hysterical warnings ("Poisonous black smoke pouring in from Jersey marshes. Reaches South Street. Gas masks useless. . . . Automobiles, use Routes 7, 23, 24"). Here and there, listeners panicked—perhaps a million, according to a 1947 study by the Princeton psychologist Hadley Cantril, which quoted some of them:

Newark: "We listened, getting more and more excited. We all felt the world was coming to an end. Then we heard 'Get gas masks!' That was the part that got me. I thought I was going crazy."

New England: "I kept shivering and shaking. I pulled out suitcases and put them back, started to pack, but didn't know what to take."

Illinois: "We ran to the doctor's to see if he could help us get away. Everybody was out in the street, and somebody told my husband it was just a play."

New York: "One of the first things I did was to try to phone my girl, in Poughkeepsie, but the lines were all busy, so that just confirmed my impression that the thing was true. . . . We had heard that . . . gas was spreading over New Jersey and fire, so I figured there wasn't anything to do—we figured our friends and families were all dead. I made the forty-five miles in thirty-five minutes and didn't even realize it. I drove right through Newburgh and never even knew I went through it."

The epicenter of the panic, which was a township of truck farms fifty years ago, is a suburb of New York now, near the Princeton Junction stop on the Metroliner route. Its potato fields are filling up with three-hundred-thousand-dollar two-story frame or brick houses (advertised on billboards as "estate" or "manor" homes) in tract developments with names that use the suffixes *-dale*, *-shire*, *-ford*, *-brook*, and *-crest* a lot. Next to the millpond, where Carl Phillips was killed by the invaders' heat rays, is a small park with a few picnic tables, swings, a shelter, a bike stand, and a monument to the broadcast, dedicated this year.

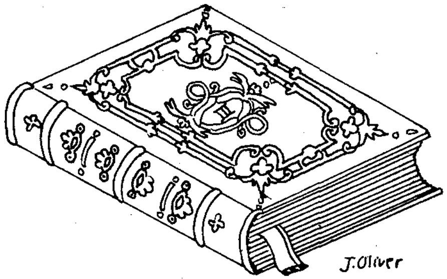
The panic commemorative included an art show, a dance, a Martian Landing parade, a Martian Fling social, a panel discussion ("Could It Happen Again?"), and a Martian Panic run, with three hundred runners, many in horrific alien faces, chasing each other, costumes flapping, for ten kilometres around West Windsor. Waiting for the winner, we met the festival chairman, Douglas Forrester, who looks a lot like the young Orson Welles, and who was happy that the whole thing had been a huge success. "This place has always been in the shadow of Princeton," he said. "We need something to give us an identity, a community spirit." He added that, with seven different zip codes, the township was a crazy quilt of little farming burgs, like Grover's Mill, Penns Neck, Dutch Neck, and Princeton Junction, once separate and now stitched together by housing developments, and some of the new residents weren't even sure where they lived. He said the festival had got a lot of people involved in the community for the first time.

It struck us that the festival was a rare occasion of media justice—a town once exploited by radio now getting a chance to exploit its exploitation, and put on a party and get a million dollars' worth of publicity in the bargain (from five TV networks, A.P., U.P.I., the BBC, major European news services, radio stations from almost every state in the Union, and more newspapers than you could shake a stick at)—and it also struck us that the creature who crawled out of the metal cylinder and killed Carl Phillips was present at the festivities, holding a video camera and recording sound bites.

We had always considered the story of the "War of the Worlds" panic a case of gullible rural people, many of them fundamentalists with a taste for the apocalyptic, who heard an incredible tall tale and swallowed it. But as we see it now, at the end of the 1988 Presidential campaign, the panic seems reasonable, the people who ran from their homes in fear no fools. The broadcast of 1938 crossed a line between entertainment and news, which has since become blurred, and people panicked because they were accustomed to believing the news. Tuning in the radio to hear a voice say that a black fog of poisonous gas was pouring into New York and killing people like rats, the listener jumped. Except for a disclaimer here and there, "The War of the Worlds" sounded like news, and listeners heard it as news. It simply reported news that was untrue.

This week, Americans will elect a President after a bitter and mean-spirited campaign in which the distinction between real and unreal, news and entertainment, seems blurred beyond recognition, and in which politics seems dangerously out of touch with the world we inhabit. A story in the Washington *Post* describes how, one evening last May, five of George Bush's campaign advisers went to Paramus, New Jersey, to observe a group of thirty voters assembled by Bush researchers as a test group to measure the emotional impact of campaign themes. The advisers were Roger Ailes, Lee Atwater, Robert Teeter, Craig Fuller, and Nicholas Brady. They sat behind a two-way mirror and watched as the group was told about furloughed prisoners, the Pledge of Allegiance, and Boston Harbor, and at the end of the session Governor Dukakis's support among the group had dropped from thirty to fifteen. "I realized right there that we had the wherewithal to win . . . and that the sky was the limit on Dukakis's negatives," Atwater said. Mr. Bush's campaign has in effect been built on the themes that scared the Paramus Thirty, and especially the racist allegory of Willie Horton. The country appears willing, if not very happy, to elect Mr. Bush, on the basis of his personal showmanship about the Pledge, the A.C.L.U., murderers, and a few other matters that will not concern him as President. What has been missing from the campaign is any note of reality.

The line between entertainment and news has been blurred most successfully by President Reagan. Better than any rival, he has been able to describe the world as he wanted to see it—a description independent of any objective truth—and do it so winningly that his stories seemed almost real. His talent has been to live entirely in the present, one show at a time, and he has revealed no important regrets, no compelling dreams, no history that disturbs him. Clearly, his job has been not to run the government but to be himself, an entertainer: warm, solicitous, upbeat, manly, full of cheerful news—a good uncle. Like Warren Harding, he is hated by nobody. He is humble, genuinely amiable, and gracious, is serious about the business of ceremony, and prepares himself studiously for every public appearance, executing the royal duties of his office with ease and charm. His private complications—his apparent indifference to religion, his estrangement from his children, his squeamishness about anger and unpleasantness—have been completely submerged in his portrayal of the President. As he prepares to retire, he leaves his opponents feeling tired and thoughtful. He has enlarged his office yet diminished politics by his success, sapping our most fundamental strength, our ability as a democratic society to discuss and resolve our problems.



Grover's Mill looked as if its biggest problem were that so many people want to live there: how to accommodate them, and not ruin the good life they have come for. A happy problem, for politics to resolve. Walking in the dark that evening along a Grover's Mill road that wound past old farms and blocks of lighted houses, the air smelling of apples and wood smoke, we felt how vulnerable this good life is and what is at stake as the voters vote. All Mr. Reagan's artistry cannot change the world, which remains real: real lakes and forests are dying, the ozone is actual, genuine garbage floats on an authentic ocean. The world is not the sum total of our impressions of it, and it cannot be charmed by political entertainment. Nor can the economy, which seems drunk on debt, be sung into sobriety. Debt is an objective, measurable fact, as the Republican Party used to point out, but this year talk about the real world has been rare. The voters who walk into the booth on Tuesday will find it unlit, as pitch-black as a radio show.

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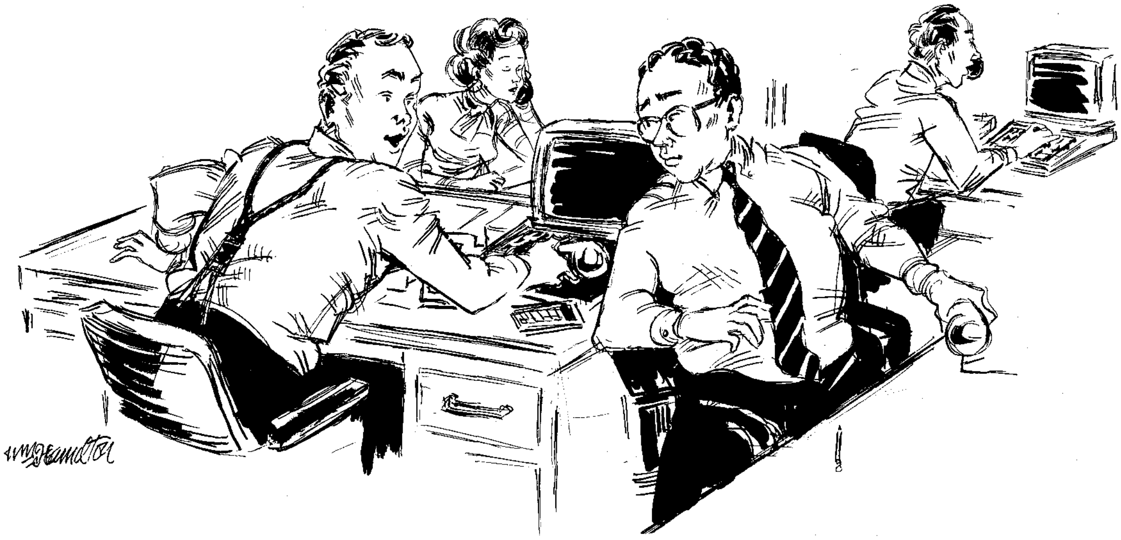
Crowd Control

TIME was when the Greenwich Village Halloween Parade was a small-town affair, a procession of kids and attendant parents straggling down streets where half the houses still had boot scrapers on the front steps. That time is no more. With floats on flatbed trucks, and with steel-drum, Dixieland, and conga bands, and crowds of revellers, the marchers barely distinguishable from the gawkers, the parade has gone big time. It requires major arteries on which to disport itself. It also requires police, to keep the revellers moving and happy. We know a sergeant of the Auxiliary Police Force in the Sixth Precinct, and when we learned that he was going to be on duty at the parade we decided to spend the evening in his company.

On the way to the precinct house, the sergeant told us about crowds. The passersby in the early darkness still seemed normal enough, with the exception of the odd demon. Sixth Avenue, up which the parade would flow, was lined with blue sawhorses. "Sixth Avenue will be the worst," the sergeant said. "It's where all the people will go as soon as they get off the subways at Sheridan Square or West Fourth Street. When the parade used to end in Washington Square, that was bad for crowd control, because it was harder to leave. Union Square, where the parade ends now, is better—people can take the subway right there. One problem with the Halloween parade is that it's at night. Halloween isn't like Thanksgiving or St. Patrick's Day, when you can see what's happening. The other problem is that people think, It's the Village, I'm gonna have a good time."



"Italy just bought France."

The Auxiliaries of the Sixth Precinct—there were seven of them that night—rendezvoused in a room on the second floor of the precinct house on West Tenth Street. The commanding officer, a trim, white-haired man, who had supplied himself with a bullhorn for the evening, gave them their posting—a pedestrian passage across Sixth Avenue, at Fourth Street. This represented an innovation. The year before, Sixth Avenue had been a sealed column—you couldn't cross. This year, there would be a human sluice. "Remember, folks," the C.O. said. "Be firm but gentle."

Back on the streets, the crowds had become thicker, and distinctly odder. We passed a flamenco dancer, a headless woman, a bearded Aunt Jemima. Geishas were out in force. We took up a position between a hot-dog cart and a sawhorse just west of the crossing place. The crossing had two lanes, and it was the job of the Auxiliaries, and also of some regular officers, to keep people, or whatever, moving in the right direction. There were ninja, wizards, pharaohs, droogs, cows, lobsters, sandwiches, mice, a dinosaur squiring a belle. A young man in normal clothes came along shouting, "I'm a full marching band! You didn't notice the disguise, right?" The spectators included lots of out-of-towners. Two men in bow ties and with earnest faces stopped near us, and one asked, speaking precisely, with European vowels, "Could you explain where we go to see something?" Others—from closer to home, apparently—spoke of catching the eleven-thirty train to Hoboken. Every tenth person, it seemed, wanted to take a shortcut through the crossing's sawhorses; these jaywalkers were firmly but gently rebuffed. "My favorites are the people who say they *live* here," the sergeant told us. "Like, they don't know what October 31st is?"

At about seven-thirty, the real parade appeared, heading north on Sixth Avenue, and caused a surge along the already dense sidewalks. From where we stood, the individual marchers were invisible, and even the more elaborate displays—the plant from "Little Shop of Horrors," the Brooklyn Bridge, bagpipers—reached us in fragments: bars of music, glimpses of superstructure. We did get a good view of a green-and-white paper snake about twenty feet long. The only sign we saw of a politician was a placard that said "Al Gore."

The Auxiliaries waved three men off a windowsill; a fourth man grabbed the bottom rung of a fire escape but gave up trying to climb it before he had to be restrained. At one point, Death, carrying a scythe, decided to cross Sixth Avenue, and slipped under a sawhorse. The sergeant waved him back. "How do I get in the parade?" a bat-winged lizard carrying a sceptre crowned with a skull wanted to know. The sergeant told her (for the lizard was a woman) to go down Cornelia Street and left on Bleecker. "Ah, come on," she said, in unghoulish disappointment. We bought two hot dogs for a corpse who couldn't reach the pushcart.

After about an hour and a half—when the cold was beginning to spread from fingers and toes into the thighs—a sanitation truck came up the avenue. It was so bright and shining that we took it for a prop, but it was followed immediately by five sanitation trucks that were unmistakably real, and by a squad car with its cherry flashing. The commanding officer called through his bullhorn "Dismissed!" In no time, the streets filled with people. We lost our sergeant.

Twister

SOME things in Queens are easy to describe; some things in Queens are hard to describe. The thing that Ned Kahn made in Flushing last week is probably the hardest thing to describe that the borough has ever seen. Here goes.

It happens that in 1964 the architects Harrison & Abramovitz, who had designed the Trylon and Perisphere for the 1939 World's Fair, designed a building for the '64 World's Fair, and they came up with a strange, oddly Gaudiesque place called the Hall of

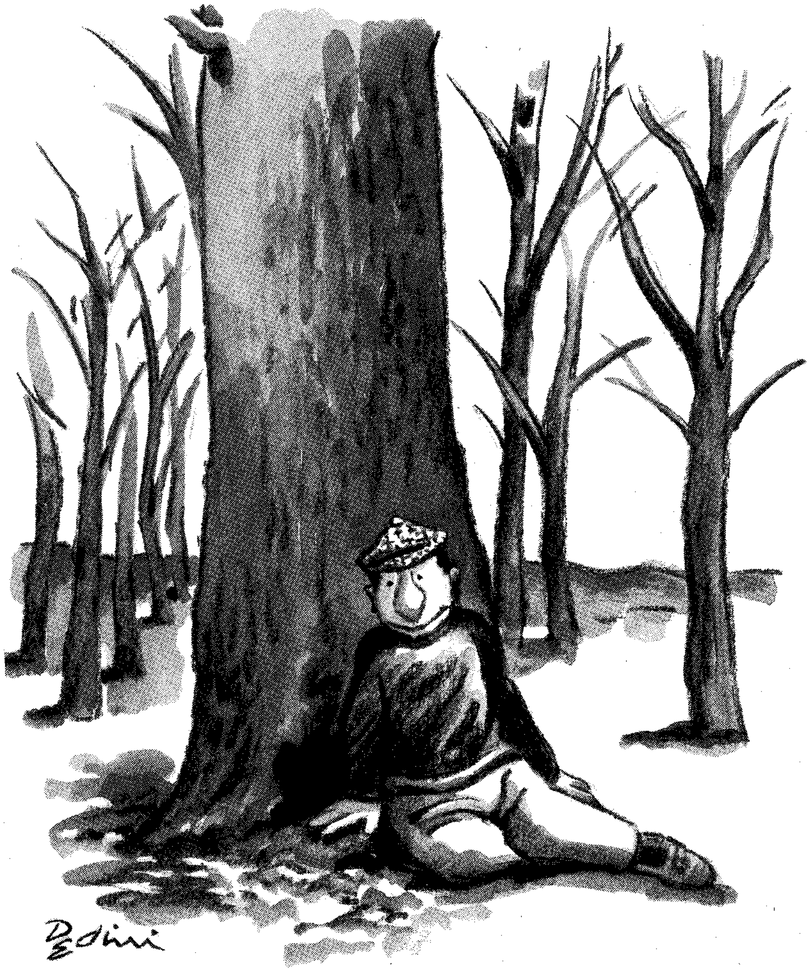
Science, its exterior walls a series of repeated curves, and its skin made of square concrete frames filled with countless pieces of blue-stained glass. This building still exists, and is still functioning as a Hall of Science. School groups go there. Its glory is one of the grandest, eeriest, and least-seen spaces in all New York: a great, eighty-foot-high vault, soaring and vertiginous, which sits at the very top of the building. This vault is called the Great Hall. It has no interior walls, so all the natural light that fills it is filtered through the blue-stained glass. The effect is at once overwhelmingly spiritual (the vault's inspiration seems to have been the cathedral at Chartres) and vaguely kitschy.

For a long time, this strange space was the site of something called "Rendezvous in Space." "Rendezvous in Space" is described today by those who remember it as a "multimedia" event: huge velvet curtains parted, an almost life-size model of the Dyna-Soar, a space shuttle, docked with a model of a space station, and a giant screen descended to show a movie about outer space by Frank Capra. "Rendezvous in Space" was brought to an end many years ago, and the space shuttle and station were removed, but no one moved out the rest of the stuff; the Great Hall still contains the residue of "Rendezvous in Space," notably the curtains and the giant movie screen. Then, for a long time, the vault was shut up, but recently a new director of artists-in-residence came to the Hall, and he felt that it was a shame to let so imposing a space remain unseen. He had the good idea of inviting Ned Kahn in to make something of the place. Kahn took one look at the eighty-foot-high vault and decided that what it needed was an eighty-foot-high tornado.

Kahn is a tornado artist. He works with warm updrafts and circular airflows the way other artists work with pastels or slabs of rusted steel. He became a tornado artist about three years ago, in San Francisco. At the time, he was an exhibit designer at the Exploratorium, a science museum, and part of his job was to make small-scale models of all kinds of large-scale natural events. He became interested in tornadoes, and it seemed to him that there was nothing in principle to prevent a very smart guy from making a very small tornado all by himself. "A vortex is a pretty simple thing that is very poorly understood," he told us the other day. "I mean, we know basically what causes it—some air spinning and some warm air above making it rise—although the dynamics are incredibly intricate." He began to experiment with Rube Goldberg-like combinations of devices that spun air around and sucked air up. "I started out thinking that you'd need an incredible amount of power just to get the thing going, so I was using these industrial-strength exhaust fans and big, roaring air blowers," he went on. "But I didn't seem to be getting any results. I mean, I would turn on the fan and turn on the blower, but there was nothing there. So I kept thinking, Well, I just need more power." When he finally figured it all out, he didn't know that he had figured it all out. "I was really getting discouraged, working with bigger and bigger exhaust fans and faster and faster blowers, and just playing around, and one day I turned the thing on and I was looking at it, pretty depressed, and I happened to put a pan of water down, and—wham!—the damn thing sucked all the water in the pan up and took it right to the ceiling. Then it sucked up the goddam *pan* and started levitating *that*. I picked the pan out of the air, and I thought, Gee, I guess I'm on to something."

Ned Kahn realized that he had been making tornadoes (he prefers to call them "interactive air vortices," but he is resigned to having everyone else call them tornadoes) for longer than he had known—practically since he'd started fooling around. The trick, it turned out, was to make the tornado *visible*. "The reason you see the recognizable form of a real tornado is that it has already sucked up a lot of dirt and dust," he explained. "The black spiral isn't the air current but the dirt inside it. Until I put the water underneath, I hadn't realized what I had. I think that thing would have registered on the Fujita scale." (The Fujita scale is to tornadoes what the Richter scale is to earthquakes.)

After a lot of improvising, Kahn discovered that an ordinary household



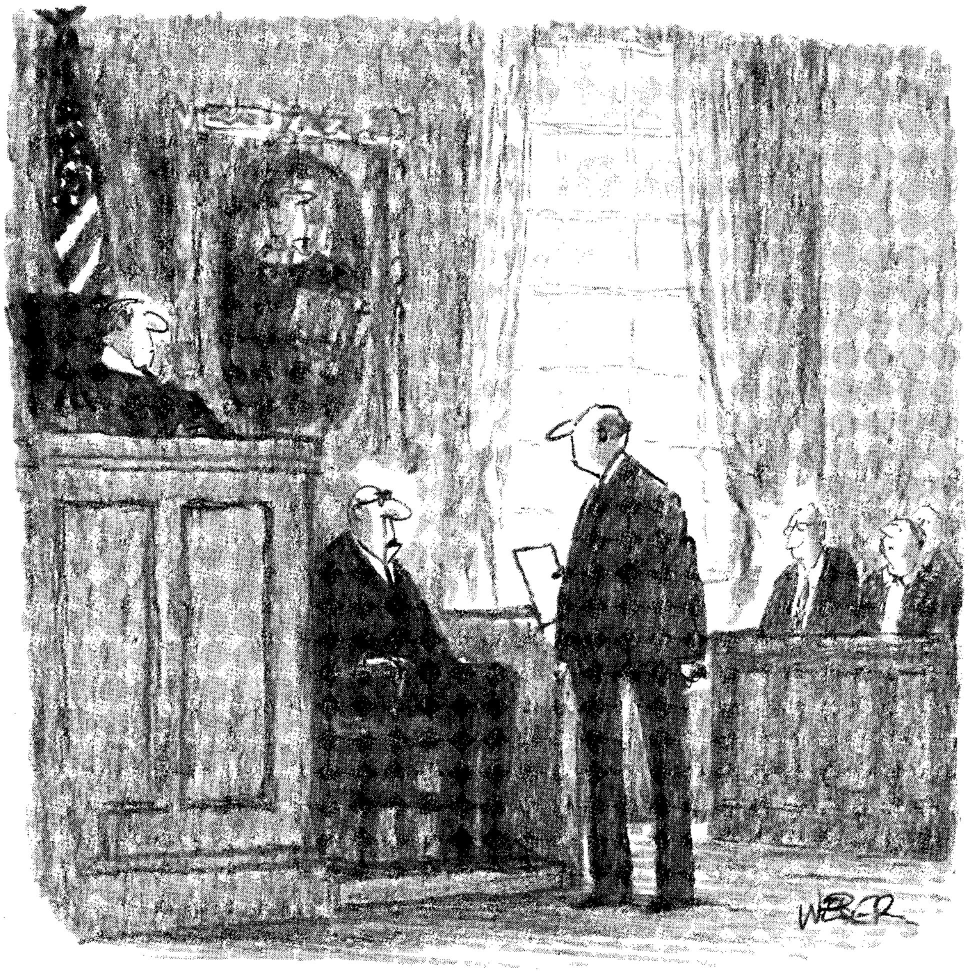
Man in the Autumn of Life Recalling Old Love Affairs (Cap by Armano, Sweater by Loch Narrin, Slacks and Jacket by Paolo Loran) air humidifier, slightly souped up, would create a column of fog that could spin and suck, forming a tornado that everybody could see. He has been making tornadoes in public ever since, and they have kept getting bigger. The first one, at the Exploratorium, was eight feet high; the next, at a San Francisco gallery, was twelve feet high; and the one after that was eighteen feet high. "Theoretically, there's no limit on how high I could make one of these," he said. "I mean, I've discovered that it requires far less power than I originally thought to sustain a mist vortex. As high as a ceiling is, that's how high I can make one. Every time I visit the Guggenheim Museum, believe me, my heart stops for a second."

The people at the Hall of Science nixed the plan for the eighty-foot-high tornado. ("I mean, *Jesus*, we get some damn little kids in here," one man said recently.) But they O.K.'d Ned Kahn's alternative plan—a twenty-foot-high tornado encased in a little round colonnade designed to recall both the Philippeum, at Olympia, and the Tower of the Winds, in Athens. (The colonnade also serves a practical purpose: air is gently blown out of each column, creating the necessary whirlpool of air.) And there, in front of the big screen and the velvet curtains, and looking surprisingly small in the vast space, the tornado is now and will remain: a twister of mist, three times as tall as a man, swaying and dancing in the blue light.

"I think that what makes these pieces so beautiful is that they make visible something that is going on around us all the time and that we're generally unaware of," Ned Kahn said. "I mean, vortices—spirals—are among the most natural of forms. But we usually see them only in the extreme state of a tornado or a waterspout. No, that's not entirely true. In a sense, we see a vortex every time leaves swirl around. But we're not *aware* that what we're seeing is essentially a very small tornado—it's just leaves, or just trash. I would like to have people see my work and not be struck by my ingenuity but, rather, suddenly become aware of the mysteries that are going on around us all the time. I'd like that sense of wonder to carry out beyond the reach of my vortex, so that the next time you saw a commonplace event—trash swirling—you'd think, My God! Another thing that makes each piece beautiful to me is that each one takes its character from the character of the space around it. For instance, I went down to make a piece in the Kennedy Center. That's a terrible, fake space—you know, one of those places that are really cheap and are made to look grand—and my tornado spotted it in a second. It just hung there, still. That's because there were no internal air currents—the place was sealed up like an airplane, and none of the little internal pools and swirls of air that you find in real architecture were available to make the vortex graceful. The only way to give it life was to have people interacting with it; they had to do what the architecture couldn't. But here"—he pointed up into the vault of the Great Hall—"this space is so weird and so beautiful and so full of intricate little currents and drafts that it has created an incredibly mobile, fugitive, graceful vortex."

It's true. The tornado that sits on top of the Hall of Science is as varied as the city. At moments, it drags itself around inside its little temple. At other moments, it disappears entirely and then reappears as a slender wraith of spinning mist; then it thickens in the middle and becomes so dense that from certain angles it can be mistaken for a central architectural column among all the other columns; and then it suddenly turns itself, obligingly, into a classic tornado—big top and thinning funnel—like the one in "The Wizard of Oz."

Ned Kahn hates "The Wizard of Oz." "I mean, come on," he said when we brought up the comparison. "There are other tornadoes in the world. Anybody who devotes himself to air vortices just has to learn to accept a lifetime of 'Oz' jokes, I guess. Once, somebody put these little figures of a witch and a little girl and a dog, and all, right in the middle of the piece. I mean, it seems to me that there's enough natural beauty and magic in these things without dragging Toto in."



"As a matter of fact, I have read the Constitution, and, frankly, I don't get it."

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WORK

I'D been staying at the Holiday Inn with my girlfriend, honestly the most beautiful woman I'd ever known, for three days under a phony name, shooting heroin. We made love in the bed, ate steaks at the restaurant, shot up in the john, puked, cried, accused one another, begged of one another, forgave, promised, and carried one another to heaven.

But there was a fight. I stood outside the motel hitchhiking, dressed in a hurry, shirtless under my jacket, with the wind crying through my earring. A bus came. I climbed aboard and sat on the plastic seat while the things of our city turned in the windows like the images in a slot machine.

Once, as we stood arguing at a street corner, I punched her in the stomach. She doubled over and broke down crying. A car full of young college men stopped beside us.

"She's feeling sick," I told them.

"Bullshit," one of them said. "You elbowed her right in the *gut*."

"He did, he did, he did," she said.

I don't remember what I said to them. I remember loneliness crushing first my lungs, then my heart, then my balls. They put her in the car with them and drove away. But she came back.

This morning, after the fight, after sitting on the bus for several blocks with a thoughtless, red mind, I jumped down and walked into the Vine.

The Vine was still and cold. Wayne was the only customer. His hands were shaking. He couldn't lift his glass.

I put my left hand on Wayne's shoulder, and with my right, opiated and steady, I brought his shot of bourbon to his lips.

"How would you feel about making some money?" he asked me.

"I was just going to go over here in the corner and nod out," I said.

"I decided," he said, "in my mind, to make some money."

"So what?" I said.

"Come with me," he begged.

"You mean you need a ride."

"I have the tools," he said. "All we need is that sorry-ass car of yours to get around in."

WE found my sixty-dollar Chevrolet, the finest and best thing I ever bought, considering the price, in the streets near my apartment. I liked that car. It was the kind you could bang into a phone pole with and nothing would happen at all.

Wayne cradled his burlap sack of tools in his lap as we drove out of town to where the fields bunched up into hills and then dipped down toward a cool river shaded by benevolent clouds.

All the houses on the riverbank—a dozen or so—were abandoned. The same company, you could tell, had built them all, and then painted them four different colors. The windows on the lower stories were empty of glass. We passed alongside them, and I saw that the ground floors of these buildings were covered with silt. Sometime back a flood had run over the banks, cancelling everything. But now the river was flat and slow. Willows stroked the water with their branches.

"Are we doing a burglary?" I asked Wayne.

"You can't burgulate a forgotten, empty house," he said, horrified at my stupidity.

I didn't say anything.

"This is a salvage job," he said. "Pull up to that one, right about there."

The house we parked in front of just had a terrible feeling about it. I knocked.

"Don't do that," Wayne said. "It's stupid."

Inside, our feet kicked up the silt the river had left there. The watermark wandered the walls of the downstairs about three feet above the floor. Straight, stiff grass lay all over the place in bunches, as if someone had stretched them there to dry.

Wayne used a pry bar, and I had a shiny hammer with a blue rubber grip. We put the pry points in the seams of the wall and started tearing away the Sheetrock. It came loose with a noise like old men coughing. Whenever we exposed some of the wiring in its white plastic jacket, we ripped it free of its connections, pulled it out, and bunched it up. That's what we were after. We intended to sell the copper wire for scrap.

By the time we were on the second floor, I could see we were going to make some money. But I was getting tired. I dropped the hammer and went to the bathroom. I was sweaty and thirsty. But of course the water didn't work.

I went back to Wayne, standing in one of two small, empty bedrooms, and started dancing around and pounding the walls, breaking through the Sheetrock and making a giant racket, until the hammer got stuck. Wayne ignored this misbehavior.

I was catching my breath. I asked him, "Who owned these houses, do you think?"

He stopped doing anything. "This is my house."

"It is?"

"It was."

He gave the wire a long, smooth yank, a gesture full of the serenity of hatred, popping its staples and freeing it into the room.

We balled up big gobs of wire in the center of each room, working for over an hour. I boosted Wayne through the trapdoor into the attic, and he pulled me up after him, both of us sweating and our pores leaking the poisons of drink, which smelled like old citrus peelings, and we made a mound of white-jacketed wire in the top of his former home, pulling it up out of the floor.

I felt weak. I had to vomit in the corner—just a thimbleful of gray bile. "All this work," I complained, "is fucking with my high. Can't you figure out some easier way of making a dollar?"

Wayne went to the window. He rapped it several times with his pry bar, each time harder, until it was loudly destroyed. We threw the stuff out there onto the mud-flattened meadow that came right up below us from the river.

It was quiet in this strange neighborhood along the bank except for the steady breeze in the young leaves. But now we heard a boat coming upstream. The sound curlicued through the riverside saplings like a bee, and in a minute a flat-nosed sports boat cut up the middle of the river going thirty or forty at least.

This boat was pulling behind itself a tremendous triangular kite on a rope. From the kite, up in the air a hundred feet or so, a woman was suspended—belted in somehow, I would have guessed. She had long red hair. She was delicate and white, and naked except for her beautiful hair. I don't know what she was thinking as she floated past these ruins.

"What's she doing?" was all I could say, though we could see that she was flying.

"Now that is a beautiful sight," Wayne said.

ON the way to town, Wayne asked me to make a long detour onto the Old Highway. He had me pull up to a lopsided farmhouse set on a hill of grass.

"I'm not going in but for two seconds," he said. "You want to come in?"

"Who's here?" I said.

"Come and see," he told me.

It didn't seem anyone was home when we climbed the porch and he knocked. But he didn't knock again, and after a full three minutes a woman opened the door, a slender redhead in a dress printed with small blossoms. She didn't smile. "Hi" was all she said to us.

"Can we come in?" Wayne asked.

"Let me come on the porch," she said, and walked past us to stand looking out over the fields.

I waited at the other end of the porch, leaning against the rail, and didn't listen. I don't know what they said to one another. She walked down the steps, and Wayne followed. He stood hugging himself and talking down at the earth. The wind lifted and dropped her long red hair. She was about forty, with a bloodless, waterlogged beauty. I guessed Wayne was the storm that had stranded her here.

In a minute he said to me, "Come on." He got in the driver's seat and started the car—you didn't need a key to start it.

I came down the steps and got in beside him. He looked at her through the windshield. She hadn't gone back inside yet, or done anything at all.

"That's my wife," he told me, as if it wasn't obvious.

I turned around in the seat and studied Wayne's wife as we drove off.

What can be said about those fields? She stood in the middle of them as on a high mountain, with her red hair pulled out sideways by the wind, around her the green and gray plains pressed down flat, and all the grasses of Iowa whistling one note.

I knew who she was.

"That was her, wasn't it?" I said.

Wayne was speechless.

There was no doubt in my mind. She was the woman we'd seen flying over the river. As near as I could tell, I'd wandered into some sort of dream that Wayne was having about his wife and his house. But I didn't say anything more about it, because, after all, in small ways it was turning out to be one of the best days of my life, whether it was somebody else's dream or not. We turned in the scrap wire for twenty-eight dollars—each—at a salvage yard near the gleaming tracks at the edge of town, and went back to the Vine.

Who should be pouring drinks there but a young woman whose name I can't remember. But I remember the way she poured. It was like doubling your money. She wasn't going to make her employers rich. Needless to say, she was revered among us.

"I'm buying," I said.

"No way in hell," Wayne said.

"Come on."

"It is," Wayne said, "my sacrifice."

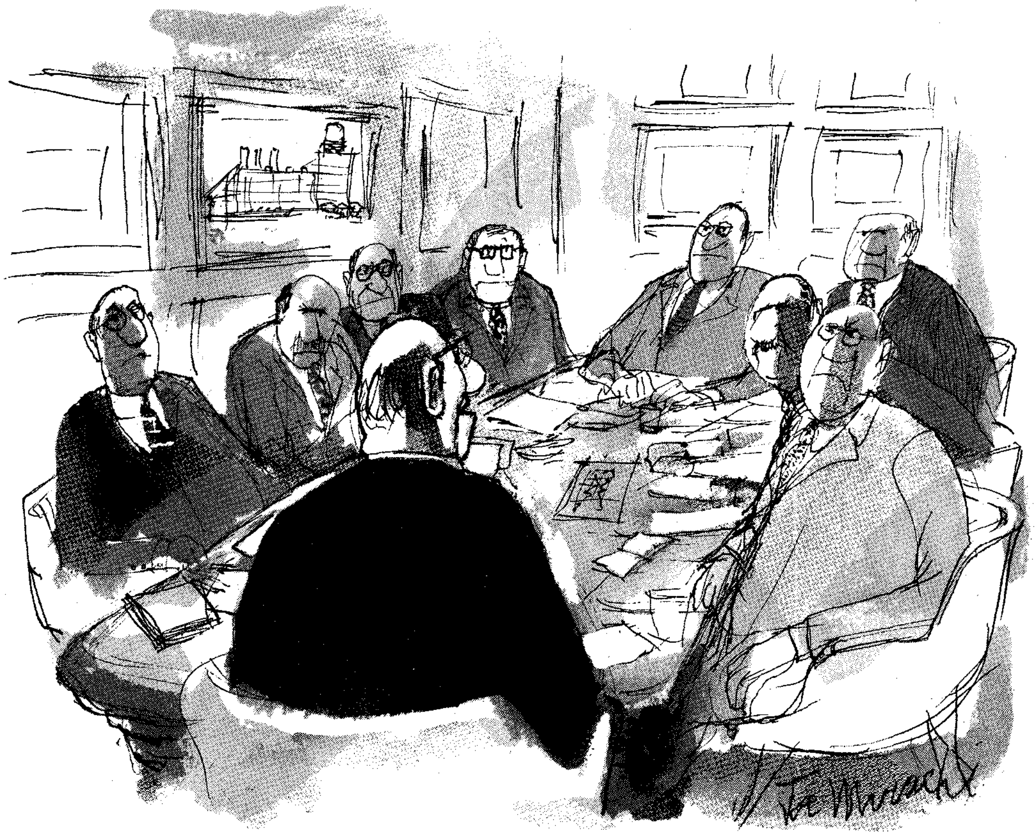
Sacrifice? Where had he gotten a word like "sacrifice"?

I'd seen Wayne look across the poker table in a bar and accuse—I do not exaggerate—the biggest, blackest man in Iowa of cheating, accuse him for no reason other than that he, Wayne, was a bit irked by the run of the cards. That was my idea of sacrifice—tossing yourself away, discarding your body. The black man stood up and circled the neck of a beer bottle with his fingers. He was taller than anyone who had ever entered that barroom.

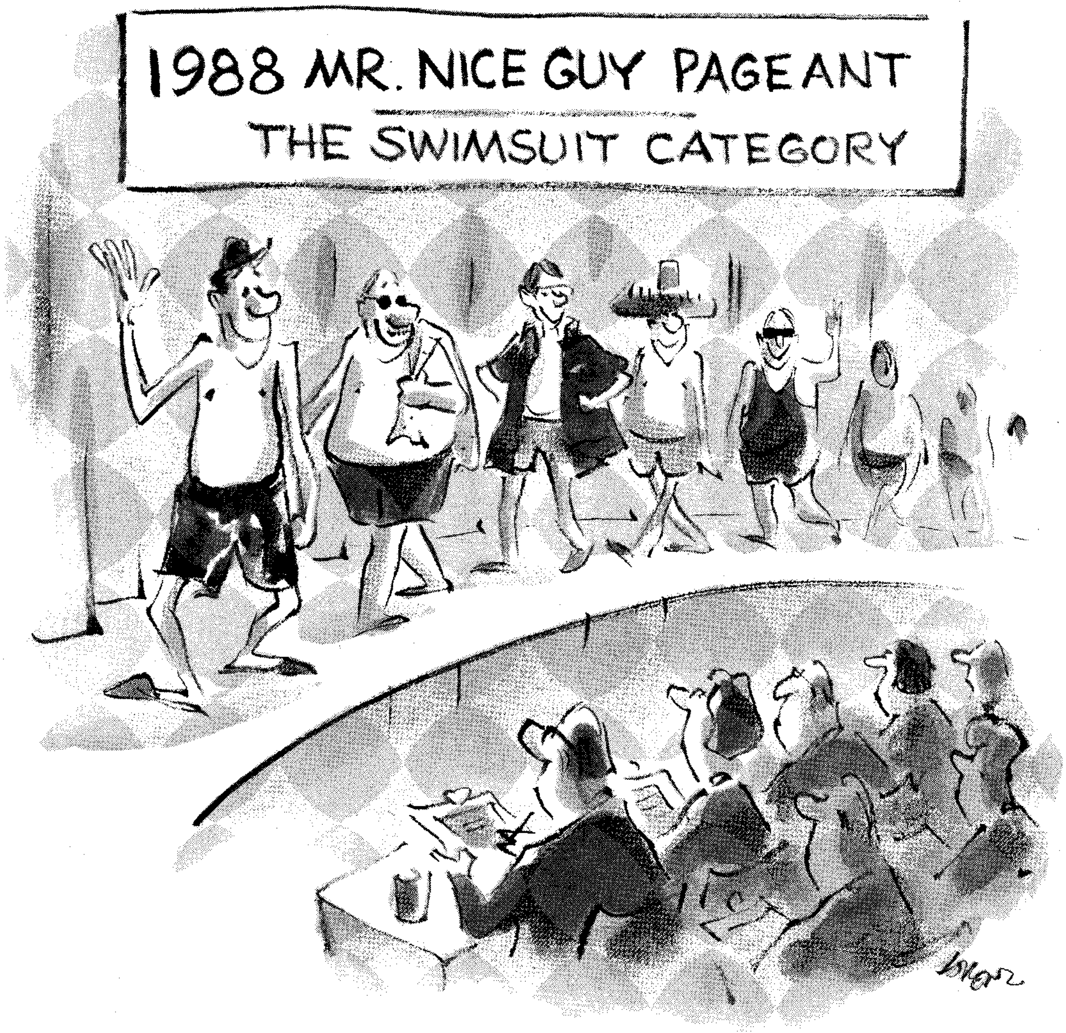
"Step outside," Wayne said.

And the man said, "This ain't school."

"What the goddam fucking piss



"Then it's official. The Hell no's have it."



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hell," Wayne said, "is that supposed to mean?"

"I ain't stepping outside, like you do at school. Make your try right here and now."

"This ain't the place for our kind of business," Wayne said. "Not inside here with women and children and dogs and cripples."

"Shit," the man said. "You're just drunk."

"I don't care," Wayne said. "To me you don't make no more noise than a fart in a paper bag."

The huge, murderous man said nothing.

"I'm going to sit down now," Wayne said, "and I'm going to play my game, and fuck you."

The man shook his head. He sat down, too. This was an amazing thing. By reaching out one hand and taking hold of it for two or three seconds, he could have popped Wayne's head like an egg.

And then came one of those moments. I remember living through one when I was eighteen and spending the afternoon in bed with my first wife before we were married. Our naked bodies started glowing, and the air turned such a strange color I thought my life must be leaving me, and with every young fibre and cell I wanted to hold on to it for another breath. A clattering sound was tearing up my head as I staggered upright and opened the door on a vision I will never see again. Where are my women now, with their sweet, wet words and ways, and the miraculous balls of hail popping in a green translucence in the yards? We put on our clothes, she and I, and walked out into a town flooded ankle-deep with white, buoyant stones. Birth should have been like that.

That moment in the bar, after the fight was narrowly avoided, was like the green silence after the hailstorm.

Somebody was buying a round of drinks. The cards were scattered on the table, face up, face down, and they seemed to foretell that whatever we did to one another would be washed away by liquor or explained away by sad songs.

Wayne was a part of all that.

The Vine was like a railroad club car that had somehow run itself off the tracks into a swamp of time where it awaited the blows of the wrecking ball. And the blows really were coming. Because of urban renewal, the whole downtown was being torn up and thrown away.

And here we were this afternoon with nearly thirty dollars each and our favorite, our very favorite, person tending bar. I wish I could remember her name, but I remember only her grace and her generosity.

All the really good times happened when Wayne was around. But this afternoon, somehow, was the best of all those times. We had money. We were grimy and tired. Usually we felt guilty and frightened, because there was something wrong with us and we didn't know what it was, but today we had the feeling of men who had worked.

The Vine had no jukebox, but a real stereo continually played tunes of alcoholic self-pity and sentimental divorce. "Nurse," I sobbed. She poured doubles like an angel, right up to the lip of a cocktail glass, no measuring. "You have a lovely pitching arm." You had to go down to them like a hummingbird over a blossom. I saw her much later, not too many years ago, and when I smiled she seemed to believe I was making advances. But it was only that I remembered. I'll never forget you. Your husband will beat you with an extension cord and the bus will pull away leaving you standing there in tears, but you were my mother.

—Denis Johnson

ANOTHER TIME

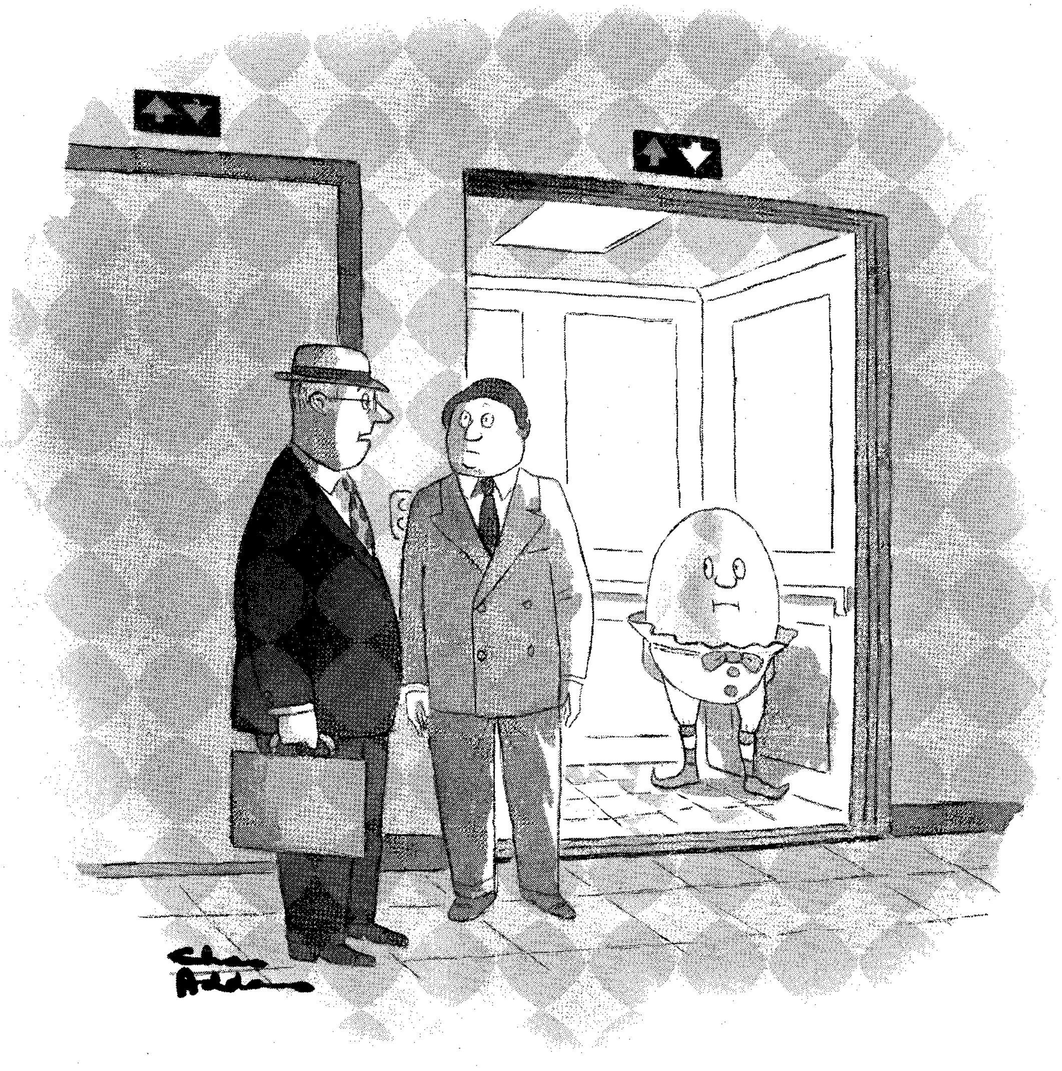
IT happens to one and all. It is given many names, but those who have it know it for what it is—the canker that sets in and makes one crabbed, finding fault with things, complaining, full of secret and not-so-secret spleen. Nelly knew it. She knew she was in trouble after that dream. She dreamed that one of her children had stripped her of everything, even her teeth, and when she wakened she decided that it was time to get away. "Get away, get away," she said several times to herself as she hurried up the street to a travel agent's to look at brochures. In a small, unprepossessing office she saw posters of walled cities, all of which were gold-colored; she saw churches, canals, castles; and each one filled her not with expectations but with doom. It was as bad as that. Suddenly it came to her. She would go home—not to her own people but to a small seaside town about twenty miles from there, a place she had always yearned to go to as a child, a resort where some of the richer people had cottages. It was remote and primitive, on the edge of the Atlantic, the white houses laid out like kerchiefs. She had seen photos of it, and it had for her a touch of mystery, a hidden magic; it was a place where people went when they were happy—newlyweds and those who got legacies. There was a jetty across, so although an island it was not cut off completely, and she was glad of that. The ocean could pound or lap on three sides and yet she had a link with the land, she could get away. Getting away preoccupied her, as if it would lead to redemption.

AS she crossed the threshold of the bedroom in her hotel, she saw that it did not bode well. It was a tiny room, with a tiny sagging bed, bits and pieces of tasteless furniture, and a washbasin in one corner with a vein of rust running down from one of the taps. The coat hangers were of metal, and either they were buckled or their hooks were so attenuated that they looked like skewers. A view of the ocean, yes, but it was not an expanse, more a sliver of gray-green sulky sea.

It will get better, she thought, fearing that it wouldn't. She could hear the man in the next room as she hung her clothes. He was coughing. He's lonely, she thought, that's why he's coughing. After she had hung her clothes, she put on a bit of makeup before going down to have a drink with the owners. The owners had welcomed her and asked her to have an early drink before dinner. On impulse, she gave them the bottle of champagne that she had bought at the airport, and now she wished she hadn't. They seemed so taken aback by it—it was too patrician—and it was not chilled.

Opening the champagne took quite a while, because the husband was more interested in telling her about some of his more exotic travels than in wheedling the cork out. The wife was a bit heavy and had a sleepy, sad face with big spaniel eyes. They seemed to have no children, as children were not mentioned. The husband held forth about jobs he had held in Borneo or Karachi or wherever—that was when he was in oil. Then at length he had decided to settle down, and he found himself a wife, and they came back to Ireland, to their roots, and bought this hotel, which was something of a legend. The previous owner was an eccentric and made people do morris dancing and drink mead.

No morris dancing now, Nelly thought as they lifted their glasses. They were tiny glasses—sherry



"I think I'll wait for the next elevator."

glasses, really—and the champagne was tepid. Just as the cork flew out, a tall boy had come in from the kitchen and stared. He was a simpleton—she could tell by his smile and the way he stared and then had to be told by the wife to go back in to mind the cabbage.

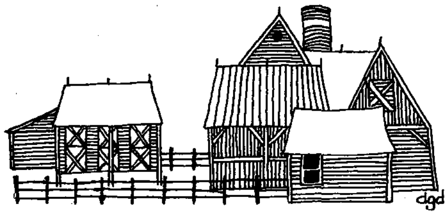
"Go in, Caimin," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, coveting the green cork, with its dun-gold paper. The husband was telling Nelly that she had picked a most unfortunate evening for her first dinner. They were overbooked, jam-packed. A party of twelve at one table alone. He himself had not taken the booking; a silly young girl had taken it over the phone. He apologized in advance. Nelly looked around the dismal room, with its checked tablecloths and kitchen chairs, and was not regaled by what she saw. There were empty wine bottles above the sideboard and all along the wall ledge. They were green and dusty and served no purpose whatsoever, and she supposed that the champagne bottle would go up there somewhere and be just as useless. He wasn't pouring fast enough for her. She wanted to drink in great gulps, to forget her surroundings, to be removed from them, to forget the impulse for her coming, and to blot out the admission that she had made a mistake.

"We reserved you that table," he said, pointing to a table in the corner, close to the window, with a view of the road outside. The road was covered with mist and the summer evening could easily pass for October or November. Suddenly radio music and loud voices came from the kitchen, and then a buxom girl emerged followed by another girl with long plaits. They had come to lay the tables. They were big, strapping girls, and they more or less slung the plates and the cruets onto the tables and made a great clatter with the cutlery box. They eyed Nelly sitting there with the boss and the Mrs., and one of them whispered something to the other—probably about her being a big shot, maybe even someone from the Tourist Board. Occasionally they would laugh, and the simpleton would rush from the kitchen, holding a ladle or a saucepan in his hand, to join in the levity. Soon the wife rose, put her hands to her chest, and said very formally, "Duty calls." Then the husband picked up the bottle of champagne and said, "We'll chill the rest of this for you. You can have it with your meal."

AS she turned the key in her bedroom door, Nelly met her neighbor. He wore a suit and a cap, and it was clear that he was not accustomed to being on holiday. His first remark was how beautiful the hotel was—a palace. A palace! A bit of dark landing with linoleum and off-white doors, like hospital doors, leading to the rooms; a sickly maidenhair fern in a big brass jardiniere. He spoke with a clipped Northern accent as he enlarged on the glories of the place, the seashore where he had just been walking, the peace and quiet, and the big feeds. He was on his way to the public house for a few jars before dinner. Would she care to join him? She realized that he had been waiting to pounce, that he must have heard of her arrival—a woman on her own—and that he had assumed they would become friends. She declined. He asked again, thinking she said no only out of courtesy. She declined more firmly. She saw the smile leave his face. She saw the scowl. He could hardly endure this rebuff. His anger was rising. He pulled his key from his pocket and, for no reason, proceeded to open his door again. Anything to withhold his rage. They were from the same country, God damn it; just because she lived abroad was no reason to snub him. She could read his inner thoughts and guess his outrage by the obsequiousness of what he then said.

"Aah, thanks a lot," he said, and repeated it twice over, when in fact he wanted to strike her. He had reverted to some shaming moment when he had thanked a superior whom he really hated.



BETWEEN ANGELS

Between angels, on this earth
absurdly between angels, I
try to navigate

in the bluesy middle ground
of desire and withdrawal,
in the industrial air,
among the bittersweet

efforts of people to connect,
make sense, endure.
The angels out there,
what are they?

Old helpers, half-believed,
or dazzling better selves,
imagined,

that I turn away from
as if I preferred
all the ordinary, dispiriting
tasks at hand?

I shop in the cold
neon aisles
thinking of pleasure,
I kiss my paycheck

a mournful kiss goodbye
thinking of pleasure,
in the evening replenish

my drink, make a choice
to read or love or watch,
and increasingly I watch.
I do not mind living

like this. I cannot bear
living like this.
Oh, everything's true
at different times

in the capacious day,
just as I *don't* forget
and always forget

half the people in the world
are dispossessed.
Here chestnut oaks
and tenements

make their unequal claims.
Someone thinks of betrayal.
A child spills her milk.
I'm on my knees cleaning it up—

sponge, squeeze, I change nothing,
just move it around.
The inconsequential floor
is beginning to shine.

—STEPHEN DUNN

• •

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A COLD WINTER.
John O'Brien

I have made an enemy, she thought as she entered her room. She went straight to the washbasin and splashed her face fiercely with douches of cold water.

DINNER was indeed a boisterous affair. The party of twelve was mostly children, ranging from teen-agers to a baby in a high chair. The mother addressed each child by name, over and over, sometimes admonishing, sometimes approving, so that Nelly soon knew that the baby was called Troy, short for Troilus, and would have to eat those mashed potatoes before he got his mashed banana. The mother was a strong, bossy woman, and without these hordes of children to address she would have been lost; she would have had no part to play.

"Eat that stew, Kathleen," she would call, backing it up with a glare. It was mutton stew, with potatoes and onions floating in the thickened parsley sauce. Big helpings were on the plates, and the extra vegetables were piled in white enamelled dishes, like soap dishes. The champagne on Nelly's table seemed absurd. Each time she poured, she looked away, so as not to be seen, and gave her gaze the benefit of the road in the rain. Most of the other guests drank soft drinks or milk, but one quiet couple had a bottle of wine. The man who had invited her to the public house ate alone and never once looked in her direction. In fact, when he entered the room he made a show of saluting one or two other people and deliberately ignored her. He drank tumbler after tumbler of milk with his stew. The waitresses, in some show of bravura, had put flowers in their hair, bits of fuchsia, and it was clear by the way they giggled that they thought this to be very scandalous. All the guests resented the interlopers who made such a fuss and such demands—asking for more napkins and for orangeade, some begging to be let down from the table, others slapping their food into plump pancakes, others simply whinging. A German au pair, who sat among the children, occasionally poured from a water jug but otherwise did not pay much attention to their needs. The waitresses dashed about with second helpings and then brought big slabs of rhubarb pie, each decorated with a whorl of cream so whipped that it seemed like an imitation chef's hat. The owner came into the room and went from table to table—except, of course, to the rowdy table—apologizing to his guests for the invasion, assuring them that it would not happen again. "End of story . . . end of story," he kept saying, giving the intruders a stern look. The irate mother, sensing rebuff, ordered a pot of tea and a pot of coffee while telling some of her children to go out and play in the grounds. Meanwhile the whipped cream was leaking into the rectangles of rhubarb pie.

All the guests were given a complimentary glass of port wine, and by the time Nelly had finished hers she was the only one left. The room was almost in darkness and it was dark outside. She kept waiting for the candle stump to sputter out, as if that were to be the signal to go upstairs. Already she was thinking that she had only five more dinners to endure and that she would be going home Saturday. Home now seemed like a nest, with its lamps and its warmth. The simpleton gave her a start as he appeared over her, a big clumsy figure in a sheepskin jacket.

"Will you be here tomorrow?" he asked. He had a muffled voice, and there was a stoppage in his speech. It was as if he had too much saliva.

"I'm afraid I will," she said, and hoped she didn't sound too peeved.

"I'm glad you'll be here. You're a nice lady," he said as he shuffled out, and, rising, she picked her way between the tables, certain that she was about to break down.

IN the morning things seemed quite different—sparkling. The sea was bright, like a mirror with the sun dancing on it, and there was nothing to stop her going down there and spending the whole day walking and breathing—getting rid of the cobwebs, as she put it. She would pack a basket and bring down her things. She would write cards to her sons and her friends; she would read, reread, and, after the few days, she would be something of her former self—cheerful, buoyant, outgoing.

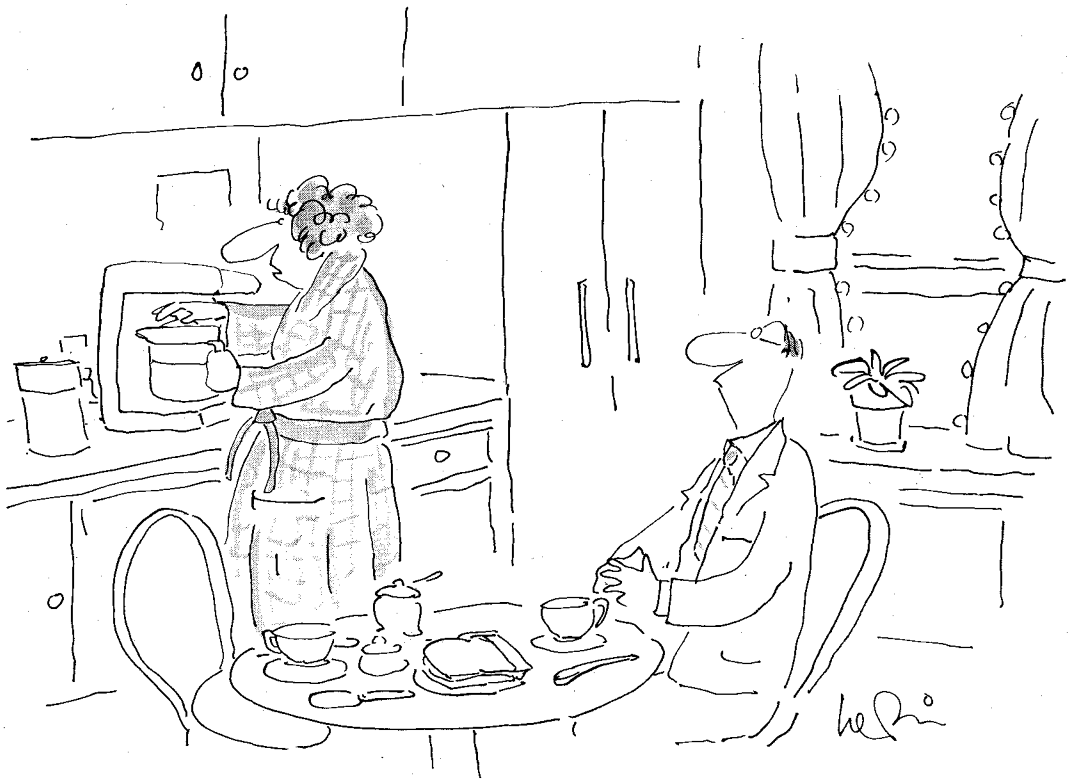
The sand was a pale, biscuit color that stretched way ahead of her—to the horizon, it seemed. The people dotted here and there were like figures in a primitive painting. Those in red stood out, both the toddlers and the grownups; red was the one splash of color in this pale-gold, luminous universe. The sea was a baby blue and barely lapped. It seemed so gentle, not like the sea that roared and lashed but like an infinite and glassy terrain that one might scud over. There were dogs, too—the local dogs resenting the dogs that had come with the newcomers, snarling until they got to know them. Some people had erected little tents, obviously intending to settle for the day. Some walked far out to sea, and a few stalwarts were bathing or paddling. Although sunny, it was not yet a hot day. She would walk forever; she would gulp the air with her mouth and her whole being; she would resuscitate herself. Here and there, as she looked down at the sand, she would see empty cans, or seaweed, or little bits of sea holly in clumps—shivering but tenacious.

"I am walking all my bad temper away . . . I am walking my bad temper away," she said, and thought, How perfect the isolation, the sense of being alone. She loved it—the near-empty seashore, the stretch of sand, the clouds racing so purposefully, and now the sea itself, which had changed color as if an intemperate painter had just added blue and green and potent violet. The colors were in pockets, they were in patches, and even as she looked there were transmutations—actual rainbows in the water, shifting, then dissolving. She would walk forever. There wasn't a boat or a steamer in sight. As she looked back at the town, its cluster of white cottages seemed like little rafts on a sea, on the sea of life, receding. People she met smiled or nodded, to compliment her on her stride, and the good thing was that she always saw them as they came toward her, so that she was not taken by surprise. Yet it was a jolt when a woman ran up to her and took her hand. She recognized Nelly from the short time when she had been a television announcer.

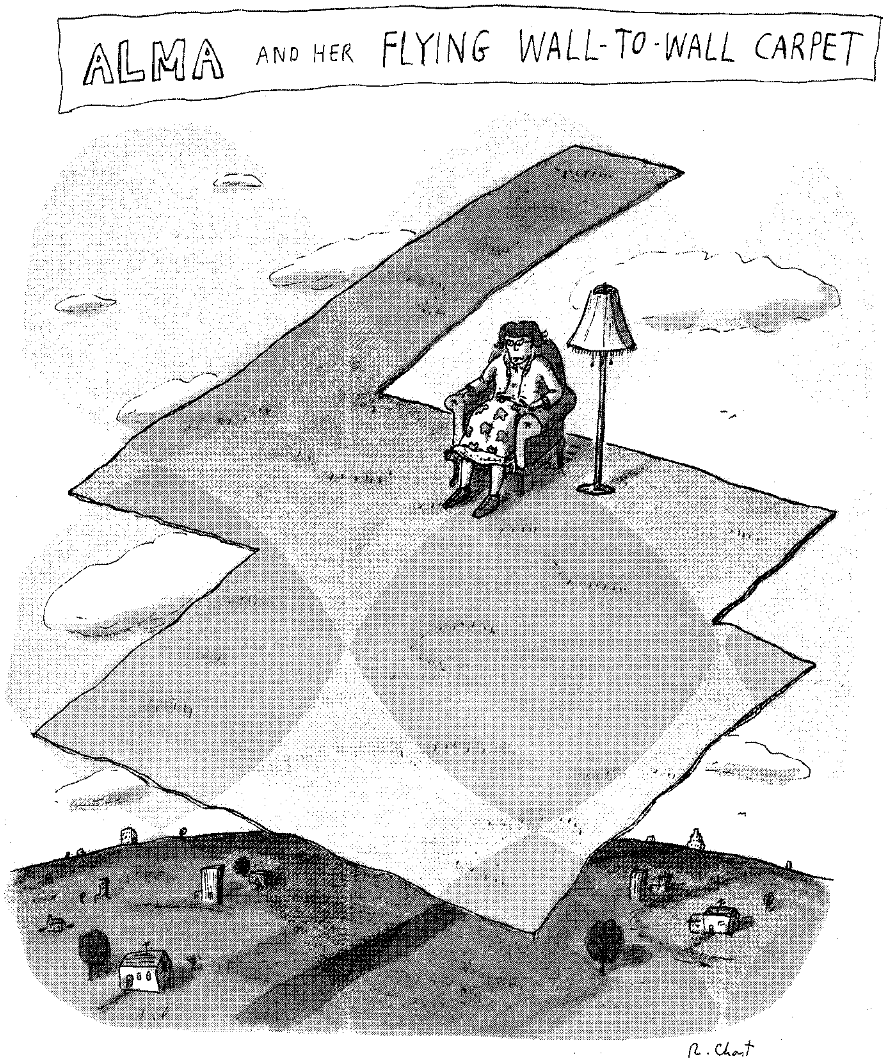
"You disappeared so suddenly," the woman said, and Nelly nodded. She had given up her glamorous job for a man, even though she knew she was throwing in her lot with a black heart.

"We might see you in the pub tonight. There's a singsong," the woman said, and, though smiling, Nelly quivered inwardly. She did not want to meet people, especially those who had known of her in the past; she had put an iron grille over all that, and yet this very encounter was disturbing, as if the weed and bindweed of the past were pushing their way up through the gates of her mind. As she walked on, she found herself remembering her marriage day—two witnesses and a half bottle of champagne. She remembered living in a big, drafty house in the country, and her morning sickness, which at first she did not understand. But it was as if she were recalling a story that had happened to someone else. In a way, she remembered her divorce far better, because she had had to fight. Once, with a solicitor, she had gone to a suburb of London where she hoped a former housekeeper would testify to her having loved her children; a more recent incumbent had sworn affidavits against her and said she was a wicked woman. In that little sitting room in Tooting, waiting for what was going to be crucial, she sat with the solicitor while the mother put her noisy children to bed. There was a terrible smell, something being cooked.

"Is it a horse they're boiling?" the solicitor said, and she laughed, because she knew he had put himself out of his way to come with her, and that he loved her a little, and that, of course, he would never say so. When the housekeeper came in and kissed her, the kiss itself a guarantee of friendship and loyalty, the solicitor beamed and said, "We're there . . . we're



"I'm sorry, your grapefruit subscription ran out and I forgot to renew it."


ALMA AND HER FLYING WALL-TO-WALL CARPET

home and dry." She got her children in the end. Then there were the years of birthdays and train sets and Christmases and measles and blazers that they grew out of, and then their going away to boarding school and the raw pain of that first rupture, that first farewell. Not for ages had she allowed herself such a glut of memory, such detail.

Yet she was not crushed by these things, and quite gaily she asked aloud what happened to that blue dress with the tulip line, and where was the Georgian claret jug that she had bought for a song. Where, oh where?

UP on the road, there were several cars and a loudspeaker announcing something. Although it was loud, it was senseless. She was a long way from the hotel but she had her bearings. She knew she could either turn right to head for the one shop and the telephone kiosk or turn left for her hotel and the new chapel beyond it, which had modern stained-glass windows. She felt hot and her throat was parched—she longed for something. She believed that she longed for lemonade. She could taste it again as she had tasted it in childhood, so sweet and yet so tart. The sun shone with a flourish, and the flowers in the cottage gardens—the dahlias, or the devil's pokers, or whatever—seemed to be glistening with life. She stopped by a garden where a yearling calf was letting out a loud lament. He had two wounds where his horns had recently been removed. They were full of flies. He tried with his head to toss them away, but they had sunk into the wounds, which were covered with some sort of purple ointment. The animal bawled and tossed and even leapt about, and so moved was she to pity that she began to shout, "Are you there? Are you there?"

Eventually a young man came out, holding a mug of tea. He seemed surprised to have been called.

"He's itchy," she said, pointing to the yearling.

"He's a devil," the young man said.

"He's in agony," she said, and asked if he could do something.

"What can I do?" he said, annoyed that she had summoned him like this.

"I'll help you," she said, gently, to coax him.

"I have just the thing," he said, and he ran to the house and came back with a giant cannister of wasp repellent.

"Oh, not that," she said, grabbing it from him and explaining that the flies would wallow in the wounds and dement the poor animal even more. She made him fetch a strip of cardboard, then hold the beast, which bucked and reared while she edged the flies out, pushing them onto the clay and watching them stagger from their somersaults. The man was so impressed by her expertise that he asked if she was a vet.

"Hold him, hold him," she said, as there was the second wound that she had to tackle. That done, they drove the animal through a side gate, over some cobbles, and into a dark manger. As the man closed the door, the animal yelled to be let out, its cry saying that daylight, even delirious daylight with flies and pain, was preferable to this dark dungeon.

"I told you he was a devil. He never lets up," the man said, as he motioned her into the house. There was nobody in there, he assured her, his mother being dead. The few flowers in the flower bed, and the gooseberry bushes, had, as she imagined, been sown by his mother. There was also a ridge of flowering potatoes. He went to England for a time, worked in a car factory there, but he always came back in the summer, because he needed the fresh air. He bought a calf or two and sold them when he left.

"Would you marry me?" he said suddenly. She knew that he did not really mean such a thing, that he meant "Stay for a bit and talk to me."

"I am married," she lied.

"You've no wedding ring," he said, and she looked down at her hand and smiled, and said she must have forgotten to put it on. Then she excused herself, saying that she had to be back at the hotel, because of a phone call.

Caimin met her at the door. She had had a visitor, a woman. The woman had waited and waited. He handed her a note. It said "Hi. Long time no see. I'll call back around four. Gertie." Who was Gertie? Gertrude. She could only think of Hamlet. Suddenly she was shaking. She could not see anyone. She did not want to meet this Gertie, this stranger.

"Tell her I've gone . . . gone," she said as she flew up the stairs to her room. Even the disgruntled neighbor, who was on his way out, seemed to sense her disquiet. He smiled, and waved a golf club, proudly. She hated the hotel even more now—the awful washbasin, the stained furniture. She hated it not so much for its own pitiable sake as for what it reminded her of—the rooms and landings of childhood, basins and slop buckets that oozed sadness. It seemed as if the furniture of those times, and her failed marriage, and the flies in the raw wounds, and the several mistakes of her life had got jumbled together and were now hounding her, moving in on her in this place. Various suggestions offered themselves, such as to go back to London to her own house and never leave it again, or to go to the house where she was born and exorcise her fury, though she had been back there a few times and was almost indifferent to the sight of it. She saw briars, she saw gates in need of paint, she saw the outside gable wall over which her mother had so lovingly planted a creeper, and she saw the hall door with the padlocks that her brother had put there to keep her and others out. Bastard, she thought, and wished she could scrawl it somewhere for him to see. Her maggot brother.

"This won't do," she said, sitting on the bed, reliving old hatreds, fresh and vigorous as when first incurred. Coming back had set off this further welter of rage, like a time bomb.

"What is it?" she asked aloud, wondering what particle in the brain is triggered by some smell, or the wind, or a yearling in pain, or a voice sodden with loneliness that says, without meaning it, "Would you marry me?"

She might have known it: there was a knock on the door, Caimin calling her, saying she had a visitor, saying it with excitement, as if she should be pleased. He had completely misunderstood her instructions, her clamor to be left alone. Out she went, fuming, about to tell him to send the stranger away, but the stranger was standing there beside him—a largish woman in a raincoat, with gray hair drawn back severely in a bun. "Hay fever," Nelly heard herself saying, to account for the tears, and for the crumpled handkerchief that she was holding. Caimin left them together on the landing and shuffled off like a dog that knows it has done something wrong.

"You don't remember me," the woman was saying. She was breathless, as if she had run, so eager was she to be there. Bringing her face closer, she

AS FAR AS IT GOES, AND BACK

Tearing through the lovely landscape
of Honshu—its brief perfections—the bullet
train cutting them short,
boring through mountain after mountain,
black shaft driven
through the deep volcanic night,
then breaking out, for a held breath
into the sun, a flash of green fields
flooded with water, half filled with sky—
then back to the black again.

Those green, happy valleys
out of a child's book, like bright
spaces between the words in a sentence
whose meaning is dark—tunnel
after tunnel, all I can see of the heart
of Japan, except for the brief blaze
of green against the glass: those tall young
mountains in their pointed sorcerers' hats
of tufted green velvet, the nestled farms,
each roof with its curling lift
of wings at the outer edge, ready
at the first tremor of earth
to fly . . . how easily it all
slips by, slips back

to a bright memory,
a never-never land, seen only
as lost children see, wandering
in time, the sudden reflection
of a mother in the mirror—
as bright and reassuring,
as quickly gone.

Then back in the tunnel again,
forced back inside the stubborn heart
on the bullet train of the years,
hurtling through an old and foreign night, a tunnel
where, however brightly lit the car
in which you sit, bragging of awareness
to others as preoccupied as you,
out there, behind the pane, nothing is
revealed; regression into dark and loss,
and staring blankly back
your own estranged, familiar face
congealed in speeding glass.

—Eleanor Wilner

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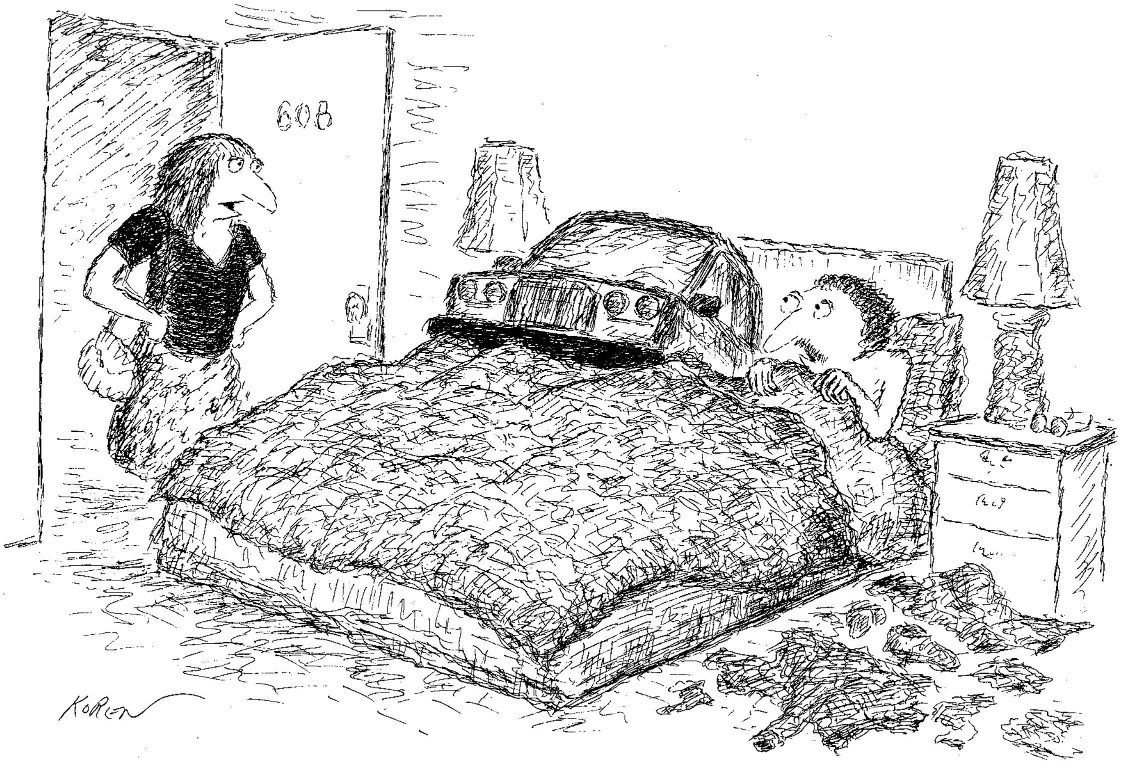


"I knew you were having an affair with your car!"

• •

allowed Nelly to scan it, pleased to present this challenge. Nelly realized it must be someone from her nearby home. She tried to recall all her school friends, tried to picture them at their desks, or in the choir on Sundays, or in the school photo that they had all received when they left. This face was not among them.

"No," she said finally, feeling a little baffled.

"I'm Gertie . . . Mrs. Conway's niece. She owned the hotel in your town," the woman said with a nervous smile. Her excitement was fading and she realized that she was not welcome. She began apologizing for barging in, explaining that a woman in the shop said she had seen Nelly Nugent walking on the seashore.

"Mrs. Conway's niece," Nelly said, trying not to bristle. Of course. Gertie's aunt had also owned a house here. They used to come for weekends, had houseparties.

"Gertie," she whispered, remembering the vivid young girl who had come often to stay at her aunt's hotel. She had served behind the counter like a grownup, and had the opportunity to meet all the men, to flirt with them. Being Gertie, she had snatched the prize of them all.

YES, she remembered Gertie. She remembered precisely when she had first seen Gertie—unexpectedly, as it happened. She was about to leave her home village, to go to the town to learn shorthand, and an older girl—Eileen, who lived up the country—had promised her a dress that she had become too fat to wear. It was black grosgrain and it had long sleeves—that was all she knew. She walked to Eileen's on a summer's day, after lunch, and twice had to ask the way, as there was more than one family of the same name. She remembered that she had to cross a stream to get to the house, and, yielding to a bit of fancy because of the sunshine and the thought of the dress, she took off her shoes and dipped her feet in the water, which she felt to be like liquid silver washing over her insteps and toes. The dress fit her perfectly. In fact, it fit her so well and gave her such allure that Eileen put her arms around her and, almost in tears, said, "Hold on to your looks, Nell. Whatever you do, hold on to your looks." That was thirty-odd years ago. Walking down the country road, all alone, she was so sure of herself and her beauty then; she even believed that the trees and the gates and the walls and the brambles partook of it. Along with the dress, Eileen had given her an old handbag, in which there was a little mirror with a tortoiseshell frame tucked inside one of the flaps. From time to time, she ran the looking glass down the length of the dress to see the flair and the grosgrain reflected.

As she neared the town, she decided to do it. It would have been inconceivable on the way up to the country, but now she was a different person—sophisticated, assured—and anyhow she was going away. She decided to seek him out at his lodgings. It was a house not far from the chapel—one of the five or six terraced houses with a tiled hallway and a stained-glass fanlight over the door that shone ruby or blue or green floating patterns on the floor, depending on the position of the sun. The landlady, a thin and inquisitive woman, answered the timid knock, and upon hearing the request said, "He's having his tea." Nelly stood her ground; she had come to see him and she was not going away without seeing him. He was the new teacher in the technical college and had many skills. He was swarthy and handsome and he had made an impression on most of the young girls and the women. Many had boasted of having had conversations with him, and promises to learn tennis from him, or woodwork, or the piano accordion. "I won't keep him long," she said to the landlady, who was running her tongue all around her teeth, her upper and her lower teeth, before deciding to consider the request.

He sauntered toward her—his red sweater seeming so dashing—with a puzzled smile on his face. The moment he stood in front of her with that look of pleasant inquiry, she registered two things: that his eyes were a dark green that gave the semblance of brown, and that she was not going to be able to say why she had called on him, had him routed from his tea table. She saw, too, that his eyes took in every feature of her, that he knew why she had come, knew that she was smitten, knew that she was embarrassed, and felt a certain animal pleasure, a triumph, in those things, and was not in the least bit discomfited. He stood there smiling, studying her face, not in any hurry to break the silence.

"I wondered about your night classes," she said, even though he, like everybody else, had probably heard the news that she was going to the city to train as a secretary. "I mean, my mother wondered," she then said, becoming even clumsier by adding that her mother felt that women should be able to take the woodwork class just the same as men.

"Agreed," he said with that pleased, tantalizing smile. Indeed, one little cautionary part of her recognized him as being rather smug, but it was not enough to dampen the flush of attraction and excitement that she felt toward him. She had felt it for weeks, ever since he came—sighting him on his way to or from Mass, or on his bicycle, or in his tweed jacket with the leather patches on the elbows, or on the hurley pitch in his togs, where he stumbled and fell but always got up again to tackle an opponent. It was obviously time for her to leave, because she had said her piece. Yet she lingered. He put a finger to a tooth where a piece of raisin had stuck. Raisins, he declared, were the bane of his life, as he picked at it assiduously. Then, from the kitchen, she heard his name called: "Vincent. . . . Vince." It was not the landlady's voice, it was another voice—coyer and younger. Then, in the doorway, Gertie appeared—a girl a bit older than herself—running her hands up and down the jamb, caressing it and smiling at them. She wore trousers that clung to her. They were of a black hairy stuff, like angora. She was like a cat. Like a cat, she stroked the door, ran her fingers along it as if she were running them over his body. He basked for a moment in the excitement of it, poised as he was between two doting creatures—one assured, the other lamentably awkward.

"Your tea is getting cold," Gertie said.

"How cold?" he asked, amused.

"So-so cold," she said saucily.

"HE always talked about you," Gertie was saying to her now, as if she guessed every particle of thought that had passed in a swoop through Nelly's mind. "When we had a card party or a Christmas party, he always boasted that he knew you. You were a feather in his cap, especially after you appeared on television."

"How is he? . . . How are you?" Nelly asked. She remembered hearing about their engagement, their lavish wedding preparations, and especially their coming to this very spot for a prolonged honeymoon. In fact, without her realizing it, in some recess of her mind, this place was always their preserve.

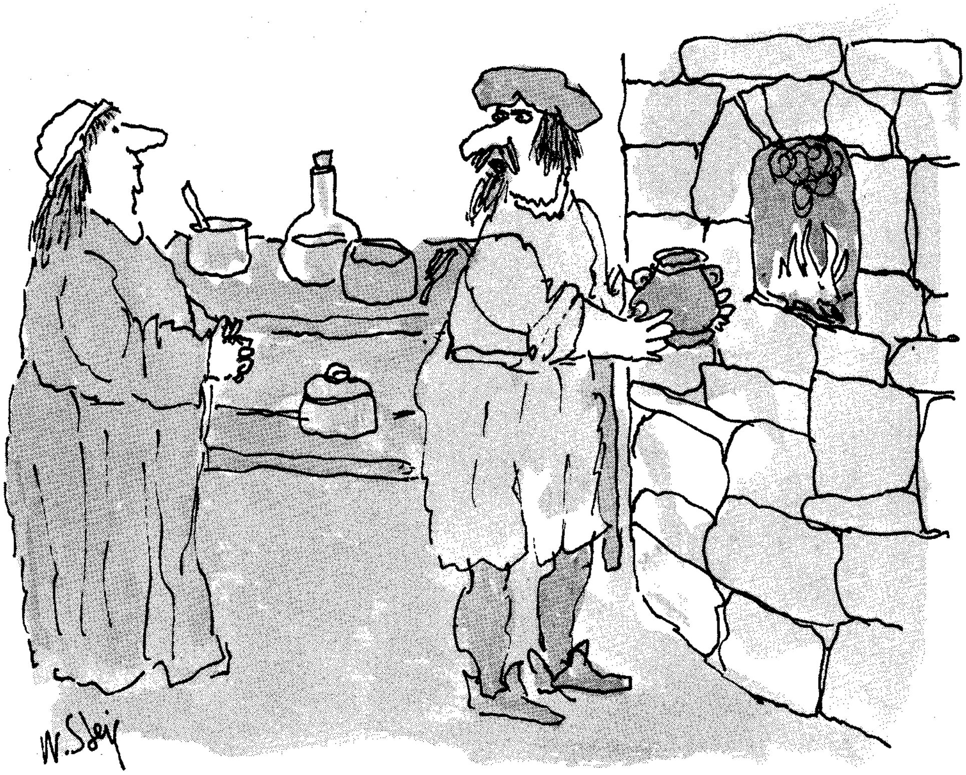
"Oh, he died. . . . Didn't you know? He died suddenly . . ." Gertie said very quietly, her voice trailing off, suggesting that there were many other things she would have liked to say, such as what his death had meant to her, and how happy or unhappy their marriage had been.

"He liked the ladies," she said then. There was something so incredibly gentle about it that all of a sudden Nelly embraced her and invited her to stay and have tea, or a drink, or whatever.

"I can't," Gertie said, and explained that a woman friend had driven over with her for the day, and that the woman was outside, waiting in the car. "Another time," she said. But they both knew that there would probably not be another time.

"And you kept the figure," Gertie said, then drew her coat open to show her own girth, to pay Nelly a belated compliment. Then she was gone, hurrying down the stairs, the belt and buckle of her open raincoat trailing behind her.

Nelly stood stunned, tears in her eyes. She felt as if doors or windows were swinging open all around her and that she was letting go of some awful affliction. Something had happened. She did not know what it was. But soon she would know. Soon she would feel as she had felt long ago—like a river that winds its way back into its first beloved enclave before finally putting out to sea. —EDNA O'BRIEN



"Changing lead into gold. Why do you ask?"

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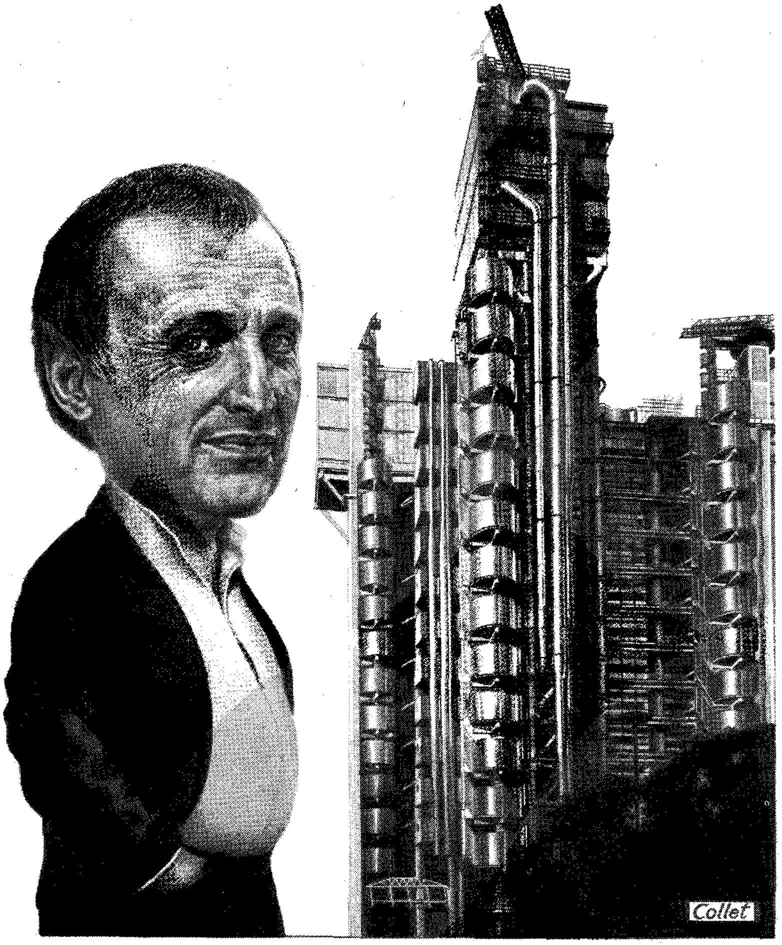
Jason, the authors contend, was the quintessential boy's name of the '70s with one foot in the Old West and the other in the Old Testament.—*Minneapolis Star Tribune.*

In quest of the Golden Calf.

PROFILES

AN ARCHITECTURE OF POSSIBILITIES



THERE are architects who are more widely known than Richard Rogers, and architects whose buildings are no less controversial, but, as the architect of the new headquarters for Lloyd's of London and the co-architect of the Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges-Pompidou, he has one of the highest combined ratings in his profession. The new Lloyd's building is made of smooth concrete, dimpled stainless steel, and sparkling translucent glass, and has six attached towers for elevators, stairs, and other services, including toilet pods that were trucked in one by one, hoisted by crane, and clipped on to the towers; rising in terraces, from six stories in the back to twelve in the front, the building is unified by a huge central atrium topped with a glass arch. The gray-and-silver showcase for Lloyd's, the largest insurance exchange in the world, is in the part of London called the City—the financial district—and, seen from the City's narrow medieval streets, the building appears imposing, original, intricate, and shocking. Reactions to it have been uninhibited. Critics have described Lloyd's as a dark Satanic mill, called it an abomination, and cited it as evidence of the failure of modern architecture. They have also judged it a tour de force, a masterpiece, and the most significant new building in the City since St. Paul's Cathedral was completed, almost three hundred years ago. They have compared Rogers favorably with the cathedral's designer, Sir Christopher Wren.

The Pompidou Center—more familiarly known as Beaubourg, after the Paris neighborhood in which it stands—has been called a supermarket for culture and been compared to an oil refinery, an ocean liner, and a jungle gym for King Kong. It prompts metaphor because, as observers pointed out when the French government inaugurated it, in 1977, it doesn't resemble anything ever built before. It is a giant glass box turned inside out. White steel rods crisscross the front and sides of the building; a glass-covered escalator tube hangs from this giant Erector Set, zigzagging six stories up to a roof garden; ducts, vents, girders, hoists, bolts, and pipes in colors as bold as finger paints decorate the top and the back of the center while delivering its water, heat, and other services. The front half of the center's plot is an open plaza where for eleven years fire-eaters, sketch artists, jugglers, and other performers have gathered daily for an informal circus that helps draw bigger crowds than the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower combined. Until almost two years ago, when the Musée d'Orsay opened, and surpassed it, Beaubourg had attracted more visitors annually than any other museum in the world.

The Pompidou Center is now considered one of the most important European buildings of the past half century, and it is a well-accepted part of life in Paris: in 1986, the French made Rogers and Renzo Piano, his former partner, Chevaliers de l'Ordre de la Légion d'Honneur. But when the center opened the French uttered a torrent of abuse. Parisians slighted it as a *succès de curiosité* and condemned it as an unprecedented and grotesque intrusion on a neighborhood of fine historic buildings. They damned it as a work of mourning for traditional culture, and asked, with grim faces, their minds already made up, "Is it necessary to destroy the Centre Beaubourg?"

When the Lloyd's building opened, in 1986, Rogers was also the focus of comprehensive scrutiny, and his detractors seemed to be drowning out his fans. For the ribbon-cutting ceremony, he was seated next to the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Reverend Mr. Alan Webster, who said to him, "Are you feeling persecuted, Mr. Rogers? I'll tell you a story that might lift your spirits. When Wren built St. Paul's, he had a devil of a time. He got so fed up with second-guessing about his design that he built a great fence around the construction site so no one could see what he was up to. By the time peo-

Gahan Wilson

"Ah, Monsieur has made a very expensive choice!"

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ple could see, it was already too late."

Rogers finds a moral and an irony in this story, and believes that it obscures a truth about architects. The moral, he says, is "History repeats itself." The irony is "St. Paul's is not the greatest of Wren's buildings—it's just the biggest." (Wren designed twenty-nine churches in London alone.) As for the truth, Rogers says, "The question architects are asked most often by clients is 'Why didn't you tell me it would turn out this way?' Almost always the answer is 'Because I didn't know.' "

RICHARD ROGERS describes himself as "the last of the late modernists." When he lectures about architecture, he makes references to Jules Verne, Flash Gordon, and other icons of science fiction ("The thing about science fiction is that it always errs on the conservative side," he says), which reinforce the tendency to think of him as committed to high-tech design. When he arrived at a meeting of international architects not long ago, one of the others greeted him with "Ah, the man from Mars."

In England, the TV show "Spitting Image" lampoons the week's events in sketches performed by rubber puppets whose exaggerated likenesses of people in the news make the point almost without their having to open their mouths. A recent sketch about Rogers, attributing to the man a cardinal trait of his buildings, depicted him with his torso turned literally inside out, his inner organs gurgling for all to see, and the show's host puppet described him as "an iconoclast, a genius, and a bit silly." Another character in the sketch was a Dumbo-eared Prince Charles. In 1981, the Prince's mother acknowledged Rogers' accomplishments by inviting him and his wife, Ruth, to an overnight stay at Windsor Castle, and the Prince's own resolute views on architecture (presented again recently in a BBC television documentary) have contributed significantly to Rogers' celebrity.

These views were first announced to the British public in the spring of 1984, when the Prince addressed members and guests of the Royal Institute of British Architects, who had gathered at Hampton Court, outside London, to celebrate the organization's hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary. In a speech emphasizing the merits of old buildings, classical architecture, and community involvement in city planning, the most memorable lines concerned two modern designs proposed for the center of London. One design, by Ahrends Burton & Koralek, was intended for Trafalgar Square, as an extension to the neoclassical National Gallery, built in the eighteen-thirties. The Prince described the scheme that had initially been chosen for the project as "a kind of vast municipal fire station, complete with the sort of tower that contains the siren," and as "a monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much loved and elegant friend." The other design was for the construction in the City of Mies van der Rohe's last plan, the only one he ever made for England. A scaled-down version of his renowned Seagram Building, on Park Avenue, it was a twenty-two-story block of bronze and bronze-tinted glass which had been commissioned in 1962, though there was no prospect of its being built until 1986, when leases for property on the site would terminate. Then the developer, Peter Palumbo, could clear the site to make room for the Mies tower if he obtained permission from the City's planning committee. The Prince called the design "yet another giant glass stump, better suited to downtown Chicago than the City of London," and by referring to "the present, welcome reaction to the modern movement" in architecture he immediately became the most highly placed advocate of that reaction.

While it is difficult to gauge the precise effect of the Prince's opinions on the National Gallery and the planning committee, both institutions soon took steps indicating that they agreed with him. The Gallery's trustees, who had selected the design for a modern addition after an extensive and highly publicized competition in 1982, now reconsidered their judgment and rejected that design in favor of one, by Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown, that blended more obviously with the columns and the dome of the main building. Her Majesty's Government speeded this decision by withdrawing permission for construction of the initial project. The planning committee also reversed its own preliminary ruling, by then fifteen years old, and decided not to grant permission for the Mies building.

Though the Prince has not always got his way, he has since had a hand in vetoing designs for at least half a dozen other important projects. After he was invited in the summer of 1987 by Stuart Lipton, a major London developer, to

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intervene in the selection of a master planner for a large office project known as Paternoster Square, next to St. Paul's Cathedral, the role of one of two architects who had previously been selected by a panel of judges to share the job was reduced considerably. ("TOP ARCHITECT OUT AS PRINCE STEPS IN," said a headline in the *Sunday Times*.) Nor did the Prince view the remaining architect with much more enthusiasm; in fact, the Prince disapproved, in varying degrees, of all the proposals on the Paternoster shortlist. ("CHARLES SAYS NO TO 8 CARBUNCLES," said another headline.)

Last December, at a dinner for architects, developers, and planners given by the City's Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, across the street from the site where the Mies building was to have been built, and not far from St. Paul's, the Prince of Wales confirmed his position as royal arbiter of architecture with a major speech on the subject. His advisers for the speech made an odd confederation: Jules Lubbock, the architecture critic for the left-wing *New Statesman*, who has advocated drastic restrictions on the height of buildings in London; Lady Rusheen Wynne-Jones, who favors the Georgian style and has campaigned against big developments; Alice Coleman, a professor at King's College, who believes that bad design in housing is at the root of England's continuing social ills; Rod Hackney, the president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, who promotes community control of architecture; Leon Krier, a prolific theorist from Luxembourg, who advances the cause of monumental classical buildings; and four other notable people whose goals sometimes conflict.

With this counsel, the Prince, in his Mansion House speech, continued his campaign against the modern movement and on behalf of historically attuned buildings. "I would also like to see the kinds of materials Wren might have used—soft red brick and stone dressings perhaps, and the ornament and detail of classical architecture," he said, and he declared that modern architects after the Second World War had "wrecked the London skyline and desecrated the dome of St. Paul's" by losing it "in a jostling scrum of office buildings, so mediocre that the only way you ever remember them is by the frustration they induce, like a basketball team standing shoulder to shoulder between you and the 'Mona Lisa.' " Of the Nazis' devastation of London in the Blitz, he observed, "You have, ladies and gentlemen, to give this much to the Luftwaffe: When it knocked down our buildings, it didn't replace them with anything more offensive than rubble. *We* did that."

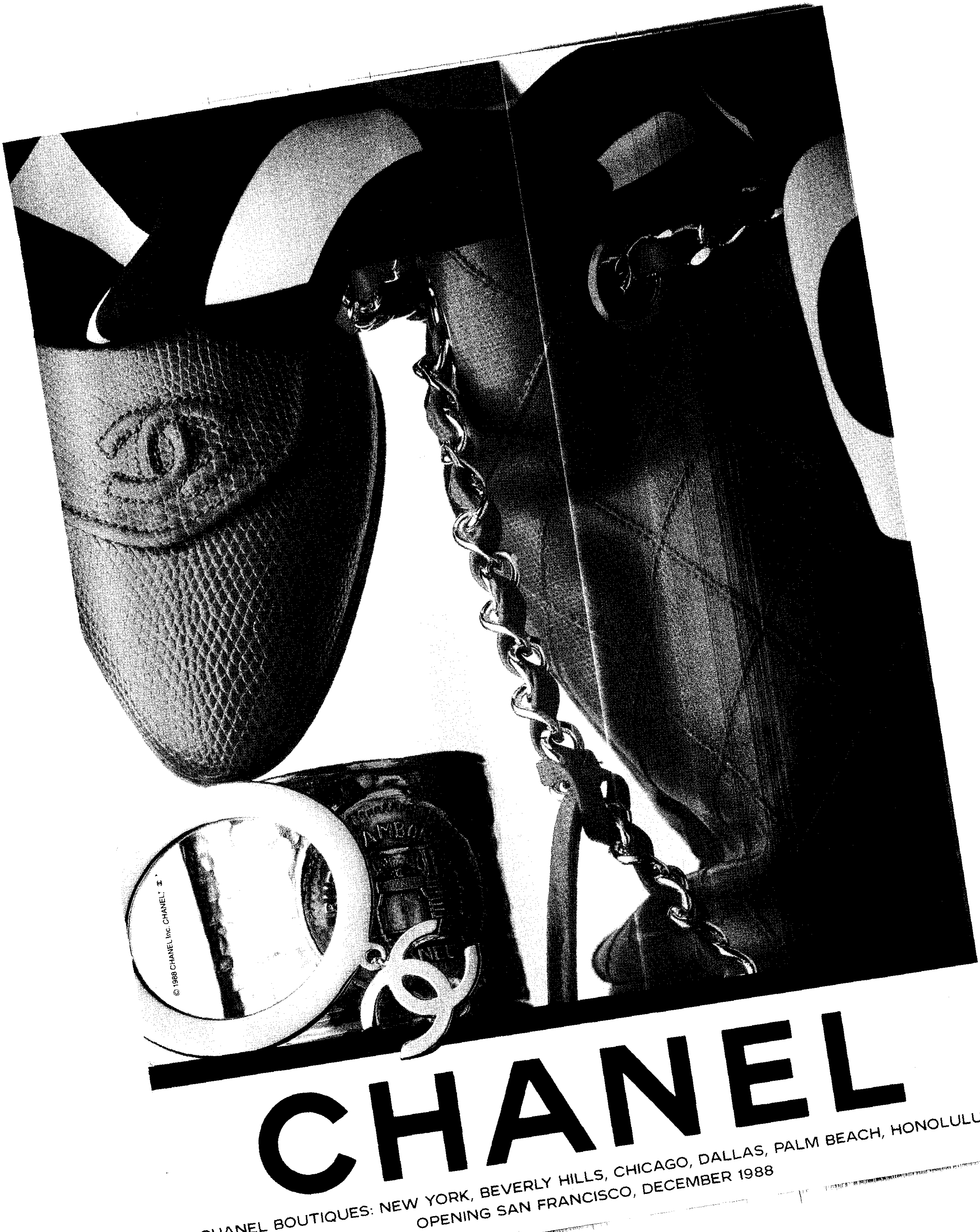
In answer to the criticism that he had set himself up as an "undemocratic hurdle in the planning process," the Prince aligned himself with the common man: "If there is one message I would like to deliver this evening, in no uncertain terms, it is that large numbers of us in this country are fed up with being talked down to and dictated to by the existing planning, architectural, and development establishment."

Richard Rogers was the architect dropped after the Prince's intervention in the Paternoster project, and he has figured in most of the major occasions on which Prince Charles has expressed his antipathy to modern architecture and his belief in the revival of classicism. During a public inquiry about the Mies building, for example, Rogers served as the main witness for the defense. "My interest in this scheme lies in the desire to see what I believe to be a masterpiece built on this important site at the heart of the City of London, for which it was specifically and brilliantly designed by Mies van der Rohe," he said.

To evaluate Mies' place in history, Rogers audaciously picked the twentieth century's three greatest achievers in art (Matisse, Picasso, Braque), music (Debussy, Schoenberg, Stravinsky), literature (Joyce, Mann, Eliot), and several other fields and, summarizing the judgment of leading architectural historians, ranked Mies with Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier as the finest architects of the past hundred years. He answered Prince Charles's "glass stump" putdown by defining Mies as "the greatest classical architect of this century" and "possibly since Palladio," the sixteenth-century designer of many grand palaces and villas.

The decisive event in this architectural conflict was the competition for the extension to the National Gallery. Rogers proposed a gallery of Portland stone perched on concrete stilts, with services in stainless-steel towers outside and offices in a separate glass wedge beneath. One of the scheme's riveting features was a space needle that would stand at eye level with the statue of Lord Nelson: it was intended to provide a view over central London and also to anchor a couple of visual triangles in Trafalgar Square—an inverted one, with the dome of the National Gallery at the center and the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields at the other corner; and one with the church spire in the far corner and Nelson's Column, in the middle of the square, at the apex. Rogers' was one of seven final designs put on display at the National Gallery, so that visitors could judge them. In two weeks of voting, more visitors singled his out than any other. Half of them loved it. The others were outraged by it. Owen Luder, then the president of the R.I.B.A., thought he was aiding the Rogers cause when he told a correspondent for the London *Times*, "I hope they have the courage to choose that one. That is the work of a man who has said, 'That is what I think the answer is, and sod you.' " Luder's slangy phrase quickly became the popular handle for Rogers' work. One measure of how extreme his "sod you" design appeared to many people was that when Prince Charles later introduced the epithet "carbuncle" into the British architectural vocabulary he was describing an alternative to Rogers' design which had been chosen in part because it was considerably more restrained.

To Rogers, what distinguished his National Gallery design was less its far-out aspect than the solution it offered to an embarrassing problem that is now sometimes forgotten. Her Majesty's Government had held the competition to find a building that would combine a new wing for paintings with commercial offices, because it was unable to provide funds for the museum



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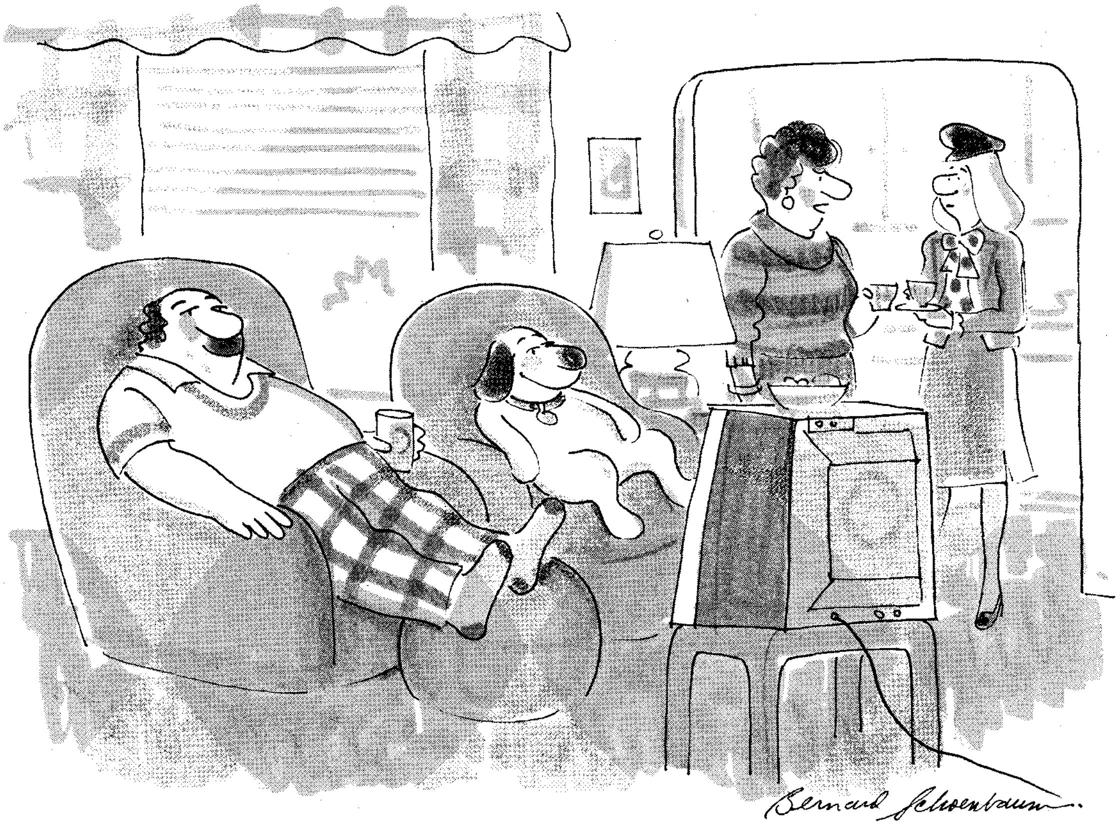

"They're two of a kind."

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extension. (Later, the controversy over this stipulation prompted England's Sainsbury family to promise some twenty-five million pounds to finance the addition.) In exchange for putting up the building, the winning developer was promised control of the offices for a hundred and twenty-five years.

Rogers was hired by Speyhawk P.L.C., a London real-estate group, to prepare a proposal. To the gallery and offices he added a courtyard between the old building and the new, and a cluster of shops, restaurants, and cafés running underground from Leicester Square, immediately to the north, into the base of Nelson's Column. Besides creating a new source of revenue, which allowed him to trim the size of the offices and increase space for the Gallery, he took on a related, and bigger, challenge. The idea was to recapture the heart of London for pedestrians by linking the squares with a walkway under the city's busiest traffic circle; to match the Gallery's need for more space with the city's need for a lifeline between the squares; and to draw the public into the museum by extending the Gallery out to Trafalgar Square and offering a vista on the skyline of central London and the River Thames. Of Prince Charles's views on the National Gallery competition, Rogers said, "Charles can only see things in the most direct ways. He has no experience or knowledge with which to question the brief for a building and all that goes with it."

During the week that Prince Charles delivered his Mansion House speech, a coincidence of several independent events fortified the idea that he and Rogers represented warring camps in British and, in effect, international architecture. Both men were in the news almost daily. On Monday, the *Financial Times* announced that it had chosen Rogers' design for the Lloyd's building as the winner of the grand prize in its annual design competition. Also on Monday, Rogers travelled to the Oxford Union Society, to debate the subject of architecture with Quinlan Terry, one of the Prince's advisers, who believes that the only true architecture is derived from the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders.

On Tuesday, the Prince made his remarks, satisfying what he had once described as an urge to "throw a proverbial royal brick through the inviting plate glass of pompous professional pride." The observation in the Prince's speech which appeared to be directed most pointedly at Rogers was "This is very much the age of the computer and the word processor, but why on earth do we have to be surrounded by buildings that look like such machines?"

Wednesday was a day for catching up with these events. Then, on Thursday, Peter Miller, the retiring chairman of Lloyd's, held a press conference to release the results of an opinion poll, to which ninety per cent of the insurance brokers and underwriters who use the new building had responded. The poll had been conducted after some had expressed their distaste for the building (they called it an Edsel) by demanding that Lloyd's move back into the old one, which it had completely outgrown. The firm that took the poll found "very significant levels of dissatisfaction" with the new building, and Miller announced that the exchange had decided to hire a design consultant to solve problems—slow elevators, crowded escalators, general congestion—about which the building's users had most persuasively complained. (The consultant was Fitch & Company, which had designed airport terminals, shopping malls, and other places where pedestrian traffic is dense and easy circulation important, and it is now working with the Rogers group.) As news stories and accompanying pictures that week made clear, the timing of this incident confirmed Lloyd's as a symbol of the architecture abhorred by Prince Charles.

Rogers declined numerous invitations to respond in detail to the Prince, but not because he lacked strong views. He called the Prince's speech "a piece of cheek," and complained, "The sole basis for his authority is the divine right of kings." He also remarked, "I don't think the Prince has the democratic mandate to decide public taste. In a way, what he is doing about architecture is not very different from banning books."

It was at the fourth-birthday party of Rogers' son Bo that he told me these thoughts about the Prince. Since I first met Rogers, fifteen years ago, I have visited him and his family off and on, and there is usually some festive event taking place. We were in the family living room, where little kids rode bikes, sent toy trucks zooming, and chased each other around, and which is perhaps the best simple statement of Rogers' architecture. The room is as big as a gym—forty-four feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and twenty-two feet high—with a natural-ash floor and white walls and ceiling. Two rows of door-size windows overlook a large green park and, beyond it, the Chelsea Royal Hospital, designed by Wren. The room is dissected horizontally and vertically by a cross of steel I-beams painted dark blue. Its main contents are a set of nine of Andy Warhol's multicolored Mao lithographs and some classic modern furniture: a round table by Charles Eames; and, by Le Corbusier, three cube-shaped armchairs, of tubular steel and black leather, and a steel chaise longue with rubber slats. A bridgelike stairway leads to a mezzanine, where Rogers and his wife sleep, and the loft provides a half ceiling for a restaurant-scale kitchen (with stainless-steel cabinets and an oblong stainless cooking island) at the back of the huge room, which had been divided into six regular-sized chambers on two floors of twin nineteenth-century town houses —buildings that the Rogerses gutted and transformed.

Although from the outside their house looks for the most part like a traditional late-Georgian white stone design, the rest of it is as novel as the big room. The main entrance is through a side door, which opens into a conservatory of dark steel pipes and translucent glass. ("There will be no coloured pipes on the outside of the building," the planning department of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea informed the co-architect of Beaubourg in granting permission for the renovation.) A bridge of perforated-steel stairs leads over a room with a Ping-Pong table to a steel stairway spiralling five stories up to the top floor, on which are a large white-tiled bathroom, Rogers' study, an extra

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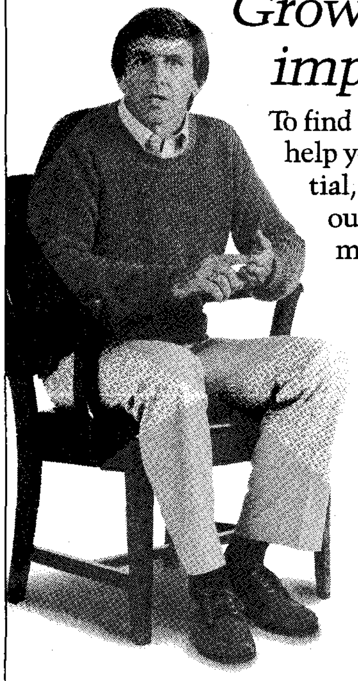

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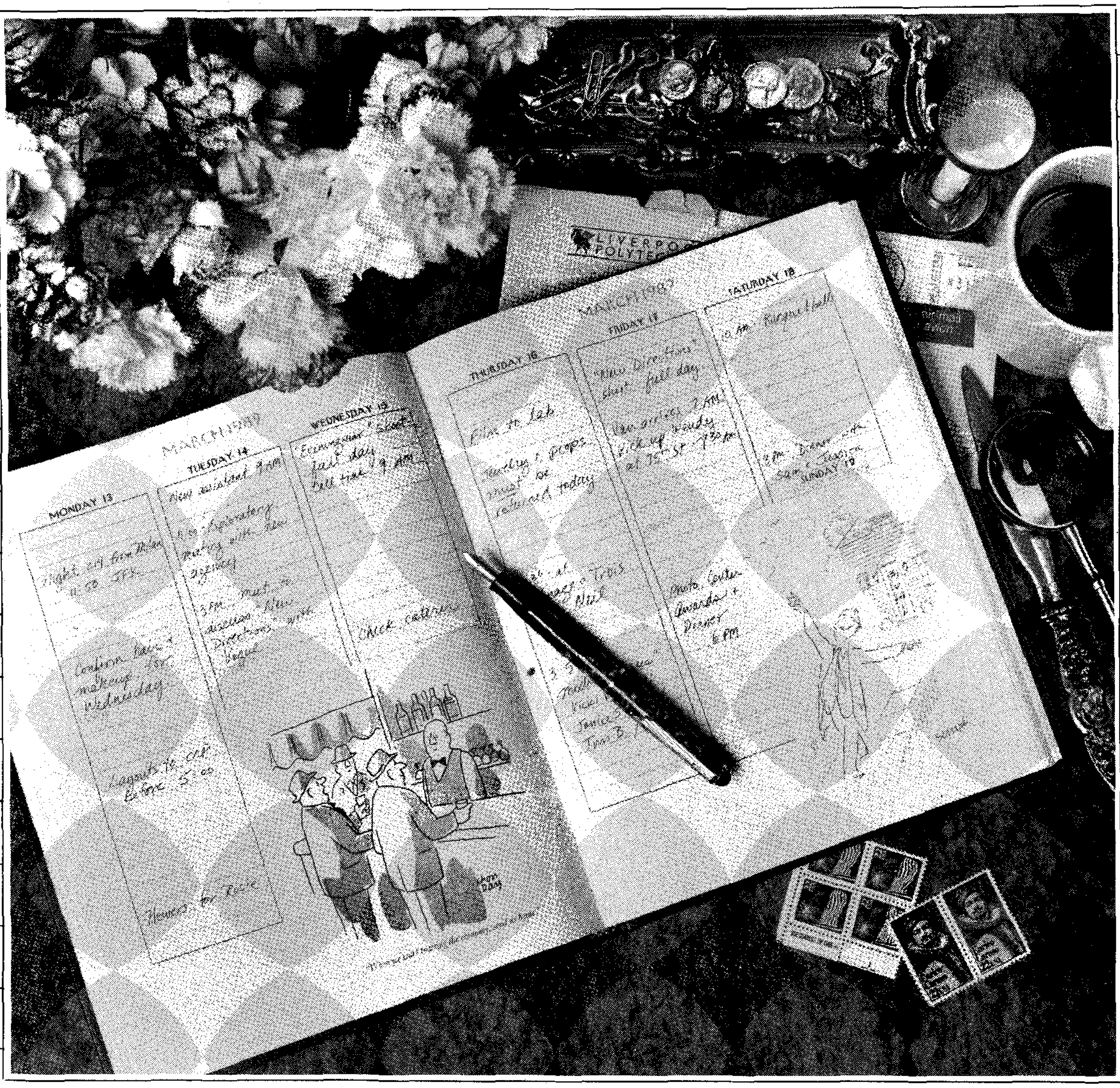

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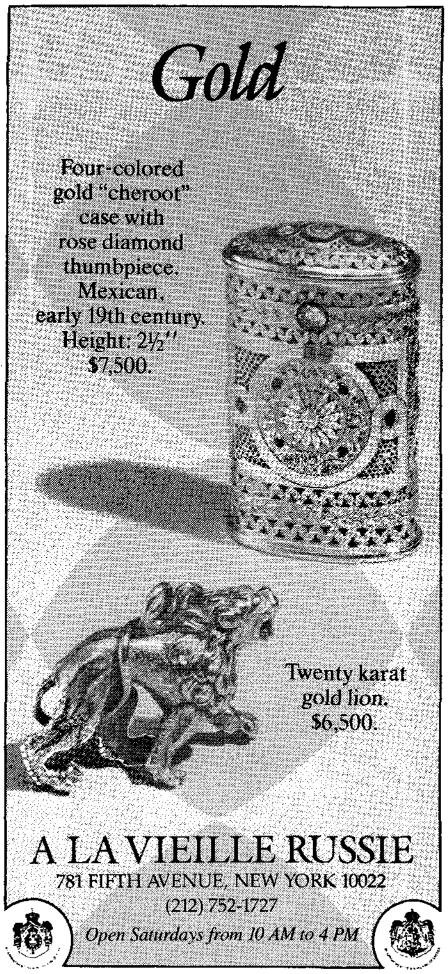
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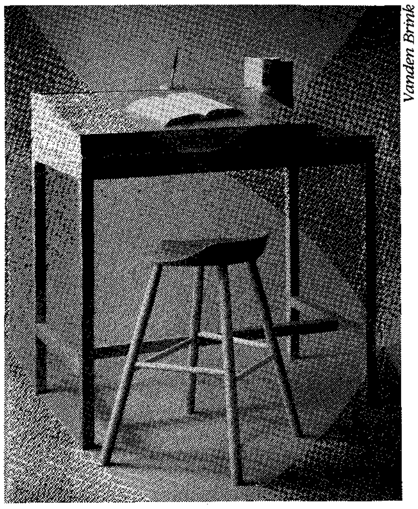
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bedroom, and a room for Bo and his thirteen-year-old brother, Roo. (Rogers has three sons by a previous marriage, whose names—Ben, Zad, and Ab—are also unabridgeable.) This room is as long as the house is wide and can be divided by a garage door that slides out horizontally. In the basement are two separate apartments, for Ben and for an au pair, and on the ground floor in the front is an apartment where Ruth Rogers' mother lives. The various spaces in the house can be arranged as three apartments and a big town house, two apartments and a bigger house, one apartment and a very big house, or one grand home.

The house is pristine and overt, in a way that Rogers isn't. Rogers has the heroic features of the face on a Florentine coin: high, wide forehead; long, crooked nose; small, delicate ears. He has gray hair, worn short and brushed forward, and he is tall and big-chested, with long, stiff legs. His gaze is stern, vivid, and impatient. When he is not working, he can be charming, and his mien benign. He laughs easily, smiles encouragement, and pays gracious attention to companions, over whom his bulky presence exercises a comforting dominion. He peels off encomiums ("fantastic," "immense," "brilliant," "terrific") as if he carried a thick roll of them. He is also an emotional man, and when the egotism required of architects surfaces (after a public hearing on plans for a building, say, or after a fight with a contractor) he broods, frets, and eats large mouthfuls of food as fast as he can spoon them up. At such times, he turns sullen, butts into conversations, and, embarrassed by his impulses, apologizes in the next breath. Rogers has a strong will and a primitive temper. Stuart Lipton has been one of his principal clients for almost a decade, and Rogers' younger brother, Peter, who is an engineer, works with Lipton. After Lipton decided not to make Rogers one of the master planners for the Paternoster project, Rogers told Lipton to "take his bloody project and shove it up his arse."

Lipton: "You've got to be committed to Richard Rogers."

When Rogers' mind wanders, he often finds himself back at work. Because he wears the same casual, rumpled clothing no matter what he does, and his work can be done anywhere, it is hard to tell whether he is "on" or "off." He may nod appreciatively

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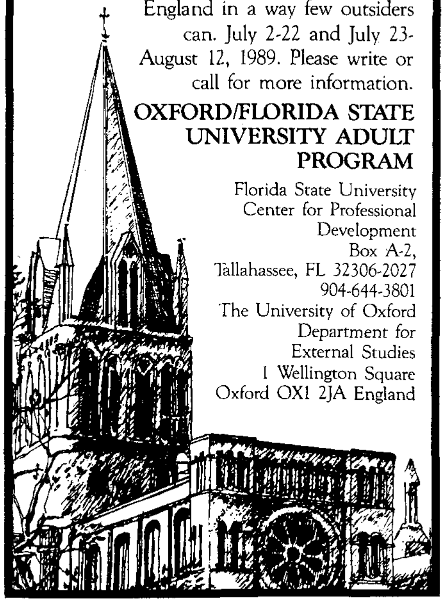

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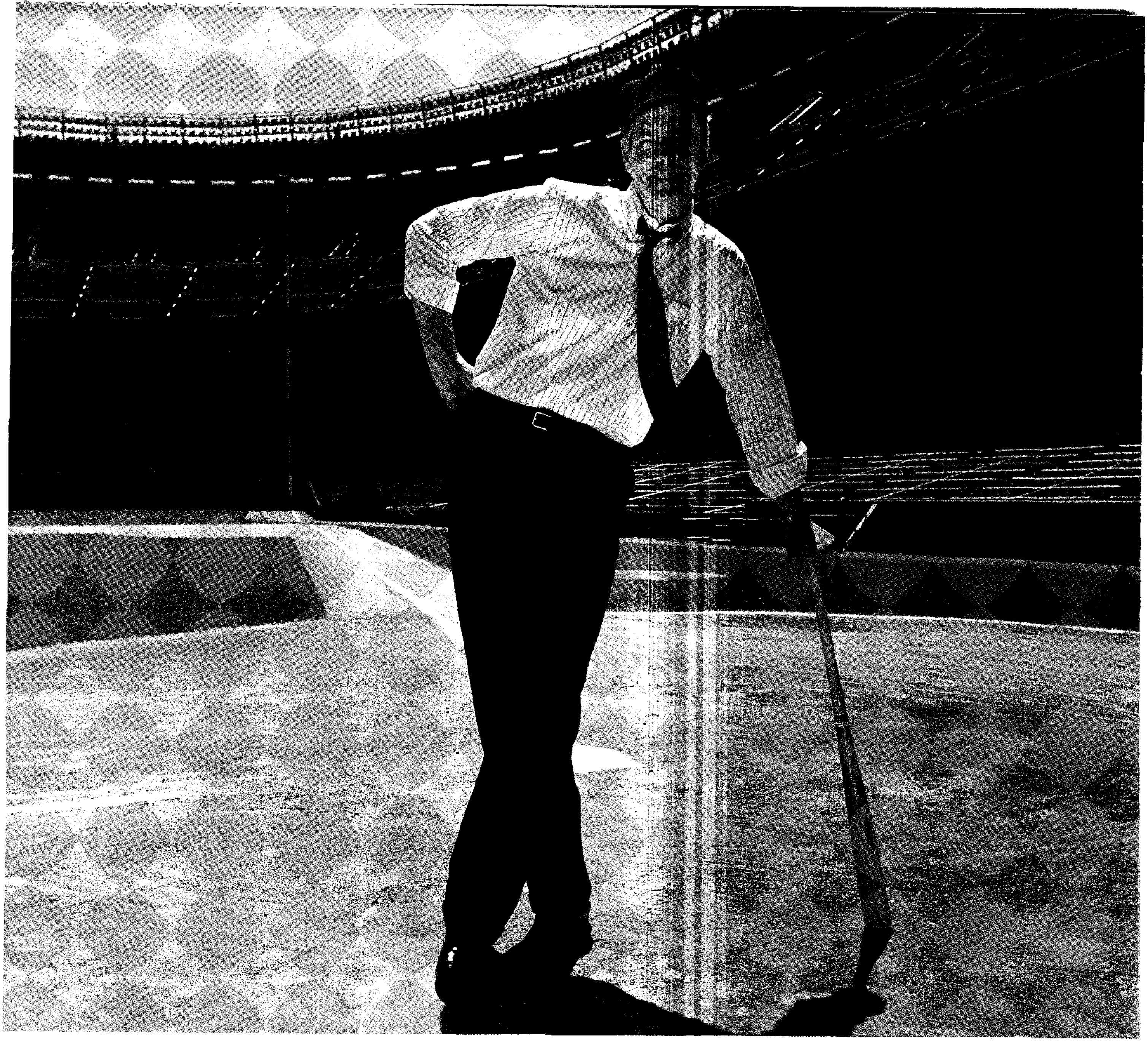

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through a conversation when the better part of his attention is taken up by an unarticulated question about his duties as chairman of the board of trustees of the Tate Gallery or about a new architectural project—a shopping center outside Paris, a hotel in Tokyo. When such a question engages him—and that happens often, since talk on almost any topic fills him with notions that shape his designs—he tilts his head forward and concentrates as if he were trying to remember lines from an obscure but relevant literary passage. He has a highly selective memory: names, telephone numbers, addresses escape him instantly, leaving his mind free to store and tinker with the images of buildings.

Rogers' speech pattern is unusual. His ideas travel by lateral hops, and he speaks out of the side of his mouth, in fast, intelligent, slightly mumbled bursts, which sometimes kick off with a stutter. To an English ear he has a slight Continental accent. To any other he sounds British. This is in part because he was born in Florence (his mother, Dada, who is a potter, is from Trieste; his father, Nino, a physician, has always carried an English passport but was born in Trieste and did medical research for several years in Italy) and didn't begin to learn English until he was five—in 1938, when his family moved to London, to escape Fascism. A chatty, admiring biography by Bryan Appleyard, published in England in 1986, recounts the story of Rogers' boyhood: his distaste for English boarding school; his difficulty learning to read or write until he was eleven, because of dyslexia; his excursion into a moderate form of juvenile delinquency; his sexual relations with girls; his initial failure to pass his national exams during high school. His headmaster suggested, when the boy was seventeen, that he go off to South Africa and become a policeman.

Instead, Rogers, at nineteen, joined the Army and was posted to Trieste. There he was taken under the family's wing. His cousin Ernesto Rogers practiced architecture in Milan. Ernesto was a member of an architectural studio called B.B.P.R. and an important member of the Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne, known as C.I.A.M., which gave structure to the modern movement. He edited *Casabella*, and made it the most influential Italian design journal. He was a

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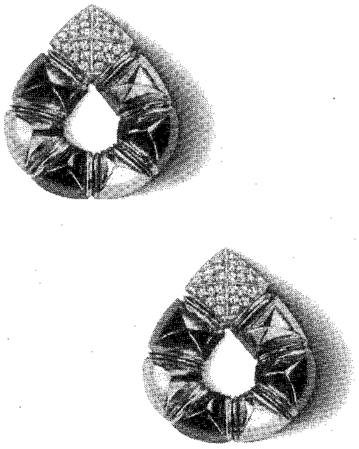

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dashing figure: his father was a friend of James Joyce, and, after an early flirtation with Fascism, Ernesto became a foe of Mussolini during the war. After spending some time with Ernesto, Rogers decided that he wanted to be an architect, and Ernesto guided him to the Architectural Association in London.

The Architectural Association, a private school, was founded in the nineteenth century, and it is known for teaching innovative, and even hypothetical, design. Rogers struggled there. "The real issue is this," one of his report cards concluded. "You have some ability in design, but although you are now twenty-four, you seem to be completely incapable of organising your time or acquiring any understanding of the practical side of an architect's work." When Rogers was halfway through his course at the Architectural Association, a teacher took him aside and said that, at best, he might become a mediocre furniture-maker. Better than a policeman in South Africa, he decided. After a leave of absence, he took hold as a student, and graduated in 1959, having won a prize as the outstanding member of his class. His final report card said, "This student brings to the A.A. a capacity for worrying about the effect the building will have on people and a concern for shape on the inside, which has been an asset to his year."

In 1960, Rogers married Su Brumwell, who was a student of sociology at the London School of Economics and shared his commitment to architecture, and, after about a year, during which he worked as a junior architect in a county office that designed schools and public housing, they came to the United States. Rogers went to Yale on a Fulbright scholarship to study with the British architect James Stirling, and with the American architect Louis Kahn, then coming into his own, and Paul Rudolph, the dean of the Yale School of Architecture. Stirling has recalled that in a master class he helped teach "the best students were the British, led by Richard Rogers and Norman Foster." Rogers spent the next year in San Francisco, working for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, and in 1963, back in England, he formed Team 4, with Norman Foster; Foster's wife, Wendy; and Wendy's sister, Georgie Wolton, who had been Rogers' girlfriend for a while

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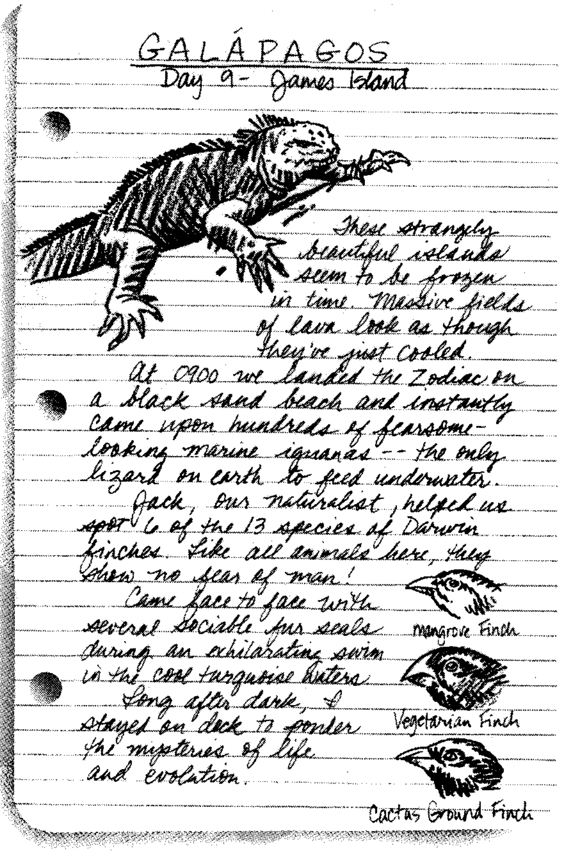

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Day 9- James Island

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in time. Massive fields
of lava look as though
they've just cooled.
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a black sand beach and instantly
came upon hundreds of fearsome-
looking marine iguanas -- the only
lizard on earth to feed underwater.
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spot 6 of the 13 species of Darwin
finches. Like all animals here, they
show no fear of man!
Came face to face with
several sociable fur seals
during an exhilarating swim
in the cool turquoise waters.
Long after dark, I
stayed on deck to ponder
the mysteries of life
and evolution.

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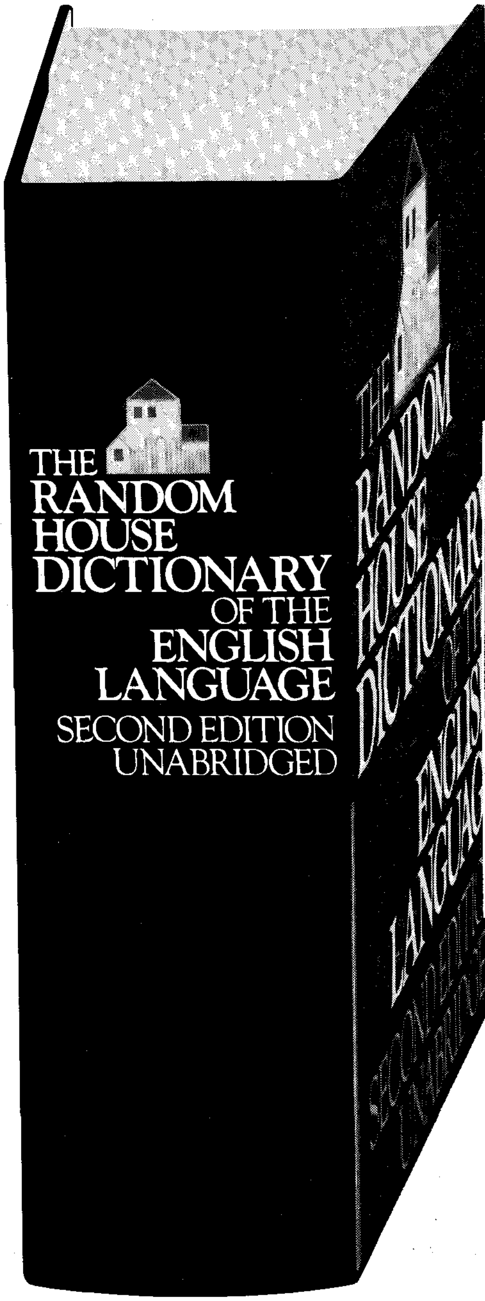
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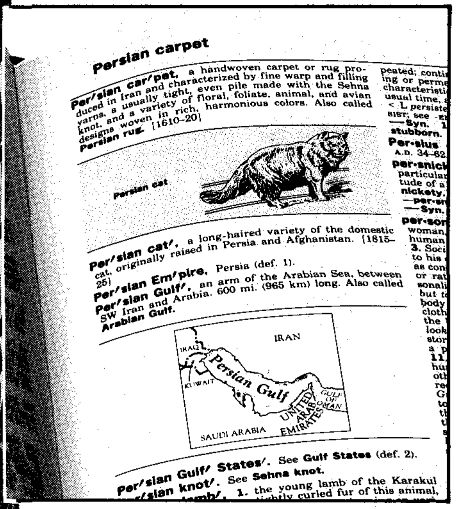

Persian carpet

Per/sian car/pet, a handwoven carpet or rug produced in Iran and characterized by fine warp and filling yarns, a usually tight, even pile made with the Sehna knot, and a variety of floral, foliate, animal, and avian designs woven in rich, harmonious colors. Also called **Persian rug.** [1610–20]

Persian cat

Per/sian cat/, a long-haired variety of the domestic cat, originally raised in Persia and Afghanistan. [1815–25]

Per/sian Em/pire, Persia (def. 1).

Per/sian Gulf/, an arm of the Arabian Sea, between SW Iran and Arabia. 600 mi. (965 km) long. Also called **Arabian Gulf.**

Per/sian Gulf/ States/. See **Gulf States** (def. 2).

Per/sian knot/. See **Sehna knot.**

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at the Architectural Association. Georgie soon dropped out, and Su (by then an urban planner) took her place.

For Su's parents ("the only clients whom we could persuade to try our services," Rogers says) Team 4 designed a house in Cornwall, dug into a hill that overlooks an estuary. One wing faces the sea; the other, on the inland side, is a roof-lit gallery for modern paintings. (To help pay for the house, the Brumwells sold a Mondrian that the painter had given them in repayment of a thirty-eight-pound loan they made to him before the war.) The house typifies Team 4's early projects: influenced by setting; erected over several years, with the initial plans overtaken midway through construction by the changing needs of the client. Practically everything in the place was made of slate or concrete, including the kitchen furniture. The design won the first award that the R.I.B.A. had ever given for a private house.

In 1966, Team 4 got what should have been a major break. For a company called Reliance Controls it built an electronics factory, erecting a large shed made from off-the-shelf industrial staples, like steel beams and braces, to hold the roof over a stretch of undivided space. The factory won a host of prizes. The project demonstrated the group's commitment to buildings that could be used for a variety of activities and to rapid construction that achieved a maximum of strength with a minimum of materials.

Sir Peter Parker, who then ran Booker Engineering Holdings, the parent of Reliance, and later became the chairman of British Rail, has described how he chose Team 4 for Reliance's design: "I had a quiet chat with James Stirling, whose star was rising fast. He was busy himself, but he unhesitatingly recommended Rogers' group. I met Richard, and he had the same edge he has today. Richard seemed to be thinking in materials of the future. He approached everything in an unusual manner. He had a high, incorrigible candor. He—and the others—proposed new ways of doing old things, quickly, economically, and with respect for the building's surroundings. Richard had a bullfighter's concentration—still does—and a pilgrim's quality, wanting to get on with my project. In Shakespeare, there's that wonderful ill-named chap the Bastard, and Richard reminded me of him: there

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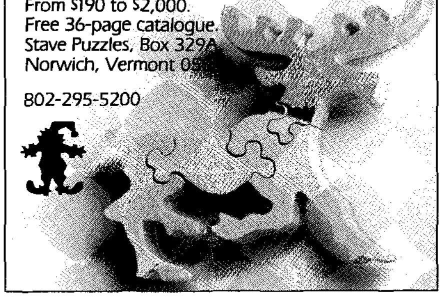

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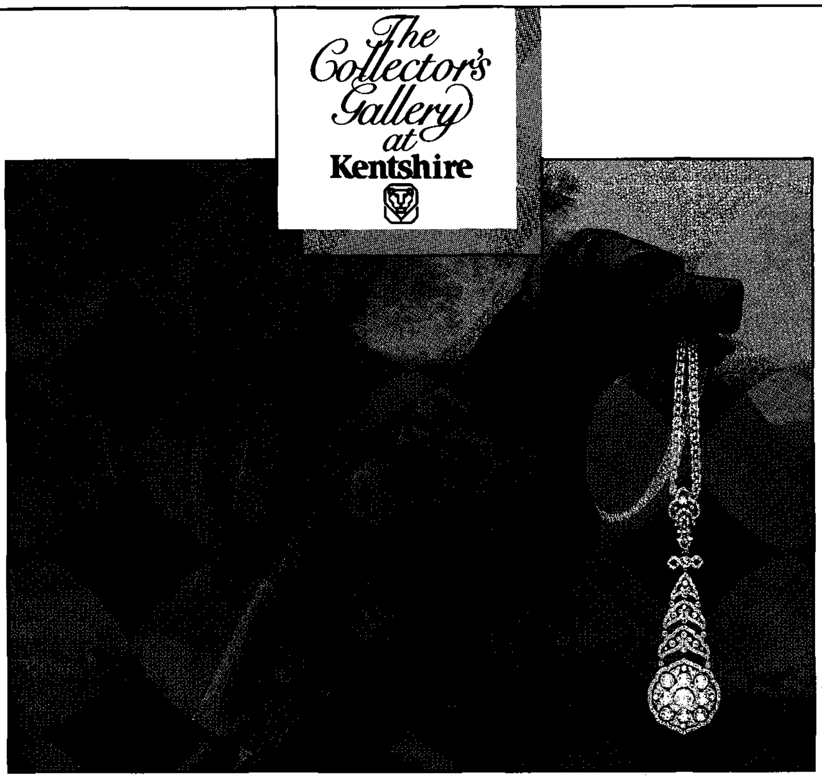
was a freedom, a certain God-damnedness, about him that won my confidence."

Team 4, though it made a modest splash (the interior of one of its designs was eventually used for scenes in the movie "A Clockwork Orange"), attracted no substantial work after the Reliance job, and in 1967 the couples parted company professionally. Norman and Wendy Foster started a practice of their own, which became principally defined by Norman, and flourished. He embraced high technology, building with techniques borrowed from other industries (the roof and walls of the Sainsbury Centre for Visual Arts, in Norwich, are made of thin glass and metal molded like the skin on a jet) and with unusual materials (the eaves of an office for Renault in Swindon are of fabric developed for the skirts on a Hovercraft). When Foster was designing the headquarters for the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, in Hong Kong (parts of it were displayed like sculpture in London before the skyscraper went up), he consulted aerospace scientists. He consolidated his reputation for making sleek, cool, adventurous buildings by flying himself from job to job in England in a white Bell Jet Ranger helicopter. In 1983, when he and Rogers were still known by other architects as the high-tech boys, though it was sixteen years since they had been partners, Foster won the R.I.B.A. Royal Gold Medal.

Rogers, for several years in his mid-thirties, was promising and broke. He earned about two thousand pounds a year, half of it from lecture fees at a school called the Regent Street Polytechnic, and the other half from architectural work. In 1968, for his parents, in Wimbledon, he and Su designed one of the few modern houses in the London area, and it has been a fixture of guidebook tours for fifteen years. The house was a legless prototype of a shelter on stilts they called the Zip-up Enclosure. It was really a proposal for lightweight housing that was cheap to put up, easy to move, energy efficient, and, by the use of additional slices of bright-yellow aluminum, simple to expand—everything the bunker in Cornwall was not.

Richard and Su were then based at the Design Research Unit, which had been founded in 1943 by Su's father, Marcus Brumwell, and others for the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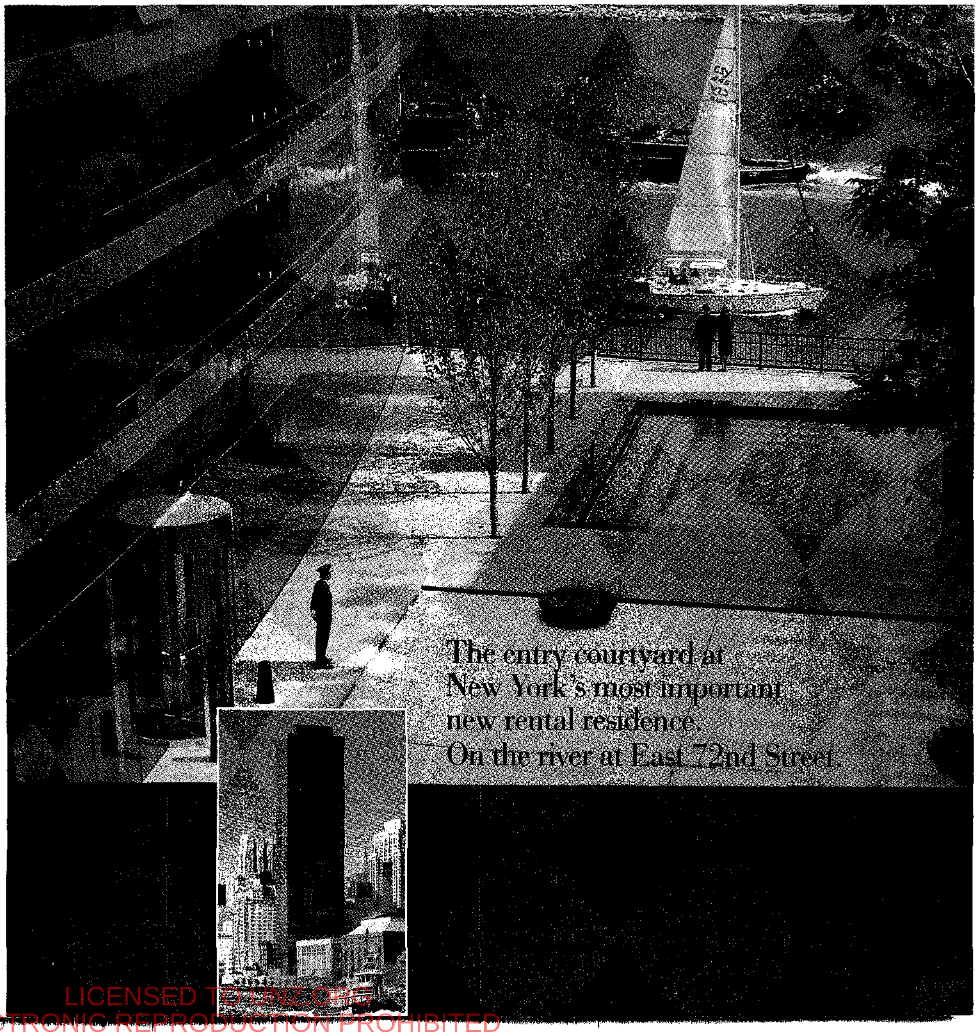
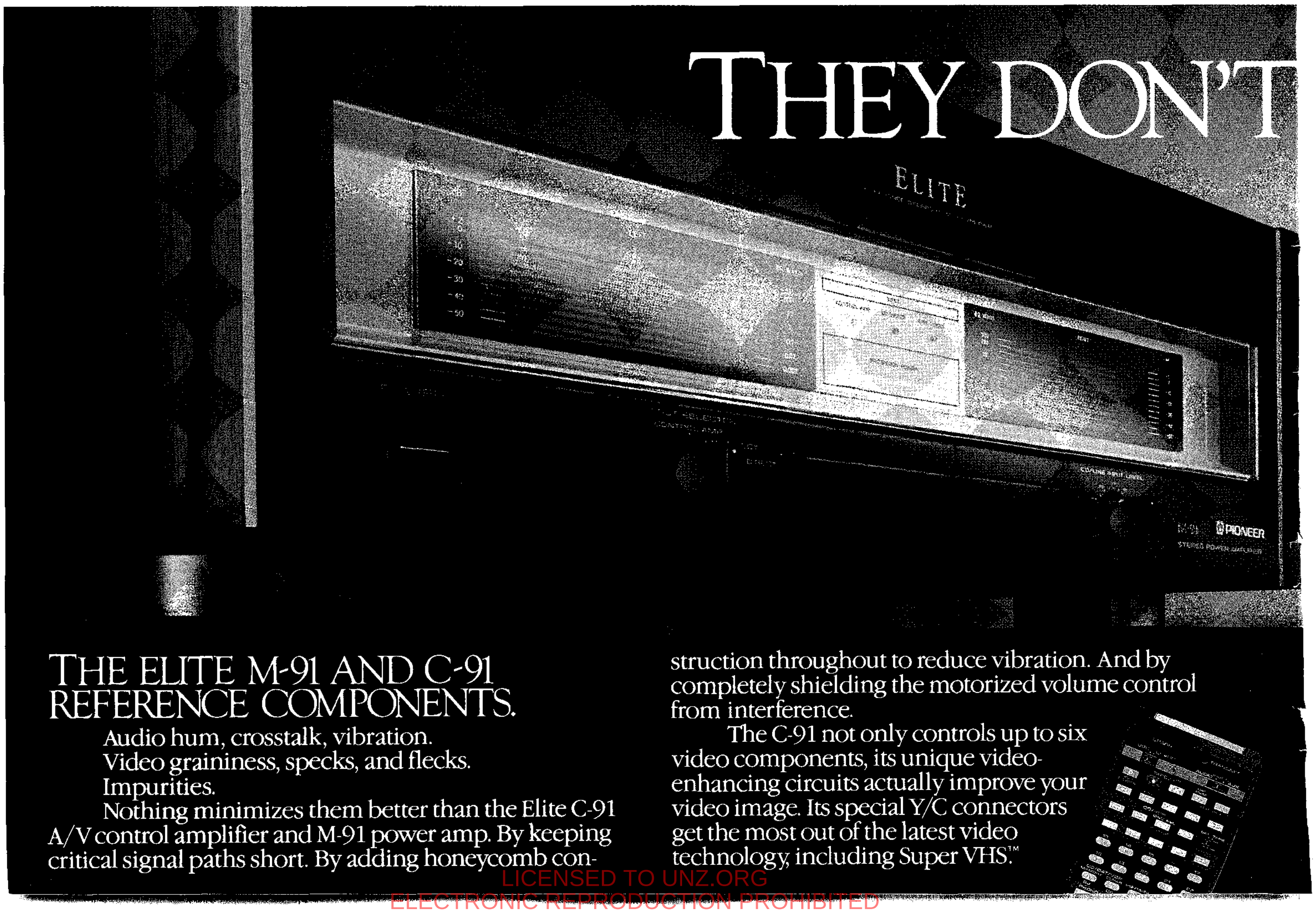


British government, to help British industry improve the quality of its designs. The Rogerses' biggest job was to oversee the renovation of the Design Research offices in London, creating a rooftop addition called the Yellow Submarine with the same lightweight aluminum they had used in Wimbledon. Renzo Piano, an architect practicing in Genoa (he came from a family of Genoese builders) and a former student of Ernesto Rogers, admired Richard and Su's use of new materials, and, in 1969, wrote to them to say so. He visited them, and, after some further contacts, they agreed to work together, between Genoa and London, as Piano + Rogers. Rogers and Piano collaborated for eight years. (In 1978, when they ended their partnership, Piano began to concentrate on his own projects. Among these were, eventually, a highly respected museum for the de Menil art collection, in Houston; Genoa's pavilion for the upcoming five-hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America; and the Fiat V.S.S., a resilient, graceful, lightweight car, which has not been put into production.)

Richard and Su's relationship had changed radically by the time Piano arrived. A year before, when Rogers was thirty-six, he had fallen in love with Ruth Elias, who was then twenty-one, and had left Su to live with her. (Ruth is an American who was then a designer for Penguin Books. She and Rogers were married in 1973. Besides being his almost constant companion, for many years she kept him organized at work, as well. Last year, she opened the River Café, a bistro overlooking the Thames, adjacent to Rogers' office. According to a critic in the *Evening Standard*, it serves "the most authentic Italian cuisine" of any restaurant in London.) For a while, Richard and Su continued to work together. (Su Rogers is now a partner of several architects, including her second husband, John Miller, with whom she began living after she and Richard separated. Su and Richard worked out a respectful relationship as ex-spouses when an amicable divorce still seemed an oxymoron.) About a year after Piano joined them, and against Rogers' wishes—he thought that the French wanted a monument to high culture and would not take their ideas seriously—they entered the competition to design Beaubourg.

If the French government had solicited proposals only from the world's, or even Europe's, hundred, or even five hundred, most widely admired architects, Piano + Rogers would not have been on the list. The firm became a beneficiary of a custom popularized in the United States, with the Chicago Tribune Building, in 1922, which is to let all interested architects compete for a major commission awarded by an independent jury. Piano + Rogers conceived of Beaubourg as a "Live Centre of Information," and in their drawings for the building giant letters spelled out messages ("Caroline, go to Kansas City immediately your friend Linda has been busted") that doubled as tip-offs that the team was made up of architectural hippies. In 1971, out of six hundred and eighty-one entries, theirs was selected.

According to Philip Johnson, who sat on the selection committee—it was headed by the French architect and engineer Jean Prouvé—the Piano + Rogers scheme was "violently distin-



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guished." The judges settled on the bid because "it was the only one that contemplated the changing needs of the center, offered a space that could accommodate major internal shifts, and thus the only one that could really be built." Beaubourg's most prominent feature is now the Musée National d'Art Moderne, but the original plan for the site did not include a museum. Johnson has explained, "The building was initially meant to house the first public library in Paris, a wing for industrial design, and an institute for acoustical research, in a center of information, entertainment, and culture, which was ominously vague. We knew there would be a dogfight for space. Choosing a flexible design allowed us to stay out of it in good conscience."

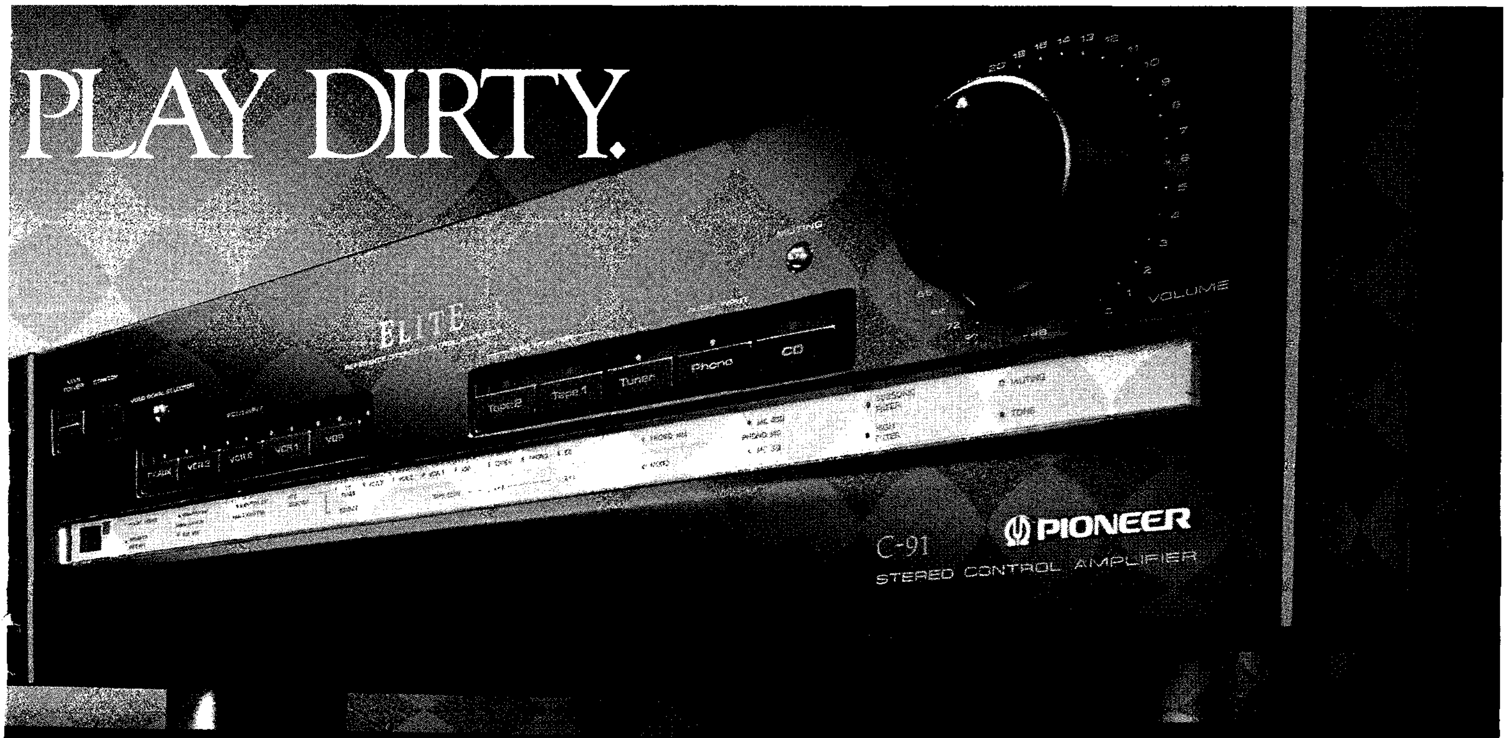
Rogers has said, "It was like winning the lottery."

A BIG question today about the modern movement is whether it was a single entity or was composed of many elements that have been improperly lumped together. The seminal statement that there should be an overarching movement was made by Le Corbusier in 1923, in a polemical essay called "Toward a New Architecture," which declared the profession's purpose to be the remaking of society, and asserted that this grand vocation transcended devotion to style. The classic statement that there was such a movement was published in 1932 by Henry-Russell Hitchcock and Philip Johnson in a book entitled "The International Style"—the name they had given the movement—but, unlike Le Corbusier, they divorced it from all social imperatives. While that style (no ornamentation, rectangular shapes, flat roofs, large windows, and, often, white walls) may once have predominated among international architects, in the past fifty years or so international architecture has generated dozens of vigorous, headstrong, sometimes contradictory schools.

Since 1945, according to one compilation, those schools have included, in the "A"s alone, Action Architecture, Additive Architecture, Ad-hocism, Alternative Architecture, Anarchitecture, and Une Architecture Autre, and —to choose one example per letter from most of the rest of the alphabet—the Buttery Hatch Aesthetic, Chemical Architecture, Directed Architecture, Endless Architecture, Glass Box Architecture, Indeterminate Architecture (an outgrowth of Endless Architecture), Kinetic Architecture, Lettrism, Metabolism, the New Brutalism, Plug-In Architecture, Radical Architecture, Soft Architecture, Tensile Architecture, and Urban Guerrilla Architecture.

According to Rogers, this multiplication of schools was inevitable, because even the most disciplined adherents of an architectural approach only "extract" what they want from its principles and precedents, and otherwise invent their own forms. He believes that this is a good thing. "Architecture isn't like Picasso's art, with one way in," he says. "There are many locks and keys." Since he began to practice, Rogers has looked to ideas from a number of architects, some famous and some less well known.

The international architects to whom he regularly refers are the three current heroes of modernism—Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Frank Lloyd Wright—and Louis Kahn. Le Corbusier represents the



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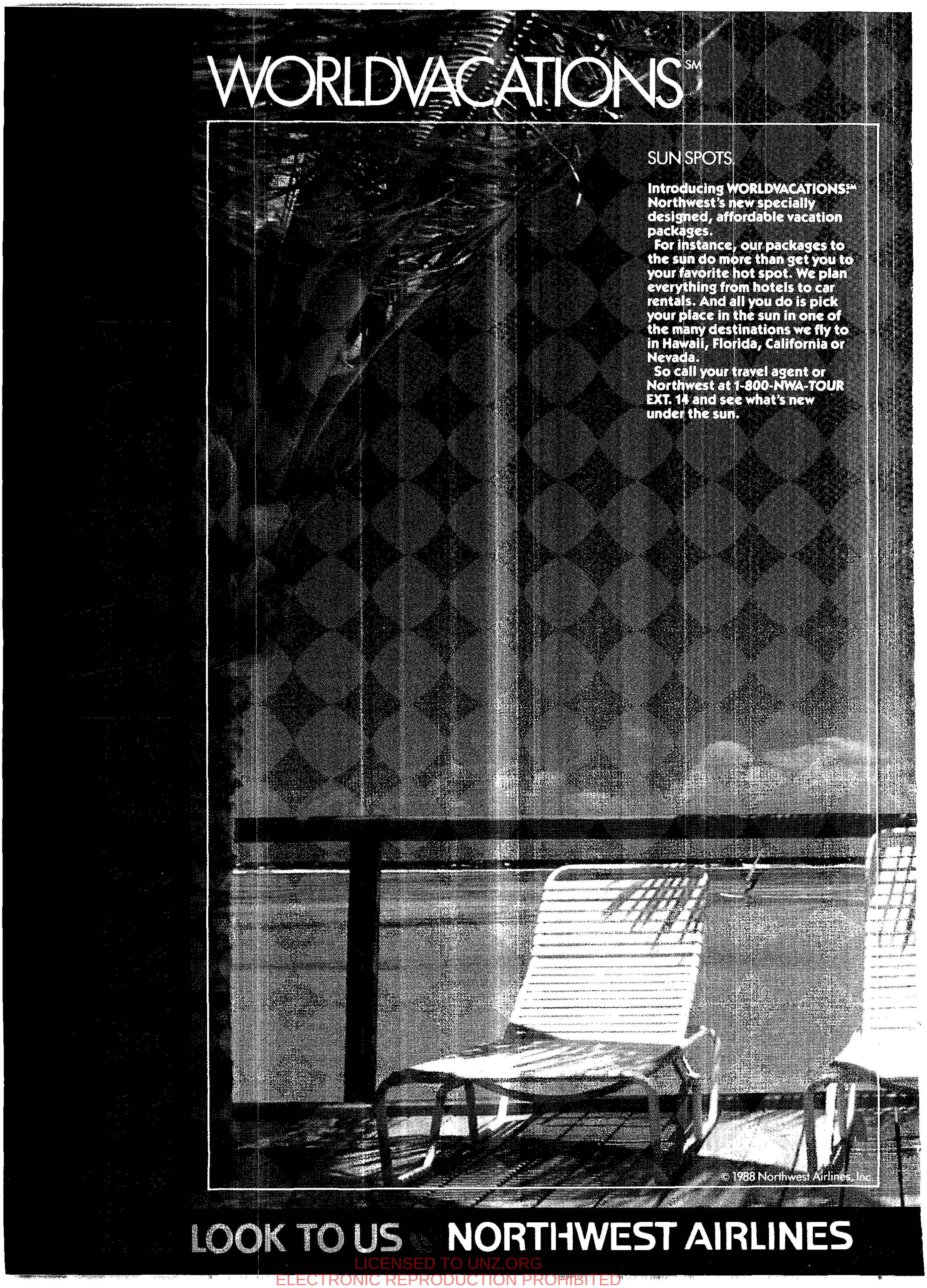

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ideal of the multifacetted man: he was the architect as painter, sculptor, industrial designer, polemicist, historian, editor, builder, entrepreneur, city planner, and social visionary. Mies was the modernist as classicist. Wright had the broadest palate of any modern architect, and wasn't afraid of being vulgar. Kahn always asked, "What does this building want to do?"

Rogers began his career soon after the heyday of the New Brutalists in England. (By one theory, they were called that because they preferred a rough-finish concrete called *béton brut*, but the style is sometimes associated with what James Stirling has called "the horrible, ugly buildings of social welfare" in Britain.) Like them, he came to believe in making the function of a building explicit in its parts; in separating the main parts of a building from its services; and in letting the form of the building provide its ornamentation instead of adorning it with superficial detail. The British whose ideas seemed most similar to his (before his success led critics to compare other architects with him) were Cedric Price and the young group called Archigram, headed by Peter Cook, whose visions of space pods, plug-in environments, and self-contained cities seemed to many like science fiction. The Archigram architects were inspired by futurists like Buckminster Fuller, in a tradition dating from Sir Joseph Paxton (who designed London's Crystal Palace for the Great Exhibition, in 1851, and conceived a ten-mile-long gallery, never built, to link the rail stations in London) and Gustave Eiffel (whose tower for the Paris Centennial Exposition, in 1889, was the tallest man-made object). They called themselves optimists, for they believed that their designs would transform society.

CEO
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Several years ago, Rogers gave in to the urge that some architects feel to become philosophers of design, and tried to set down the ideas behind his buildings. They appear as a series of aphorisms in the introduction to a monograph on his practice which is unlike the usual architect's vanity piece. The monograph favors schematic drawings, conceptual charts, and engineering sketches over photographs of buildings. Technical measurements like plot ratio (the ratio between the area of a building and its site), net area (usable space), and efficiency (the ratio between the building's net and gross areas) crowd out textual judgments on style. Each project is described in terms of site, problem, solution, and design—the fundamentals of a systematic architecture.

Along with Beaubourg and Lloyd's, the monograph presents factories, laboratories, houses, office buildings, and the extension to an airplane museum, and, taking a cue from some of the early-twentieth-century modernists, treats the appearance of the buildings as secondary. Instead, the monograph emphasizes "internal buffer spaces," to save energy; "polyvalent walls," to serve as an "intelligent skin" for buildings; new building parts (Beaubourg's version of gerberettes, the giant steel brackets used to fasten together the center's inner and outer skeletons); new materials (the Lloyd's sparkling glass); and new processes (structural nodes for some of the Rogers laboratories), which the firm will invent when it finds no other way to get a job done to its specifications. The term "high tech"—the adjective commonly applied to Rogers' projects—never appears in the text.

In the introduction Rogers groups his observations into topics, like "art, science, and ideology," and the "legibility of the whole and its parts and the language of technology," and "urbanism and the architect's responsibility to the public." He writes, "Architecture has developed from man's need to order the world in space and time, which is a precondition to its being accessible to our understanding. It is problem solving in the environmental field where logic is transposed into form by art, combining science with art, the practical with the abstract, the measurable with the immeasurable."

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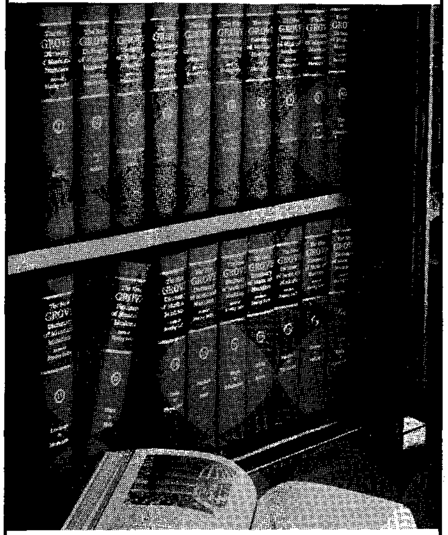

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ALTHOUGH the Lloyd's building is as different from Beaubourg as a private club is from a cultural funhouse, which is how Rogers conjures up his two major works, Lloyd's chose Rogers and his colleagues for the project, the year after they finished Beaubourg, for reasons similar to the ones that had guided Beaubourg's selection committee. In 1978, with the assistance of the president of the R.I.B.A., Lloyd's held a limited competition among three leading architects from England (Ove Arup & Partners, Foster Associates, and Rogers) and three from abroad (I. M. Pei, from the United States; Webb Zarafa Menkes Housden, from Canada; and Serete, from France).

The story about Rogers that some people know from the Appleyard biography, Lloyd's ad copy, and various press accounts is that, to look respectable for his first interview in the competition, he swallowed his pride in not making compromises for the sake of appearances and bought his first suit (gray, Yves Saint Laurent); that, since he didn't own an appropriate tie, he borrowed a blue one with red dots from Kirk Varnedoe, now the director of the department of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, whom he had come to know in Paris; and that the tie was identical to the ties worn by six other men at the meeting. When the competition was reduced to two firms, Rogers tried to deflect inquiries from Lloyd's about how a rumored breakup of Piano + Rogers would affect his team's stability—the breakup was in fact taking place—by bringing Piano to his final presentation. The ruse worked, and the rationale for Rogers' proposal won his team the backing of the committee that runs Lloyd's.

Courtenay Blackmore, who was then in charge of administration for Lloyd's, recognized the irony of flying an unconventional design as the society's flag and saw it as an advantage. A Pickwickian sort who speaks with the deference of a dedicated servant,

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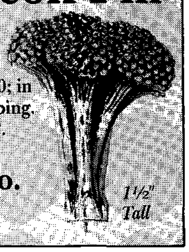

Blackmore said not long ago, "Lloyd's is a peculiar mixture of a starchy British institution and a forward-looking, world-oriented marketplace, and that's why the market has succeeded. You don't get along for three hundred years unless you adapt and change. Lloyd's pioneered in insurance for jewelry, for example, at the turn of the century, not long before earning a fine reputation in the United States for paying up quickly following the San Francisco earthquake, and in the last few decades the market has offered insurance for the Hovercraft, for pollution, and for new ventures on the sea, like oil rigs. Lloyd's likes to say it's in the risk business. Twice this century, it put up new buildings to house its market, and vastly underestimated its future need for space. In the late seventies, the market knew what it thought it needed but wondered as well why it should get it right this time if two lots of predecessors had failed. To improve the odds, Lloyd's asked half a dozen outstanding firms to submit proposals on how it should think about a new building.

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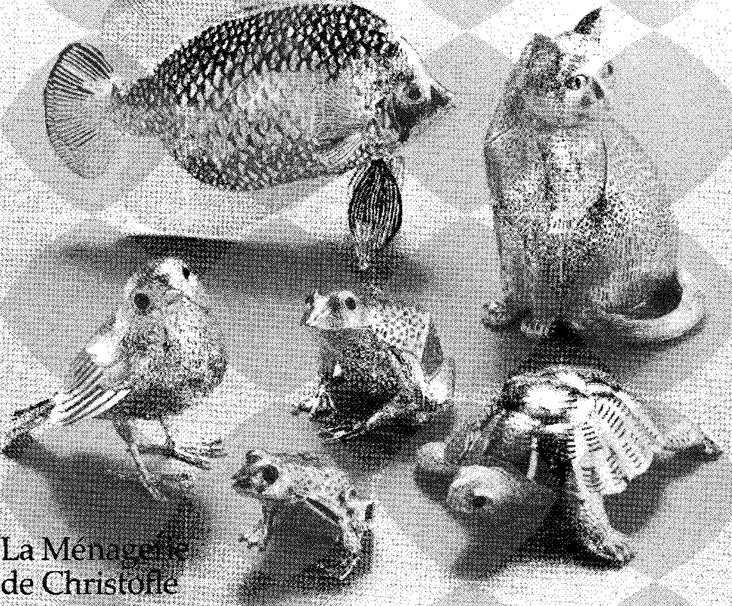

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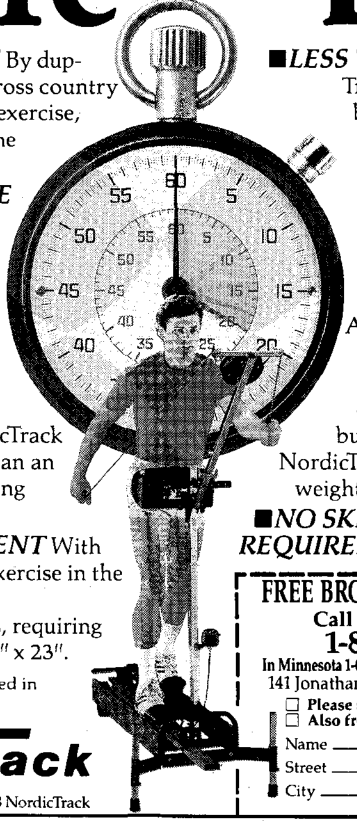

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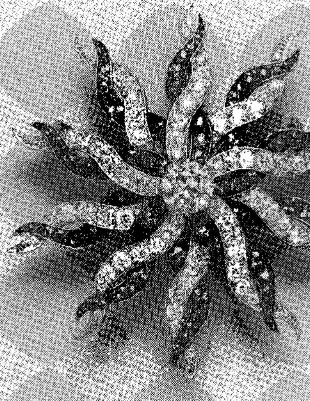

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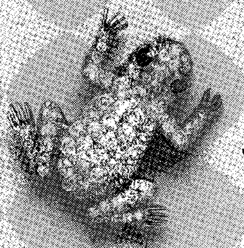

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built, Rogers was widely seen as a co-leader of the Beaubourg team, and a one-building wonder. The populist nature of the architecture he helped create was not yet fully appreciated. Beaubourg hadn't yet appeared on French and English stamps; the museum hadn't yet been presented with a thirty-eight-thousand-piece scale replica of Beaubourg made out of Legos; and half-baked mini-Beaubourgs hadn't yet sprouted throughout France.

Beaubourg was classified by Charles Jencks, the British architecture critic, as Technological Fantasy in the larger category of Bizarre Architecture, along with Disneyland (subcategory: Bizarre Juxtaposition); the Best department stores, with ragged brick walls that make them look as if they were either under construction or being demolished (Ad-hoc Juxtaposition); and Grauman's Chinese Theatre, in Hollywood (Fantasy Eclecticism). American critics of Rogers' architecture wrote it off as nostalgia for the machine age, which they described as either stale and frightening or fey and short-lived. They said his emphasis on flexibility was so extreme that it left his architecture void of character.

Rogers was criticized by big-time international architects. Peter Eisenman is a polarizer whose work is sometimes described as Deconstructivist Architecture, because it makes a highly conceptual challenge to the notions of stability and order in architecture and to some of its basic conventions. In Eisenman's House VI, in Cornwall, Connecticut, the challenge is made by a column resting on the ground which doesn't reach the roof, a column suspended from the roof which doesn't reach the ground, and a third column that is placed in the only convenient spot for a dining table. The architecture critic Ada Louise Huxtable finds Eisenman unsurpassed at "speaking in obscure architectural tongues." Eisenman dismissed Rogers as an architect without ideology, although Rogers maintains that architecture and ideology are inseparable, and remarked, "I see in Rogers the nonessentiality of elements, as opposed to constructivism and the draining of essences. Why do I have a blind spot about him? He's not known, on the scene, important."

Postmodernists also belittled Rogers' work. For example, Michael Graves,

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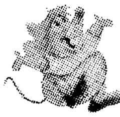

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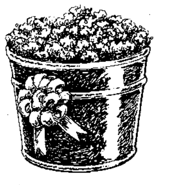

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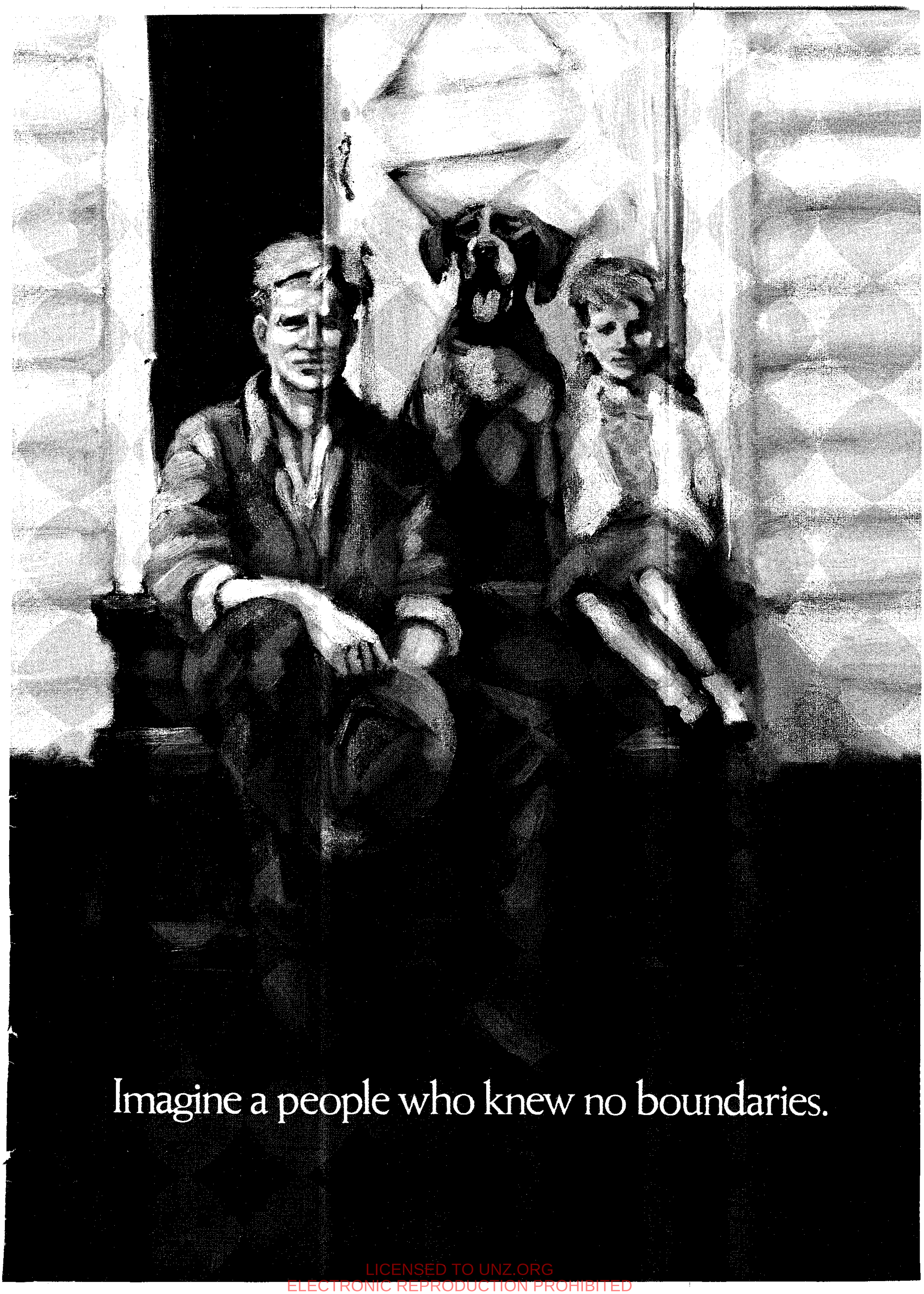
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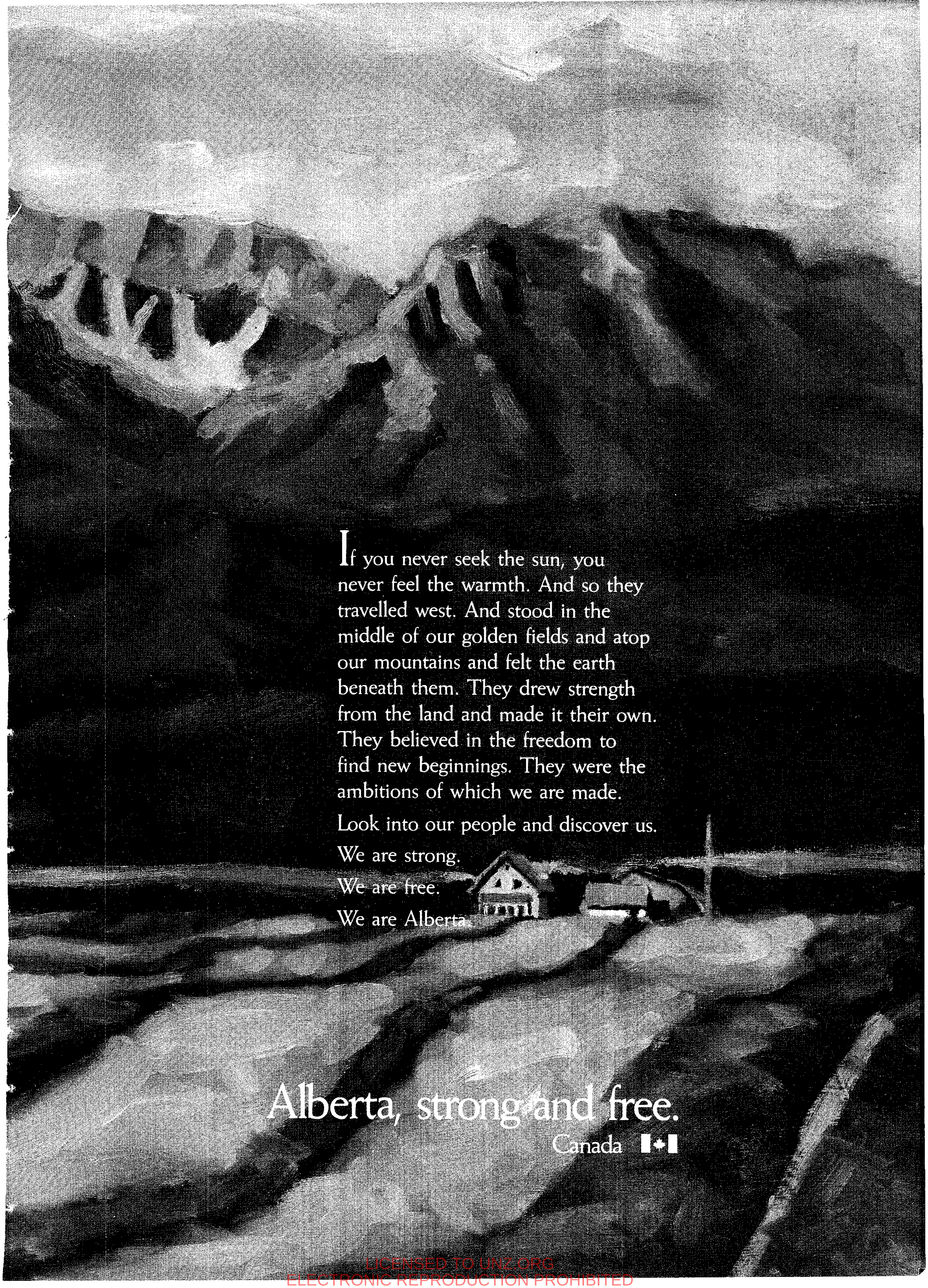

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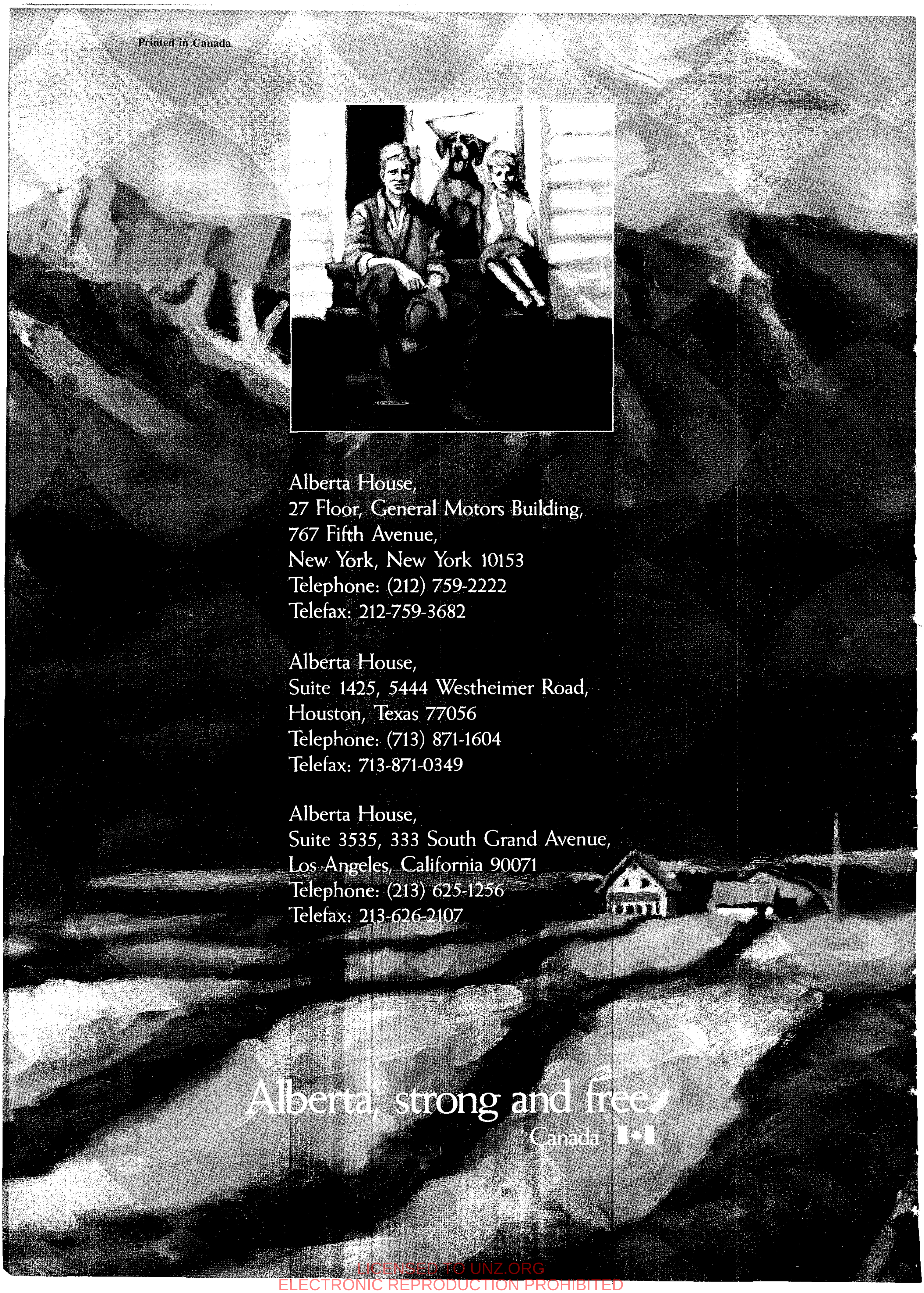

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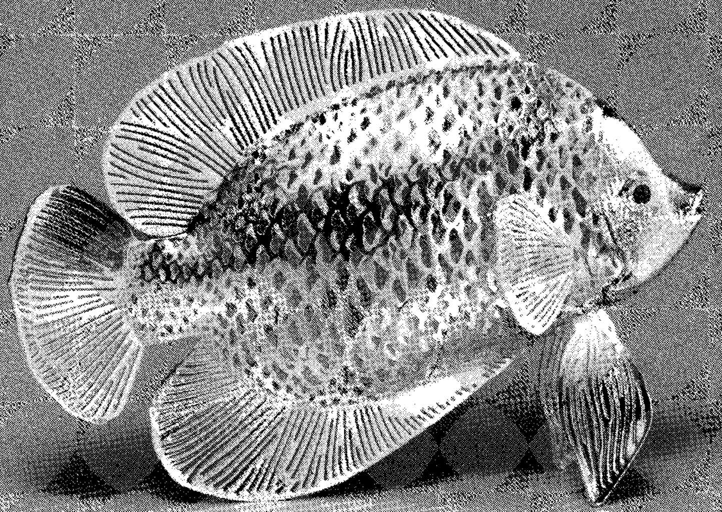
whose municipal office building for Portland, Oregon, is a totem of the school—the city seal's figure of Lady Commerce, enlarged into a sculpture and renamed Portlandia, adorns the façade of the building, and, on the sides, columns two-thirds the building's height are embellished by huge garlands—once said at a lecture in London, "I'd rather practice law than produce architecture like that." The significance of the Graves remark has grown with his reputation, which is now considerable. He is the best-known practitioner of the school of architecture that has dominated the past decade.

In an essay called "A Case for Figurative Architecture" Graves explained his view that the modern precepts to which Rogers is committed have contributed to "a feeling of alienation in buildings" and that the modern movement's cumulative effect has been "the dismemberment of our former cultural language of architecture." To Graves it is "crucial that we reëstablish the thematic associations invented by our culture in order to fully allow the culture of architecture to represent the mythic and ritual aspirations of society"—through figurative, or symbolic, architecture.

While a mixture of historical references in buildings tends to define postmodernism ("It would be impossible to be a postmodern architect without a Xerox machine," a critic of the style said recently), a distinction between modernism and all the styles developed in reaction to it, which may be more significant than the recent focus on the past (or the abstract) in contrast to the future, is the preoccupation with the appearance or the symbolism of a building rather than with its purpose or its social value. There are exceptions, like the International Building Exhibition Berlin 1987 (new apartment buildings designed with courtyards in the center, like pre-First World War buildings, to give the feeling of a neighborhood) and Seaside, Florida (a development that has returned to nineteenth-century ideas of town planning in order to foster a sense of community). But even critics who pay attention to the function and the context of a building—what it does and how it fits in with those around it—tend to be concerned chiefly with appearances.

Architects who have praised Rogers



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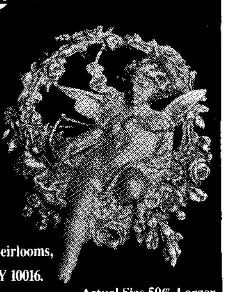
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have assessed his buildings in accordance with these criteria. Richard Meier, now working on one of the decade's most coveted commissions, the new J. Paul Getty Center, in Los Angeles, said that Rogers does what he does better than any other architect in the world and has made it unnecessary for others to pursue that direction. "This is true of all the arts," Meier said. "If one person or partnership achieves such a pure form, no one else need follow."

In 1985, Rogers received his highest honor as an architect, the R.I.B.A. Royal Gold Medal. The citation from the Royal Institute began, "Alone amongst the internationally respected architects of the latter half of the twentieth century Richard Rogers has brought to high technology an element of the Baroque, a richness and a popular touch." At the award ceremony, Rogers gave a different view of architecture in general and of his own specific intentions. He departed from protocol by making what the magazine *Building* described as "a savage attack on the work of some of the big name architects who have received international acclaim in recent years." Of postmodernism and buildings such as Graves' Portland municipal center Rogers said, "This pastiche of past styles reflects a society without courage, without confidence. Corroded by skepticism, it has fallen back on well worn platitudes and jokey images—what Berthold Lubetkin calls 'zany, goofy and arbitrary architecture.'" Rogers emphasized a point that he believed some of his most ardent supporters had not understood—that he was determined to help create "a beautiful world for democratic man," finishing the job of the modern masters, and of other problem-solving architects since the Renaissance.

THE headquarters of Rogers' campaign for a beautiful world has the feel of a studio to which art students retreat to experiment after lectures. Tucked in a neighborhood of three-story row houses in Hammersmith, several miles from the center of London, it occupies a converted red brick Victorian warehouse overlooking the Thames. In the courtyard is a common of tall wild grasses with a picnic table at the center. Next to the building is a flagstone lot for the cars, motorcycles, and bikes that some of the

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architects use to get to work. Many mornings, Rogers bicycles there from his house, three miles away. As I watched him pedal along one day, oblivious of the double-decker buses crowding him and the dingy signs over fish-and-chip stands and other typical British shops along his route, it occurred to me that both his home and his office he has created a tiny outpost of the Continent and that he acts as if the path between were one, as well. The waiting area of his office contains models of Rogers projects ranging back a generation, to the Zip-up Enclosure, and it sometimes also contains a couple of dogs, belonging to people who work there. An interior staircase and a bridge over the lobby are made of steel painted blue, and they bring to mind the fixtures of an Italian ferry.

Rogers and his three senior partners—Mike Davies, Marco Goldschmied, and John Young—work on the top floor (the fourth), in adjacent glassed-in offices, which feel most private when fog is on the river, and have a wonderful view of rowers when it's not. Most of the architects draft on that floor and the floor below, in large white open spaces. The staff is Danish, English, French, German, Indian, Irish, Polish, Scottish, Spanish, and Swiss, and one member is a Swede who is married to a woman half Danish and half French, and who grew up in Malaysia, where his family started a rubber plantation. Rogers has created a modest utopia, and its informality is contagious. When executives from corporations, builders' unions, and other big institutions visit for lunch, they unknot their ties, strip off their jackets, and drop the jackets in a pile on the floor.

At a convention in 1978, Rogers gave a speech called "Some Random Thoughts on the State of the Profession," which began, "The line between professional honesty and financial expediency is fine and we spend most of the time on the wrong side of it." Concluding that the only reasons for large firms were profit and power, he fixed the best size for an office of architects at ten. In a charter for his firm written that year, the figure rose to thirty (a number commonly held by architects to be ideal), and, with temporary colleagues, the firm has employed as many as sixty. The practice divides into teams, to work on tasks like mechanical services, substructure,

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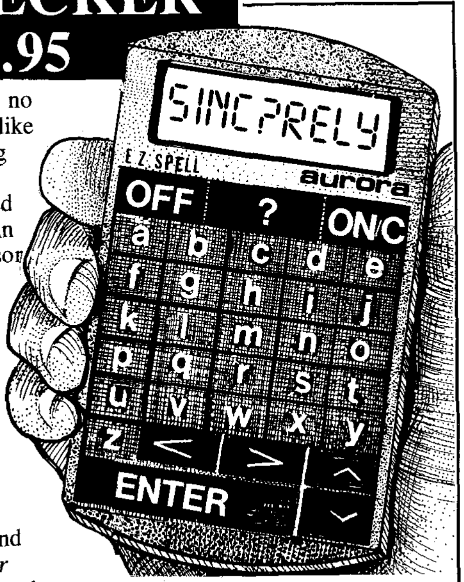

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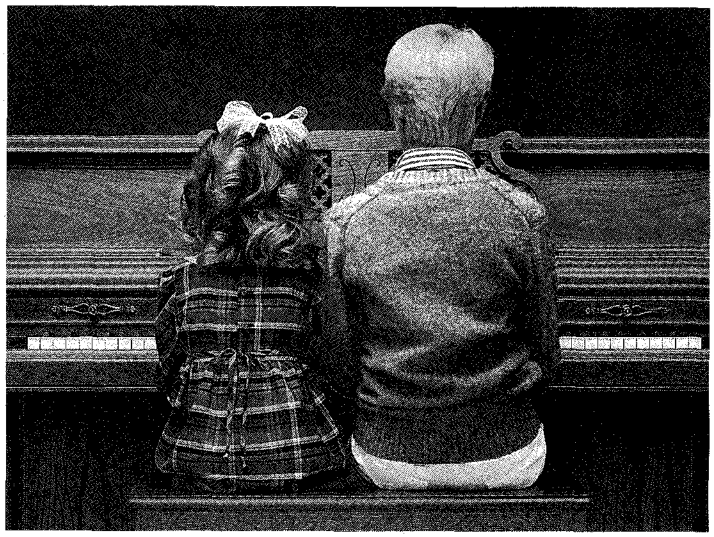
or special projects, one of which not long ago was a cart with unfolding flaps for desk space, panels to provide heat and ventilation and to muffle sound, and plugs for the latest information systems—a mobile, self-contained tool kit for white-collar workers.

Rogers takes charge of design, Young of building, Goldschmied of finances, and Davies of special projects; like Rogers, each of the others is particularly suited to his assignment. Young, who has a tonsure ringed by gray curls, is wry, orderly, and steady, and was responsible for getting Lloyd's built on schedule. Goldschmied has piratical good looks and a cool manner, and he chain-smokes cigarettes; in recent years, he has steered the firm into high profitability. He and Young were classmates at the Architectural Association, and both, at forty-four, are eleven years younger than Rogers. I once asked Goldschmied a question he considered difficult, and after a long silence he said, "Sorry. I haven't fallen asleep on you. I'm trying to formulate a good answer." Davies has a red beard and red hair, and most of his clothes are red. He also studied at the Architectural Association, and he is two years older than Young and Goldschmied. Davies took charge of the design for the vast underground acoustical-research center at Beaubourg, the domain of Pierre Boulez.

The partners try to run their shop democratically. As Rogers sees it, architects on the Rogers team, besides enjoying responsibility for their own projects, create designs for which he often gets credit, and the least they should receive in compensation is fair pay. In the first draft of the firm's charter, Rogers' salary was limited to four times the lowest-paid architect's. The draft was written in the days right after Beaubourg, when Davies was engaged in research-and-development projects (a solar-powered house; a magnetically levitated train that could go from London to Paris in nineteen minutes; a "monocoque" shell for a building, which would serve as both its structure and its cladding); Young was thinking he might have to drive a minicab to make ends meet; Goldschmied had considered giving up architecture to handle the finances for a spiritualist group he belonged to; and Rogers was spending a semester in Los Angeles, teaching at U.C.L.A., won-



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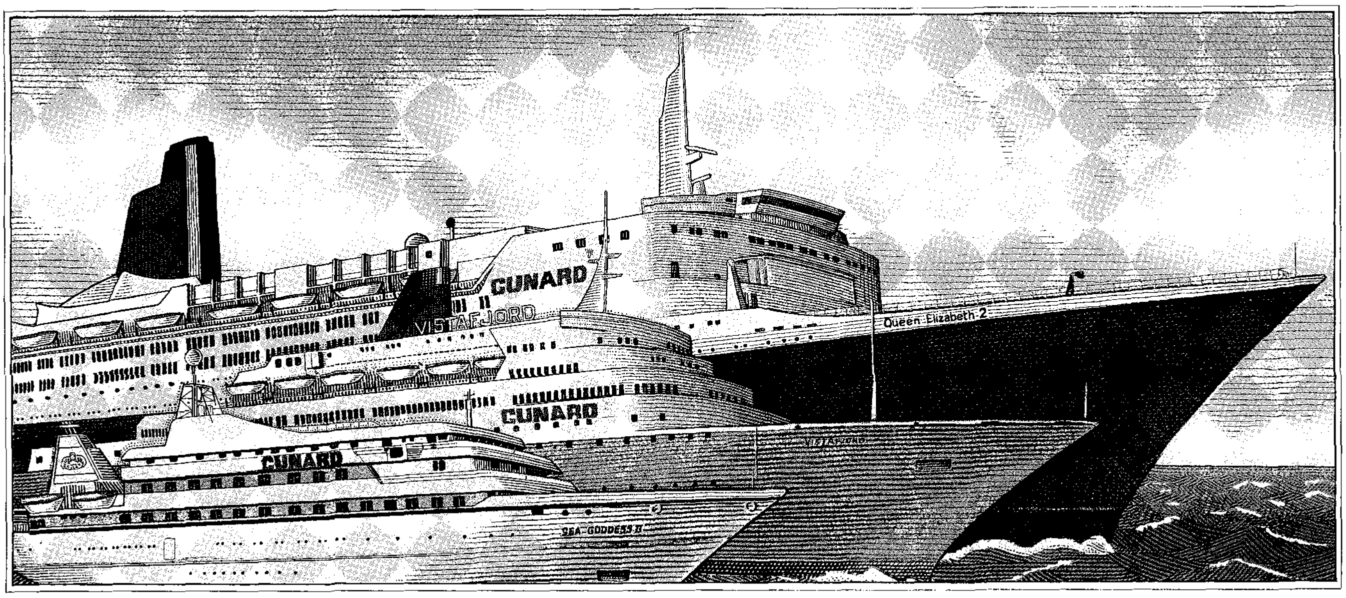

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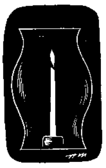
dering where the next job would come from, and occasionally talking about giving up architecture himself. The salary multiple is now seven. With typical commissions of between four and six per cent of very large sums—Lloyd's cost two hundred million pounds—it seems likely that the partnership no longer needs to worry a lot about money, and, after a good deal of thought, has decided not to: the firm recently made provisions to turn itself over to a charitable trust. The partners will continue to take profits from their successes, but when a partner dies his shares will pass to the trust rather than go by inheritance to members of his family, who, the partners believe, shouldn't own and profit from a business they haven't helped create.



Cuno Brullmann, a Swiss architect practicing in Paris, worked with the Piano + Rogers team on Beaubourg, admires Rogers, and has continued to collaborate with him. He has observed, "Richard works more like a critic than like an architect." He meant in part that Rogers can't draw well ("my poverty of drawing," Rogers calls this limitation) and still suffers from dyslexia to the point where he has trouble reading and writing ("I'm totally word blind," he says), and must rely on colleagues to translate his thoughts into written descriptions, architectural sketches, working models, life-size mockups, and finished forms. (The Rogers people made ten thousand drawings of the Lloyd's building while they were designing it, but Rogers says, "Once you see a building erected, how can you possibly remember what you imagined it would look like?") Young architects tend to like this arrangement, since it makes them feel that Rogers is dependent on them; although the opposite is nearer the truth, he agrees with them. He contributes by scrawling thoughts in a schoolboy's notebook, adding second thoughts on yellow stick-on sheets, talking about his ideas with colleagues, and then digging in: seeing how a young architect interprets his initial notions in drawings, giving his own ideas more definition, realizing a nuance that he wants after noting its absence from a rendition, or radically changing his mind.

Rogers works in his own way. One afternoon several years ago, I was at his office when he met with a team to talk about a phase of the design for the Lloyd's project, and I had a hard time following the proceedings. Peter Rice, an engineer with Ove Arup & Partners, who has worked with Rogers on projects since Beaubourg, explained what was going on. "When Richard first thinks out loud about a problem, he can sound quite incoherent," Rice said. "His mind moves quickly, and he's difficult to track. He talks the way he eats—in great, lusty mouthfuls, which suggest enthusiasm without discipline. In reality, discipline is a crucial element of everything he does—of the way he works and what he comes up with. Take Lloyd's as an example. The central feature of the exchange is the Room, where all the trading is done. Everyone else who competed for the job assumed that Lloyd's had to build a Room that would only get larger. Richard argued that with the advent of new information technology, trading on the floor of Lloyd's might well diminish, even if its volume of business should grow, because underwriters and brokers might end up trading electronically. Once he realized that, he came up with a ring as his solution. The new building has twelve galleries of underwriting and office floors around a vast central area. If Lloyd's needs a bigger market, it can use another gallery. If it needs a smaller one, it can use a gallery less." The volume of the market's business grew five times as fast as the highest projection made by Lloyd's while the building was being designed, and since brokers and underwriters still do almost all business face to face, rather than through computers, the market is using four galleries instead of the two it originally expected to be using at this stage. A visitors' gallery, which wasn't contemplated by Lloyd's during the period of design, adds to the traffic by drawing five thousand tourists a week. One can make a strong case for the proposition that the congestion that users have complained about is a natural consequence of the growth and evolution that the building was designed to handle, and has handled relatively easily.

"The design has the added value of being energy efficient," Rice told me. "The only loss of energy is through the roof, and it has a low surface area in comparison with the volume of the building. Lloyd's uses a new thermal glass, and people can open their windows when the weather is not extreme. Using the façade from the 1928 Lloyd's entrance"—the other Lloyd's building erected in this century was dedicated in 1958—"the new building ties into the Leadenhall Market, a wonderful Victorian arcade that had suffered from neglect. Richard had little idea at the start of the project what his design would eventually look like, as is always the case with him. He used his team to create a discipline for design."

After the meeting I sat in on, which concerned the appearance of one side of the Lloyd's building, Rogers described for me some of his visual goals for the design. He used words like "transparency," "scale," "layering," and "grain," which are standard architectural terms but have surprising meanings. Transparency, for example, can be literal (like seeing through glass) or phenomenal (like following a line of sight through different visual planes), and, according to Rogers, the play of light, the transparency, and the juxtaposition of overlapping planes are more important to the apparent size of a building than its actual height, length, and width. On Beaubourg, which is six stories high and as long as two football fields, its outer skeleton was designed to draw the eye from the whole to a part, and so bring the building down to a human scale. Since pedestrians approach Lloyd's on the diagonal, that building's design is intended to move the eye from ground level up the service towers at the building's corners and on to the neighboring spires, and so weave together the street and the skyline. (A feature of the building that turned out different from the initial plans is the four service boxes on top, housing air-conditioning units, elevator motors, and other plant equipment: as the building's demands grew, the size of the metal boxes did, too—to three stories. From some places on the street they are invisible, but from most distant vistas they are conspicuous. They are the building's most ungainly element, though they are somewhat lightened by blue cranes permanently perched on them, for use in cleaning and repair.)

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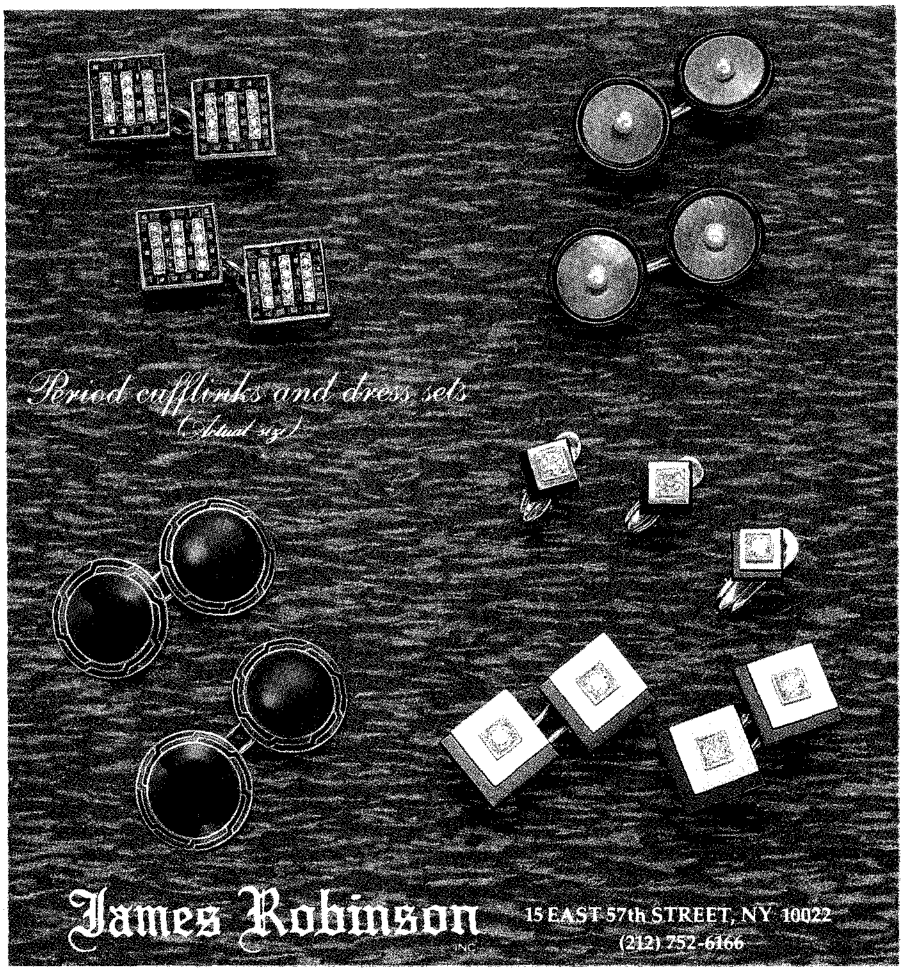
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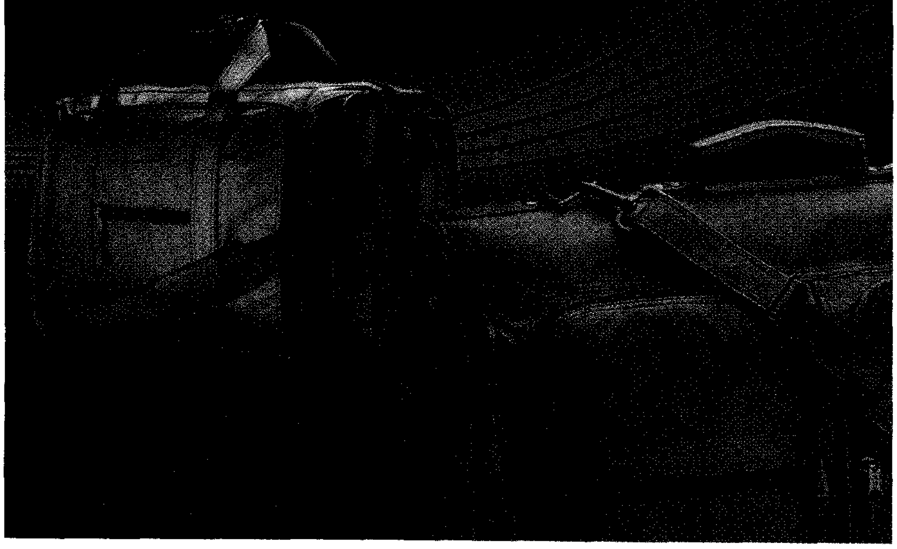

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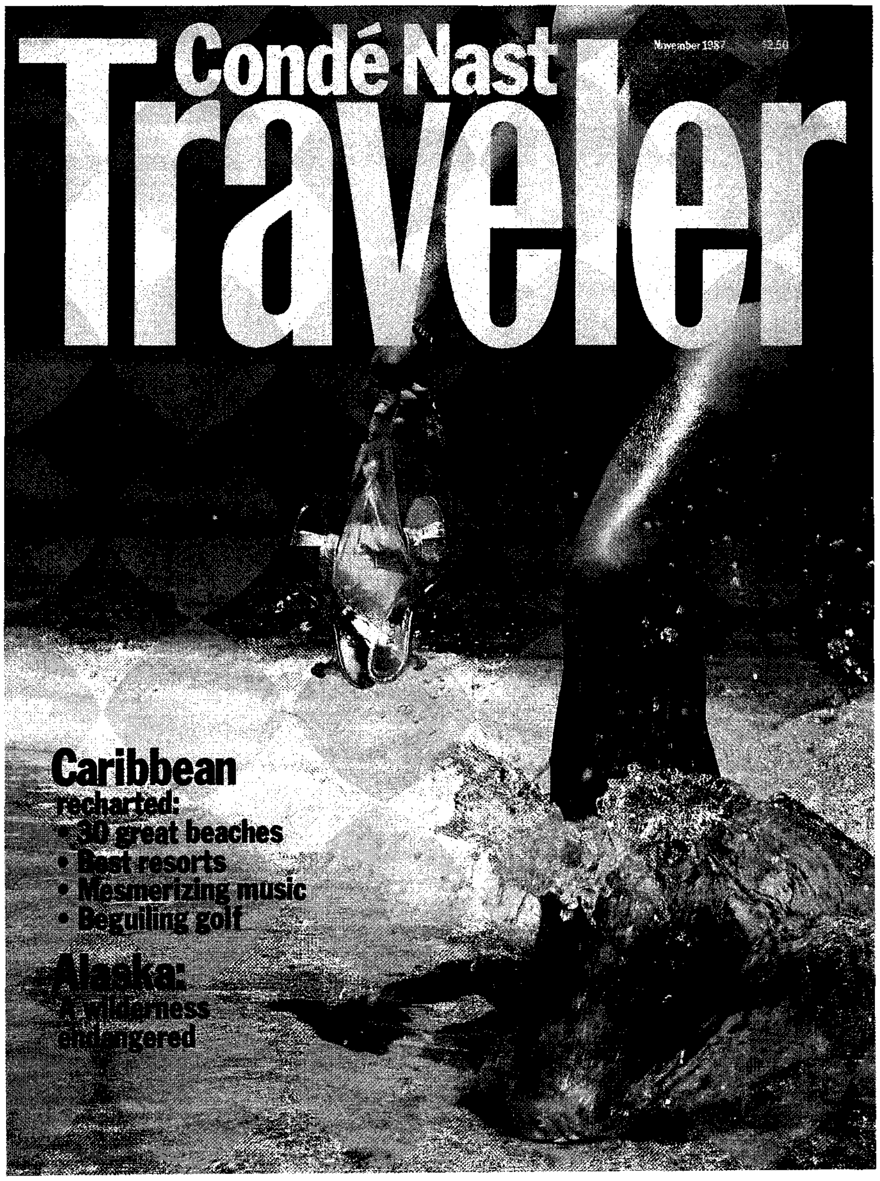

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dull finish of the concrete is meant to give Lloyd's the grain of a black-and-white photograph. Here is how a snapshot taken across the street from the building's main entrance, at One Lime Street, looks to me: two banks of shiny silver stairs appear rounded and prominent; a stack of stainless-steel boxes for restrooms then catches my eye; next follow a lot of vertical columns and cylinders made of concrete and steel, which help hold up the building, convey air and water, and perform other functions; and, finally, many small details (the double lights over elevator banks which are visible through clear glass, the cross-bracing on the service towers, the many parts knit together to make the skin of the building), which give the building visual texture, make it appear to be constructed on a more intimate scale than it is. The picture shows what Rogers means by "articulation."

Norman Pfeiffer, a partner in the American firm of Hardy, Holzman, Pfeiffer Associates, says, "Lloyd's demonstrates that Richard is an accomplished artist, who has the ability to orchestrate a complex visual composition without compromising the functions of its parts." According to Paul Goldberger, the architecture critic of the *Times*, Lloyd's is "far closer in spirit to the old buildings that surround it than to the banal modern buildings that are its contemporaries." Peter Buchanan wrote in *The Architectural Review*, "Personally I like to imagine it in the future, hopefully dirty and dented, dripping oil and hissing steam from its manifold-like ducts as if it were in 'Alien' or 'Blade Runner.' "

ROGERS has a basic lecture about architecture, illustrated by color slides, and one morning not long ago he gave me an informal version of it over breakfast. "It's about the crisis of the city," he told me. "My premise is that throughout history the meeting place for people has been the city, but the city is now suffering. If you look at Nolli's plan for Rome, from the eighteenth century, with all the public buildings in white against a black background of private buildings, you see that almost half the city was public, consisting of churches, gardens, city halls, palaces, markets, squares, arenas, steps, fountains, and thoroughfares. The patrons of Nolli's time made it their duty to know and understand the

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"Now, if you look at the public realm of London today, you see—even if you include the great parks—that it's a small fraction of the city. The fundamental elements of any city are the street and the square; and the major squares of London, which should be forums, have been made into roundabouts for traffic. This is a problem throughout the world. In Bangkok, which used to be the Venice of the East, most of the canals have been filled with concrete to make space for cars. It doesn't have to be this way, of course. Paris, Copenhagen, and Florence have created pedestrian zones, and in Florence vehicles are barred from the center of the city during the day. But those cities are exceptions.

"Important buildings have always been part of the public realm, and they've been designed so that their method of construction and their purposes are legible to the passerby. That's true of Gothic, classical, and the other great architectural languages. I believe that the passerby has been alienated by much that passes for modern architecture, because, unlike the articulated, richly layered, and legible buildings of the past, most of today's buildings are oversimplified, bland, scaleless boxes, and even the new ones often miss the point, since their historical references —to classical columns or Chippendale tops—are nothing more than trips down memory lane. Most modern and postmodern buildings beautify boxes, leaving architects' signatures on frozen façades. They are concerned with good taste and have little to do with solving the problems at hand. They stand unrelated to their neighbors, and fail to fulfill a public responsibility. I also believe that many architects misjudge the private needs of buildings. The rate of change in society—and you can pick the computer or whatever you want as a symbol—makes long-term prediction impossible and inflexible building unreasonable. A set of offices today may be an art gallery tomorrow. A perfume factory may switch to making electronics. What we can do—and this is the key to much of my work—is to design

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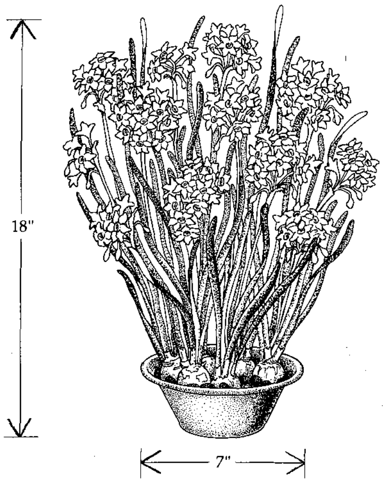

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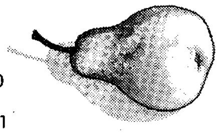

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"Let me give an example. City streets can last hundreds of years; buildings average seventy-five; and mechanical services—elevators and the like—about twenty. But seventy-five years ago—in London, at least—there were no major air-conditioning or telephone systems, and elevators were in their infancy, so architects didn't think about separating usable spaces with long lives from service areas dependent on changing technology. With the fast pace of developments in technology, any services are bound to be obsolete before the buildings in which they're installed. Today, if we separate the services from a building's usable space, make the services accessible, and organize the building so it doesn't have to close when the services are being renewed, we can extend the building's life. By putting the services on the outside of a building, we can also increase the proportion of usable space *inside*—from forty-eight per cent, in the 1958 Lloyd's, to about eighty-five per cent, in the new Lloyd's building. And with the parts of the structure that account for a third of its volume and cost and the majority of its maintenance—that is, with these services—we can make the building legible to the passerby. The aim should be to use all of the building's elements to make clear the role they play.

"Like a lot of current architects, I was brought up on the modern giants. My favorite, however, is Brunelleschi, the Italian Renaissance architect—in part because there are parallels between Renaissance and current cities. A myth about Brunelleschi has it that he went to Rome and embraced the classical orders of architecture as if they were God-given. In reality, he used those orders because they were the acceptable way to express ideas at that time—in other words, as a language. His work was in fact amazingly different from other architects'. He was highly conscious of the latest techniques of perspective, for instance, and gave them a distinctive twist. But Brunelleschi fitted his designs into the patterns of Romanesque and Gothic architecture, and also connected his buildings to city life. Except for a few gems—Mies's Seagram Building is the common example—modern buildings are little more than oversized pieces of sculpture put up in the middle of cities, to which

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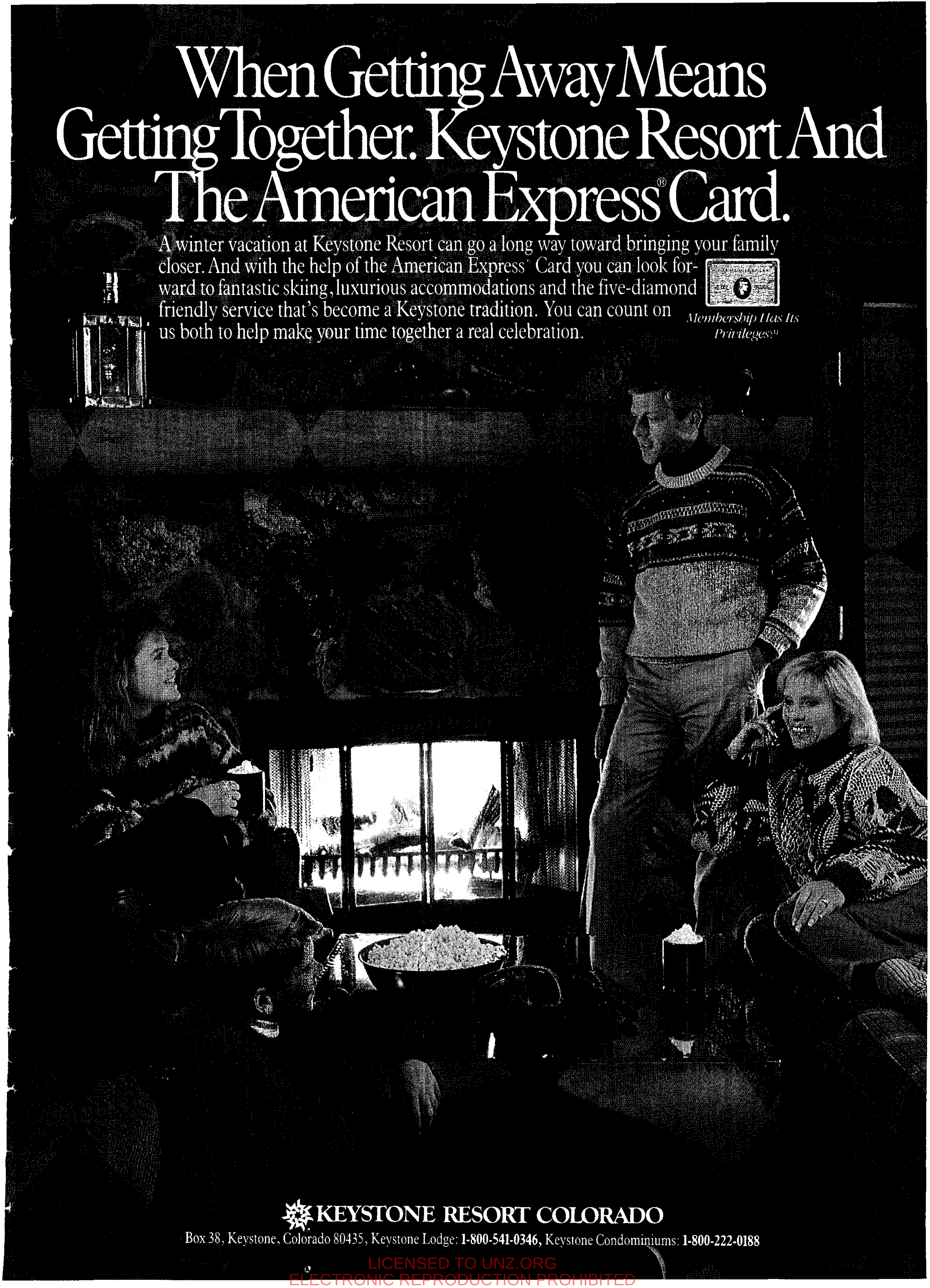

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they pay no attention. The simple rectangular tower with four equal façades is ideally designed to stand free in space, but in tightly knit areas it breaks up continuity and breaks down city life. The modern movement didn't die so much as stop short of applying basic principles to the whole of the city, as Brunelleschi tried to do, and as I try to, as well. As for technology, the modern movement flirted with it, and I'm trying to develop the theories of some of the movement's pioneers. By drawing on both science and art, an architect can solve problems and create a kind of poetry. I'm working toward buildings that will respond the way a person does. What I want is buildings that respond just as naturally to accommodate the needs of people—what I call an architecture of possibilities."

DURING the past decade, Rogers has put up a factory in Brittany that makes diesel-engine filters, a factory that makes silicon chips, in South Wales, and, for his first major project in the United States, a research-and-development lab for an international firm called P.A. Consulting Group, near Princeton. (He has worked on drawings for a shopping center in Dallas that didn't pan out, for the renovation of an office building in Manhattan that didn't, either, and for an office tower in Seattle that stalled because of zoning problems.) While American makers of semiconductors, microprocessors, and other tools of the new age tend, anachronistically, to set up in four-square concrete buildings, Rogers' designs allow for the growth and change that these products will bring. They use kits of interchangeable parts that can be assembled off-site, erected quickly, and knocked down, rearranged, or expanded to accommodate new possibilities.

The lineage of these factories and other buildings can be traced to laboratories outside Cambridge, England, that Rogers and Renzo Piano started on fifteen years ago for P.A. Consulting. Its technology group has invented products, including a computer memory disk (Mnemos 6000), the Yes-Man robot, and a computer that plays chess. When P.A. hired Rogers, the technology group was only three years old (the larger company was thirty) and wanted a building that could expand if the practice did. The building is in its third phase of enlargement. It is in the form of a low box on columns set into rolling hills, consists of a steel frame with a glass sheath, and bears the Rogers marks of bright colors, open spaces, and services on the outside. It also has such characteristic details as wide metal stairs, rubber-studded floors, and thick glass bricks—details that are sometimes written off as modern clichés and are actually tributes to Pierre Chareau's Maison de Verre, in Paris, a building that Rogers reveres. In the first scholarly article that Rogers published, in the glossy Italian design journal *Domus*, in 1966, he describes Chareau's 1931 renovation of an old town house as "possibly the least known and the greatest of 20th-century houses."

The thinking behind the P.A. design is more distinctive than the building's appearance. Until 1986, Gordon Edge was the P.A. technology group's chief executive, and he has since headed his own firm, Scientific Generics, for which Rogers has done a preliminary study of a new lab. Edge told

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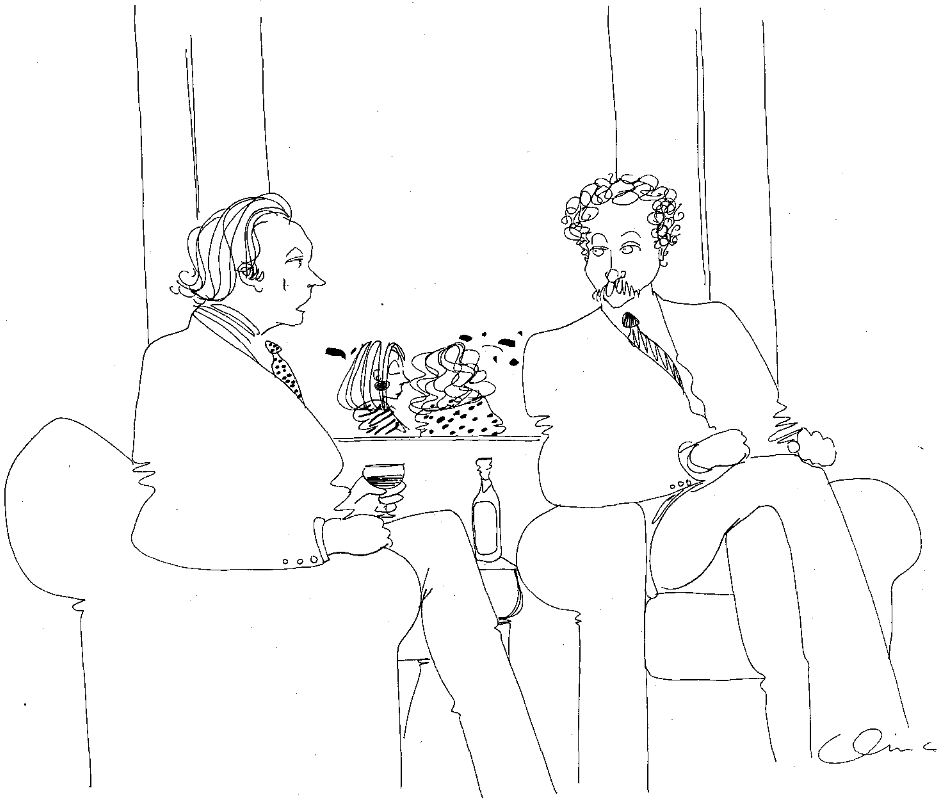
me how Rogers developed the design for the P.A. building. “The traditional view of what a scientist wants is to be isolated, away from any pressures, uninterrupted,” he said. “Many labs are set up following this kind of wisdom. But there’s plenty of evidence to show that an environment where a scientist can control access to himself merely by shutting his office door is less productive than one where communication is encouraged. You often find successful labs that were designed for another purpose and have no traditional walls. The very disorganization that such buildings impose can be positive, because scientists share facilities and have a high level of exchange. Many factors contribute to scientific creativity, and one mustn’t exclude architecture from the list. Richard comprehends the influence of buildings on people, and he demonstrated an understanding of P.A.’s needs. In P.A.’s labs, the disciplines mix in the open. A biologist may work next to a physicist, an engineer next to a chemist. If a scientist needs privacy, he can use one of several interior rooms set aside for the purpose. Richard designed the building to enhance the way P.A. works.”

None of the interior walls of the P.A. complex are fixed, so the firm can make periodic choices about layout. Open spaces, private conference rooms, even mechanical shops can be moved simply by a shifting of panels that fit grooves in the structure’s beams, and services can be redeployed from the outside. “When the labs went up, in 1975, P.A. didn’t have any biotechnical facilities,” Edge said. “Today, something like a quarter of the building’s activity is in that area. P.A. has special labs for containment, for example, and the building didn’t require special reconstruction to accommodate them. The fundamental structure has satisfied P.A.’s needs—the firm has shifted the insides of the lab many times in the past decade and has extended the building twice without disturbing the concentration of five hundred people. The building has convinced people that it is flexible. It’s quite easy, I think, to make a building that is dramatic and interesting, and much less easy to provide one that will be useful for a considerable time. Richard’s buildings appear to be showy, and even idiosyncratic, but I don’t think that’s the case. He offers designs in which people can express themselves.”



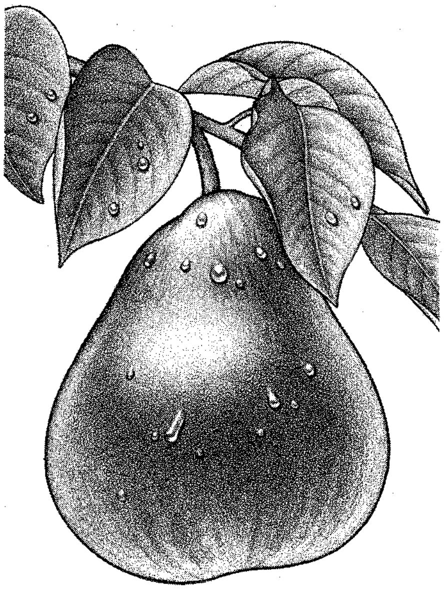
“Sounds like you should wander out of the dark forest of Myra and into the bright sunshine of Fran.”

• •

Rogers’ factory for Fleetguard, in Quimper, near the coast of Brittany, is more spectacular than P.A.’s building and less obvious in the complexity of its design, but it, too, is a vessel of possibilities. From a distance, the only visible signs of the diesel-engine-filter factory are russet masts and rigging. (A shopping center designed by Rogers outside Nantes which opened last year is similar.) These are the main elements of a steel structure, built like a suspension bridge, that holds up a vast silver shed painted with the company’s logo, black lettering above a red square. With spars rising seven metres above the roofline, and with nine metres of siding below, the structure draws the eye to the rigging and reduces the factory’s apparent size. A reason the shed seems smaller than it is is that it is submerged in a hillside, hidden by the landscape except for the main entrance, which everyone uses. The headquarters required one-sixth less steel than a conventional design the same size, has no need for interior support, and can be expanded in any direction.

From the parking lot, a walkway leads to the entrance. The first section of the factory contains offices, divided by partitions. A glass wall separates the offices from stairs to the shop floor, where workers produce the engine filters; the workers can see where decisions are made, and managers overlook the shop floor, the center of the action. Fleetguard is a subsidiary of Cummins Engine, an American corporation, and its former chairman and main stockholder is J. Irwin Miller, who is an honorary fellow of the American Institute of Architects and a renowned patron of architecture. The company’s home town is Columbus, Indiana, where Miller’s uncle introduced modern architecture when he commissioned Eliel Saarinen to design the First Christian Church, completed in 1942, and where, in 1957, the company, through its foundation, started a program that has made Columbus a seat of fine architecture. When Fleetguard was looking for an architect licensed in France who spoke English, the American architect Kevin Roche, who has designed several Cummins buildings, recommended Richard Rogers.

J. Irwin Miller has since said, “In our company, we are attracted to architects who are good problem-solvers, as



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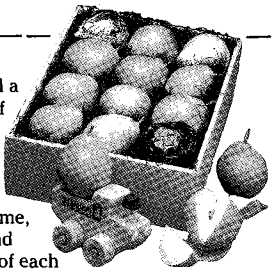

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opposed to those who draw pretty pictures or win the praise of high-minded critics. The design of a building should not dictate the solution to a problem; it should be the other way around. Any building is a place for people to do something well or experience something extraordinary, whether it is a school, a church, or a factory making filters. If the building fulfills its purpose, the architect can be considered to have done his job successfully. My bias is that a building has to do three things: it has to solve the problem presented, it has to please the people who use it, and it has to be a good neighbor to its surroundings. Rogers' work in Quimper is very successful. The factory works well, it's a fine place to work, and that old and important city in Brittany seems to like it."

The Rogers building in South Wales, near the city of Bristol, was Britain's first full-blown factory for silicon chips. It was built for a company called Inmos. The building has a central spine of blue steel towers braced with blue crossbeams; tension rods holding up long blue trusses stretched like wings; and a checkerboard of black and silver panels, mounted in a pattern determined by computer. These elements make it appear to be the design in which Rogers finally gave in to form over function and accepted it as his fate to be a high-tech architect. In reality, the building solved a dozen problems, of which a few were crucial. Inmos wanted the building constructed quickly, because the company would lose about three hundred thousand pounds each week that the plant was not in production. To house all functions under one roof, the factory had to include offices for managers and also provide a "clean room" for chip-making, with air purer than that of a hospital operating room. Since the company was growing rapidly and the technology for manufacturing silicon chips was changing radically every few years, Inmos wanted a flexible plant, whose growth and change would not disrupt current operations.

The blanket solution was a one-story kit of tubes, pins, rods, and cables put together, as at Fleetguard, like a suspension bridge, with the air-conditioning, water, and other services stacked along the building's spine. (The research-and-development lab for P.A. Consulting Group near

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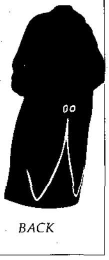

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Princeton is a refinement of the Inmos design. It has double masts shaped like open safety pins, from which hang spans on either side and, along the building's frame, translucent panels that seem to glow in the dark.) At the south end of the Inmos building are offices, a cafeteria, and labs in which to assemble equipment (these are now being converted into clean rooms). To the north are docks, which receive chemicals and ship completed chips, and the clean room, where technicians dress in white suits, white headgear, white gloves, and white boots, to protect chips from any speck of dust. The clean room is enclosed in opaque panels that can be replaced by clear glass, and the offices and cafeteria look out on a meadow big enough to allow the factory's size to double.

Prince Charles represented the Royal Family at the Inmos opening, in 1983, when he was beginning to formulate his ideas about architecture. He observed, "Well, Mr. Rogers, it looks as though the engineers got their own way this time." In the jargon of business, the plant's demands did indeed dictate the design. But the architecture eventually seized control. Inside the spine, which is the factory's central corridor and, in Rogers' words, "a street for movement," white vinyl tiles gleam, light pours in through glass hatches, and, along the full width of the building, green pipes convey basic services. The struts of the main towers are exposed, the offices have glass walls, and orange fuse boxes hang on white concrete block next to red doors opening into the production area. Fine marble and other rich finishes would be as out of place at Inmos as track lighting in a Medicean palazzo. From the roof, the factory appears to be ruled by geometry.

MOST of the times I've driven with Rogers in London, he has been uncharacteristically quiet. One night, riding through Trafalgar Square, he pointed to the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and said, "The back of that church would be very beautiful if it were better lit," and immediately fell silent again. I had just spent a Sunday in the country listening to him talk about his work, so this remark provided enough of a clue for me that the London inside his head was where I needed to go to learn more about his architecture. Rogers' designs for factories, labs, and shopping centers—and, more recently, for the conversion of London's old Billingsgate fish market into a hall in which securities would be traded, and for the construction of a water-pumping station as part of the drainage system in Docklands, a mammoth redevelopment of the London docks, for which his firm has done a strategic plan—have had the advantage of getting built, but in his view they are simply discrete examples of an integrated way of thinking that has yet to move from the limbo of design into the real world. Though it still exists mostly in his own mind, it has both agitated and riveted London.

While Beaubourg marked Rogers' professional arrival, and Lloyd's assured his place among notable international architects, he became a celebrity in England as a result of his dream of a London revival. In 1979, about a year after design work on Lloyd's started, he was hired by a development firm called Greycoat Estates to design a scheme for rebuilding sixteen acres on

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the South Bank of the Thames which had been bombed out during the Blitz. Michael Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment in 1979 (he later became Minister of Defence), wanted a combination of commercial, residential, and leisure development for the area, and Rogers proposed an extended crystal arcade—tall glass pyramids, linked by a walkway, that would contain pavement-level cafés, shops, and entertainment and sports facilities, with light industry, offices, and mixed-income housing nearby. The streets would be returned to the people, with malls for amusement paid for by revenues from commercial space above.

The design tackled a problem that was much larger than the assignment seemed to pose: the bombed-out zone, called Coin Street, sits near Waterloo Station, behind the National Theatre, and provides parking for both. Some two hundred thousand people travel through the station each weekday, with nowhere to go but to work and home again. On a Saturday afternoon, the area is empty except for the theatre crowd. Rogers took a blimp's-eye view and saw this wasteland of vacant lots and boarded-up factories as a glass-covered greenhouse for city life, a short walk from London's core. A bend in the Thames puts Coin Street close to the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, and St. Paul's, yet the river also cuts it off from them like a moat. By linking the area to the Victoria Embankment, on the north bank, with a new pedestrian bridge, Rogers figured that his clients could collect north-bank rents, draw London together, and revive the Thames—with sailing, floating bars, band concerts and fireworks on a man-made island, and even swimming in barge-top pools. The Royal Fine Art Commission called the proposal "bold and imaginative," and bet on its "very good chance of bringing the South Bank to life." The government called the first version of the Rogers scheme "overdevelopment" and rejected it. A revised plan was tied up in court for several years by a local group that wanted the whole site for low- and moderate-income housing, and when it appeared that the project would have to be completely redesigned to win official approval, the developer gave up and sold the land for a profit.

When Coin Street began to falter, Rogers spent a lot of time expanding his vision of the new London. He

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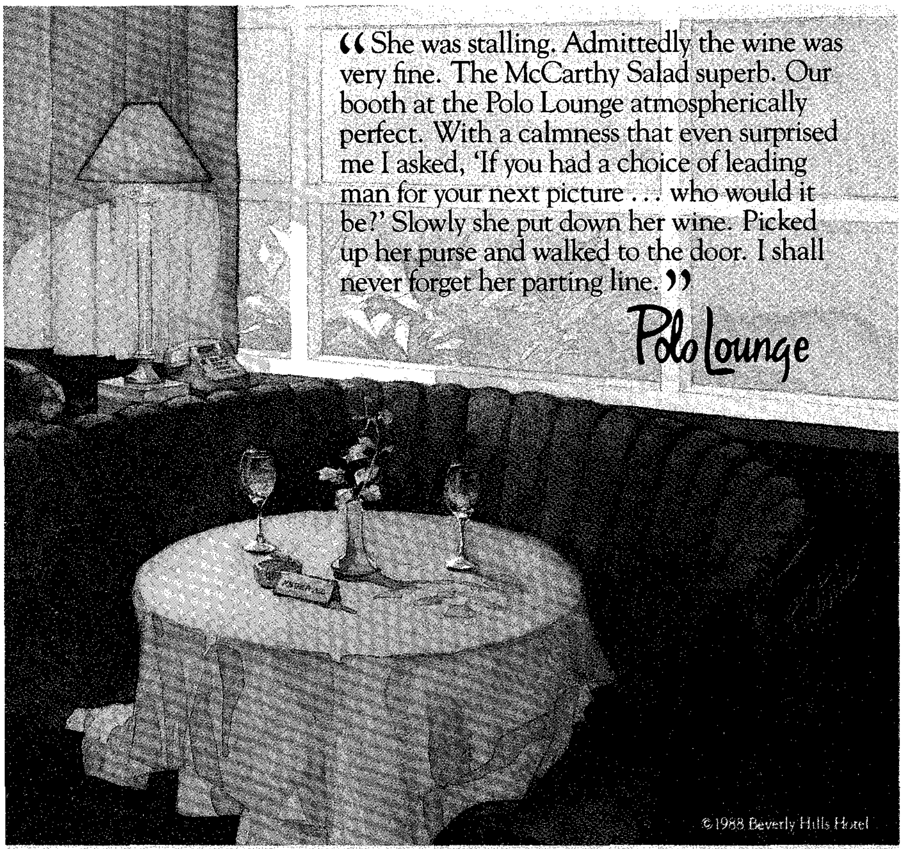
proposed a grand Thames Centre scheme to make the river once again a vital part of city life, connect the South Bank with London's hub, and build new facilities at old meeting grounds—Charing Cross and Waterloo Stations, for example. He cooked up this scheme on his own, with no backers. A map of his invention shows Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Circus, the British Museum, and a dozen other key sites in sprays of black ink within a scale mile of the city's hub, at the bend in the river. The design's centerpiece would be a "travelator," starting at the Strand, carrying people on a moving path through Charing Cross, and crossing the river to Waterloo, the whole journey within a transparent tube. Rogers' intention was to turn London into a carnival, with main events at the city's stations, sideshows at popular sites, and streams of movement from one booth to the next on the streets, on the river, and on his people mover.

For Coin Street and Thames Centre as well as for Lloyd's, Rogers won London headlines: "LIFE, LONDON AND HOW DARING MR. ROGERS WANTS TO CHANGE THEM," in the *Evening Standard;* "THE MODERN CHAMPION DESIGNS TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY," in the *Times;* and, in the *Financial Times,* "LLOYD'S LEADS THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIVAL." Rogers moved from the news columns to the editorial pages with his 1982 design for the extension to the National Gallery, and has returned to them off and on since. In 1986, when the Royal Academy asked Rogers, Norman Foster, and James Stirling—the three international stars of British architecture—to mount an exhibition of their work, Rogers used the occasion to extend his thinking about London and, concentrating on "the art of the environment and its effects on the public rather than the functional aspect of buildings," to offer a master plan for doing what Prince Charles has since challenged the architecture establishment to do, in London and elsewhere in the world. At a conference about remaking cities which was held in Pittsburgh in March of this year, the Prince articulated a standard with which Rogers has no quarrel. He said, "If we help to re-create places where people can walk in comfort and security and can look about and be entertained by buildings that are tuned to the eye; if we encourage a renais-



"She was stalling. Admittedly the wine was very fine. The McCarthy Salad superb. Our booth at the Polo Lounge atmospherically perfect. With a calmness that even surprised me I asked, 'If you had a choice of leading man for your next picture . . . who would it be?' Slowly she put down her wine. Picked up her purse and walked to the door. I shall never forget her parting line."

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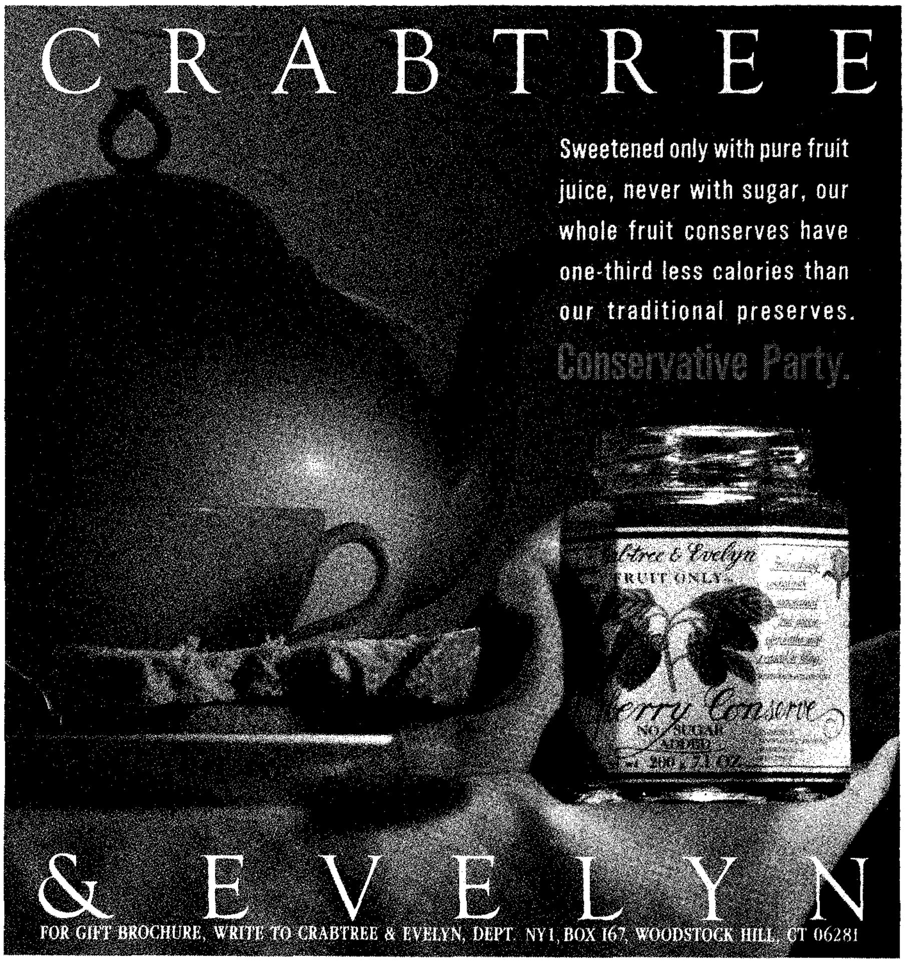

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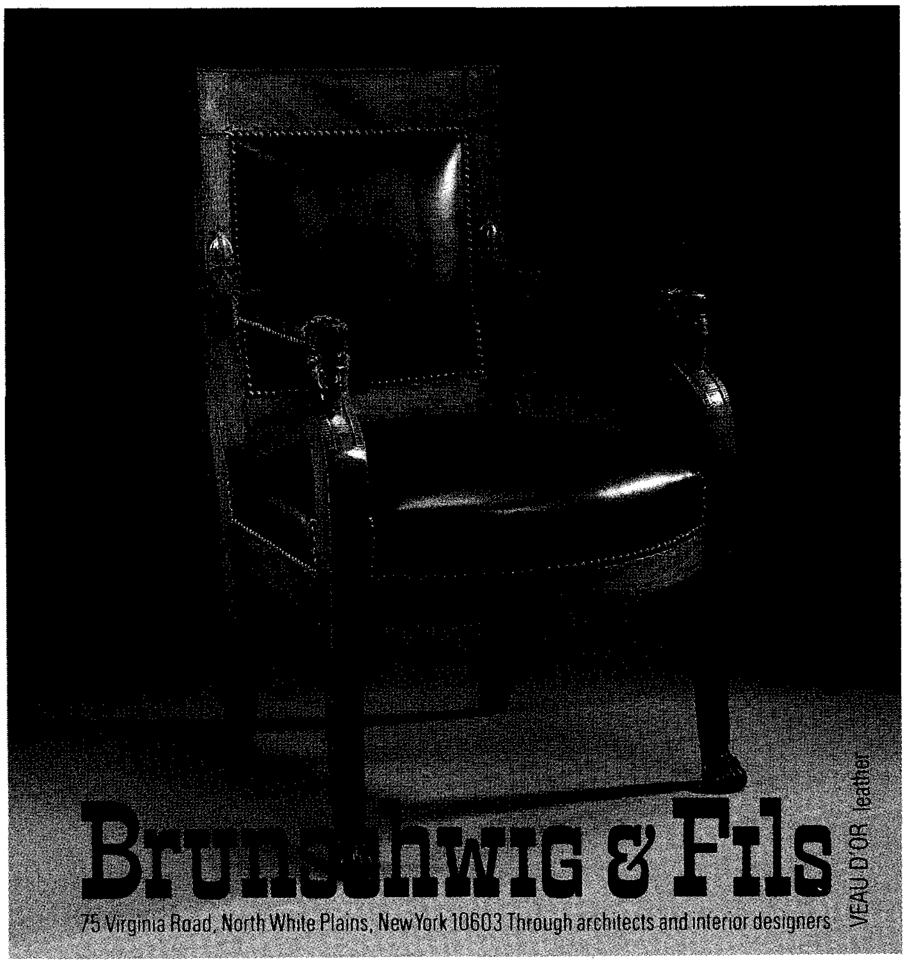

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sance of craftsmanship and the art of embellishing buildings for man's pleasure and for the sheer joy in beauty itself, as opposed to mere functionalism; then we shall have made our cities centers of civilization once again."

For the Royal Academy exhibition, Rogers drew on several other exercises besides his continued planning for London, one of them his entry in a 1984 competition to redo the Royal Opera House (he came in second), which confounded Rogers-watchers by encouraging, and depending on, craftsmanship as the Prince understands it. He had recommended an exact reconstruction of one quadrant of the façade around Covent Garden—a quadrant that was designed by Inigo Jones in the seventeenth century and was demolished about a hundred years ago. Rogers made explicit in the Royal Opera House competition a point that had been obvious to him as a student of both Brunelleschi and Flash Gordon (a traveller in time and the imagination) but one that he had never directly stated: "There are places where one should rebuild the past."

Nor was this the first reconstruction he had recommended. In the Lloyd's building he rebuilt a wood-panelled library from the 1928 building; he removed from almost three decades in storage and put in the center of the Room a carved-wood rostrum holding the Lloyd's symbol—a bell from H.M.S. Lutine that, according to legend, is rung when ships insured there go down—which was too big to go in the 1958 building when Lloyd's outgrew the 1928 structure; and he rebuilt and restored to its full size Lloyd's main committee room, with old-fashioned plasterwork and crystal chandeliers, which was designed by Robert Adam and was first constructed in an English country house in 1765.

Rogers describes his Royal Academy exhibition as the most important work he has ever done. He called it "London As It Could Be—A Study on Two Axes." The first axis is what he termed the Silver Mile, going from Piccadilly Circus, north of the Thames, to Waterloo Station, to the south. He focussed on the needs of that area as they are underscored by the prospect of having Waterloo become the gateway to Europe and a terminus for millions more travellers each year after the Channel tunnel is completed, sometime in the next decade. The National Gallery, the Royal Opera House, and the National Theatre lie within a third of a mile of one another along that path and, in Rogers' words, "harness within them the highest density of national cultural institutions/activities in the country," but the city's congestion, along with its often bleak weather, sometimes makes this quarter a struggle for people to walk in. Rogers reduced his travelator concept to more easily imagined dimensions, and recommended a protected route for pedestrians along the mile, made of lean-to and freestanding glass canopies, arcades, concourses, gallerias, and covered bridges, which would allow the city to remove from the streets the current clutter of lines, railings, and other devices meant to guide pedestrians. He sought once again to break down the distinction between work and play—to bring pleasure to the business quarter and slow the pace of London's center to a promenade from which people could rest over long coffees.

Rogers also suggested in the exhibition that London substantially overhaul its major systems of transportation. In conjunction with some traffic engineers, he proposed taking down Charing Cross and rebuilding it next to Waterloo, and reopening a four-lane rail link to the South of England which would allow more trains to run to and from there, with fewer stops for connections. He recommended upgrading the tube system on the South Bank; submerging in a new riverbed tunnel a four-lane highway that now runs along the Victoria Embankment; rerouting traffic north of Trafalgar Square; providing a rapid shuttle between the enlarged Waterloo and the north bank; building a tramway between the Tate Gallery and the Tower of London, two and a half miles to the east of it; and expanding the use of boats as river buses.

The second axis is the river itself, which Rogers considers the largest and most underused recreational space in London. For this axis, he expanded his Thames Centre plans, and proposed a series of floating islands between Waterloo Bridge and Westminster Bridge, linked by a continuous footbridge. The idea was to use the floats for restaurants and shops, to improve the north bank's poor views of the South, and to shorten the sense of distance between the riverbanks. The part of the Royal Academy show that viewers tend to

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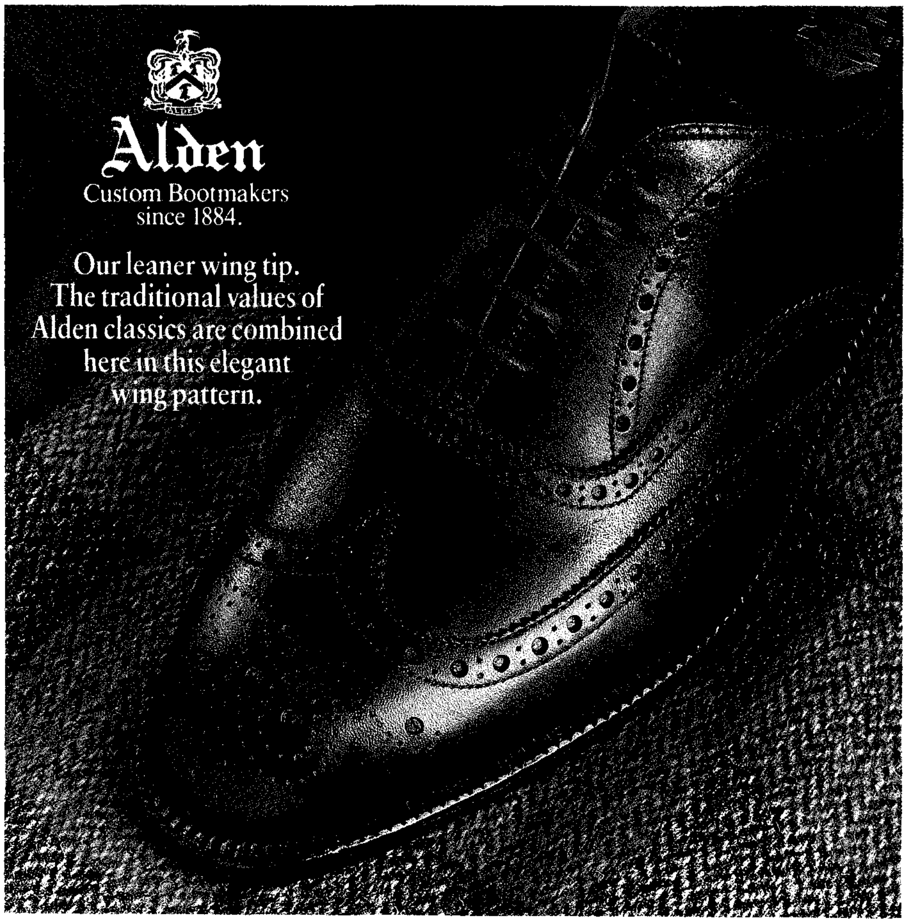

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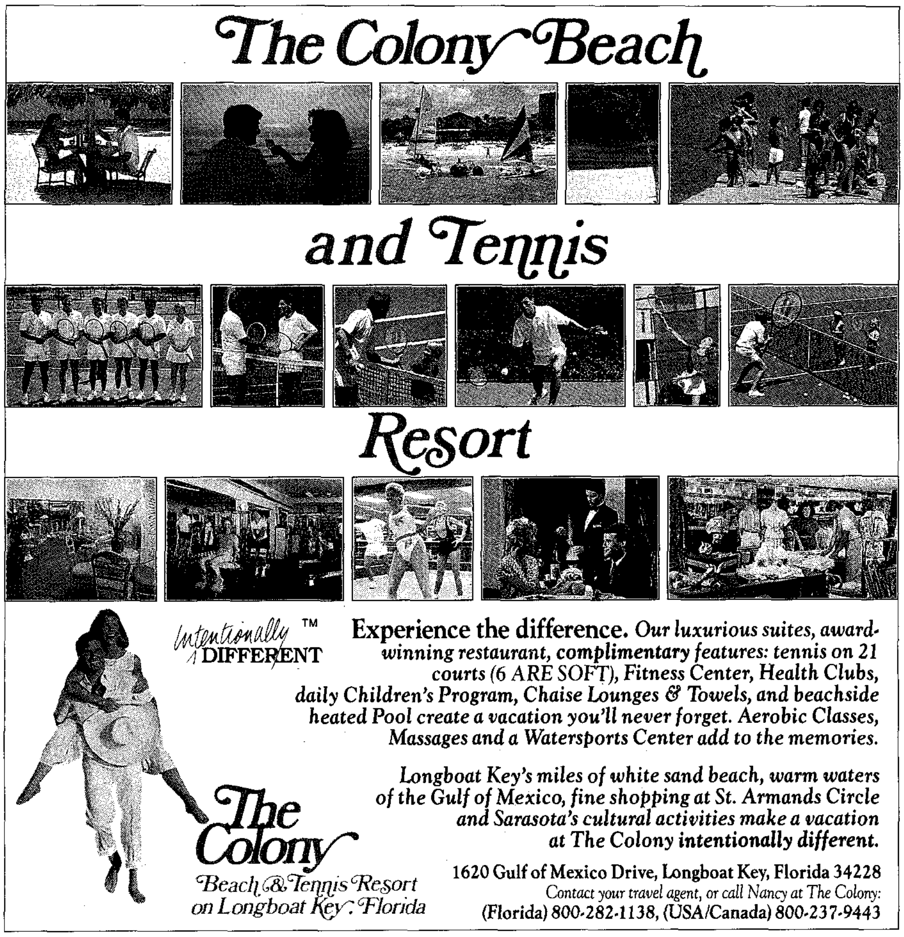
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remember most clearly was a large silver-colored model Rogers had made of a new bridge across the Thames. With towers, masts, spheres, and other abstract details, it was as space age as the model for his National Gallery scheme a few years before. This centerpiece was proposed as a replacement for the Hungerford Bridge, between Charing Cross (to be removed in the Rogers scheme) and Waterloo Stations. The existing bridge is ugly and worn, and has been a candidate for demolition regularly since it was built, in 1863. By replacing Hungerford with a single span moved a few blocks to the south, to line up with Northumberland Avenue, which leads into Trafalgar Square, Rogers intended to expose views up and down the river and open up vistas between the heart of London and the South Bank.

Rogers didn't propose his Royal Academy scheme as a blue-sky project. He calculated that the floating islands would generate enough revenue to pay for themselves, that revenue from new commercial construction on the site of the old Charing Cross Station would cover British Rail's costs of moving it and enlarging Waterloo, and that the other changes would yield huge social benefits to justify their high costs to London and the British government. To him, the unusually large number of sites for development and refurbishment in London presented the city with an opportunity for revival unmatched in a generation, and his scheme showed how a clear-headed city government could take advantage of it. England's economic boom provided the means for renovation on a scope last contemplated (and not acted on) in 1666, when London's Great Fire destroyed two-thirds of the city and, within a week, Sir Christopher Wren offered a radical plan for rebuilding.

With the exception of the model of the new bridge and some sketchy drawings of the floats, the impression the Rogers exhibition left was less of Technological Fantasy than of History Reclaimed. From the honky-tonk stretch of the Strand to the dreary flats of the South Bank, including the pigeon-covered center of Trafalgar Square, and from Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament to the Tower of London, downriver, he presented his vision of architecture on the grandest scale: how to make the city old and new again.

—LINCOLN CAPLAN

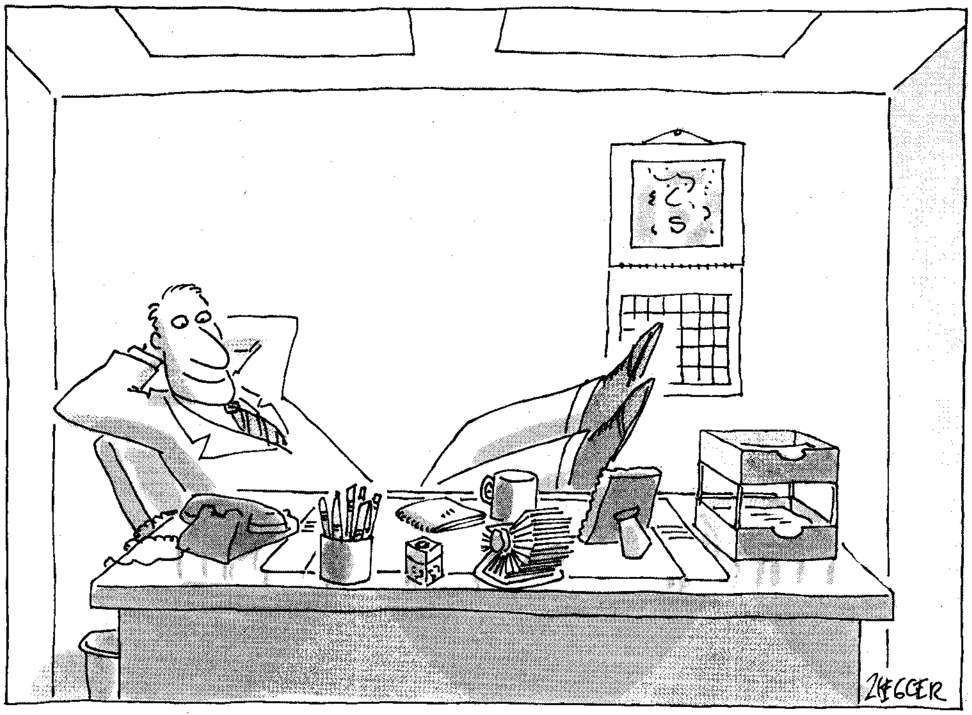
LETTER FROM PAKISTAN

NO ONE man has ever dominated all aspects of Pakistani life as did President Muhammad Zia ul-Haq, who died in the crash of a military transport plane on August 17th. Zia seized control of the government in a military coup in July of 1977, promising to restore democracy in ninety days. He never did. Instead, he consolidated his power by deft maneuvering, and after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, in 1979, he embarked on policies that transformed Pakistan into the hub of American policy in South Asia today. If the crash that killed General Zia and twenty-nine others, including Arnold L. Raphel, the American Ambassador to Pakistan, turns out to have been an act of sabotage—an assassination—who killed the President and why could well determine whether this volatile country will remain relatively calm or lapse into chaos, whether Pakistan will now have another military ruler or will finally have a chance at democracy. American and Pakistani investigators have as yet found no conclusive evidence to establish the cause of the crash, but White House and State Department officials believe that a malfunction in the plane was most likely to blame, while Pakistani technical investigators have concluded that it was probably an act of sabotage. In September, a high-ranking Pakistani Army officer I spoke to in Islamabad, the capital, told me that the investigation was proving far more difficult than it had originally been expected to be. "Whoever did it had extraordinary precision and extraordinary intelligence," the officer said. At the time of our conversation, there were five "working theories" on the cause of the crash, but one of them—a missile attack—had already been discounted. There had been no midair explosion, and investigators who spent three weeks combing the desert area where the plane had crashed turned up no evidence that a missile had been deployed. The four other theories, the officer told me, were "mechanical failure, pilot error, sabotage of the plane, and instantaneous crew incapacitation"—the last presumably from poison gas.

In addition to President Zia and Ambassador Raphel, those killed when the plane crashed included Brigadier General Herbert M. Wassom, an American military attaché; ten Pakistani generals, among them General Akhtar Abdul Rehman, the former director of Inter-Services Intelligence, or I.S.I., and then chairman of Pakistan's Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Lieutenant General Mian Muhammad Afzaal, the chief of the General Staff. The plane crashed just after taking off from Bahawalpur Airport, three hundred and thirty miles south of Islamabad, on a return trip to the capital. President Zia and the others had flown to the Bahawalpur area earlier that day to watch a demonstration of an American tank that Pakistan was interested in buying.

If President Zia was in fact assassinated, who was responsible? The list of candidates is long. Some government officials were quick to blame Pakistan's old enemy, India, or its newer enemies, the Soviet Union and Afghanistan. All three countries have, of course, denied the allegations, and Western diplomats I have spoken to give little credence to the idea of either Indian or Soviet involvement. Two of the diplomats did concede, however, that the Afghan secret service, KHAD, which is trained and directed by the K.G.B., could conceivably have brought down the plane without the K.G.B.'s knowledge or consent. In recent years, KHAD has been held responsible for hundreds of terrorist bombings in Pakistan—bombings carried out in retaliation for Pakistan's aiding and arming the Afghan Mujahideen. "KHAD doesn't play by the rules," one Western official told me. "If they were responsible for the sabotage of the plane, it could have been a maverick operation. The Kabul regime is so riddled with rivalries and splits that it is impossible for President Najibullah or the ruling party to say that it controls every act of the Afghan government."

In any event, those seeking to explain the crash as an assassination do not necessarily have to look beyond Pakistan's borders, for Zia had a great many enemies at home: field-grade Army officers, discontented with the military's continuing political role and Pakistan's growing involvement in the Afghanistan war; restive potential secessionists from the provinces of Baluchistan and Sind; Pakistani drug barons; and militants from the minority Shiite sect. There were also some five hundred well-trained and well-armed members of the former underground organization Al-Zulfiqar. This group, founded in 1980 by the sons of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the democratically elected Prime Minister whom General Zia overthrew in 1977—and hanged two years later—stopped functioning in



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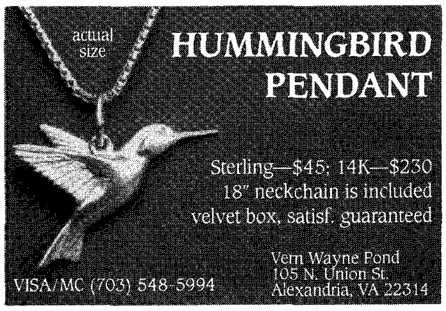

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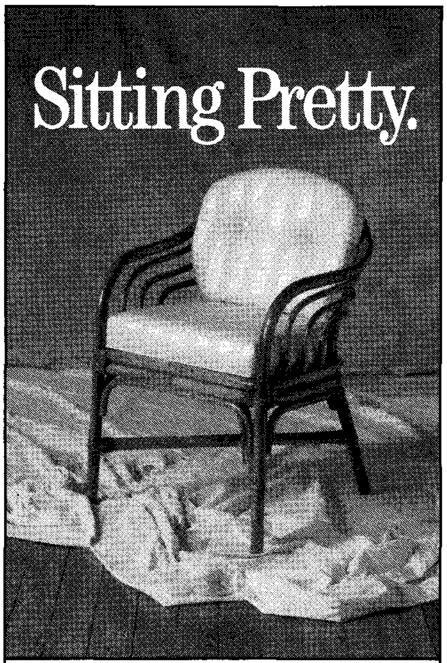
1985, but, according to one Pakistani intelligence official, "the ranks are still here, and are potential assassins for hire."

In terms of Pakistan's future stability, the most unsettling aspect of Zia's death—if, indeed, it wasn't an accident—is the suspicion that disaffected members of the Army or the Air Force might have been involved. Bahawalpur Airport was under military security on August 17th, but the security was lax. A Pentagon official has said that the Presidential plane, an American-built Lockheed C-130, "wasn't checked out that thoroughly" for explosives or bad maintenance. But even if the ground security forces were negligent, how would an assassin have known that Zia would be in Bahawalpur the afternoon of August 17th, and aboard that particular aircraft? The decision to fly the C-130 had been made the previous night—only thirteen hours before Zia boarded it. When he left his official Army residence, in Rawalpindi, that morning, he told his wife—as all the other officers making the trip told their families—that he was going not to Bahawalpur but to the city of Muzaffarabad, in northern Kashmir.

In the first official report on the crash, issued on October 16th, Pakistani technical investigators raised more questions than they answered, and were far more conclusive on what did not happen than on what did. The investigators ruled out a high-intensity explosion, a missile attack, pilot error, and crew fatigue. According to Air Commodore Abbas Mirza, who headed the technical investigating team, the investigators had reached the conclusion that sabotage or another "criminal act" was "most probably" involved, because they were unable to substantiate a mechanical failure or a technical fault.

One of the most baffling mysteries surrounding the crash, which the report does not explain, is the absence of radio transmissions or distress signals from the stricken plane. According to officials at Bahawalpur Airport, the C-130 lifted off routinely. For the first four minutes, nothing was amiss. Air speed was normal, and the plane had reached five thousand feet. Until then, conversations with Wing Commander Mashhood Hasan, who for five years had been Zia ul-Haq's pilot, had been routine. But just as Mashhood was saying, "Doors will next be opened



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at . . ." he was interrupted by an unidentified voice. Air-traffic controllers heard someone shouting in the cockpit, "Mashhood, Mashhood, Mashhood." Then silence. All contact was lost. Within two minutes, Zia ul-Haq's aircraft exploded as it hit the ground.

THE Islamic Republic of Pakistan, whose current population is a hundred and seven million, was carved out of British India in 1947 to provide a homeland for the subcontinent's Muslims. The idea of a Muslim homeland has never fully worked. No leader since independence has been able to bind the people together in the name of Islam, because in Pakistan you must ask, "Whose Islam?" There are three major Sunni Muslim sects and also Shiites, Ahmadis, Sufis, Ismailis, and many sub-sects. Beyond these divisions, the country still labors under a de-facto caste system. Several years ago, Adil Mufti, a Karachi businessman, told me, "Regardless of what we say, Pakistan is as caste-conscious as India. Perhaps our castes are more subtle—structurally less defined. But we are casted according to province, according to education and wealth. And beneath the Brahmans is the Army. It is our second caste."

The Army has ruled Pakistan for twenty-four of its forty-one years of independence, and there have been only three general elections in four decades. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who was elected in December of 1970, was the only popularly elected leader ever to govern the country. Pakistanis have thus turned to violent agitation as a means of political change. Street mobs brought about the removal of General Muhammad Ayub Khan, an elegant soldier of the old British school, who ruled the country from October of 1958 to March of 1969, and street mobs brought about the removal of Bhutto, by provoking Zia's 1977 coup. A military defeat by India in 1971 removed yet another military leader, General Yahya Khan.

Muhammad Zia ul-Haq was born into the family of a civil servant, in Jullundur, now part of the Indian Punjab, in 1924, when India was still ruled by the British Raj. The violent Partition of India in 1947, in which at least a million people died as Hindus moved east, out of the new Pakistan, and Muslims moved west, into it, was an event that affected his thinking for

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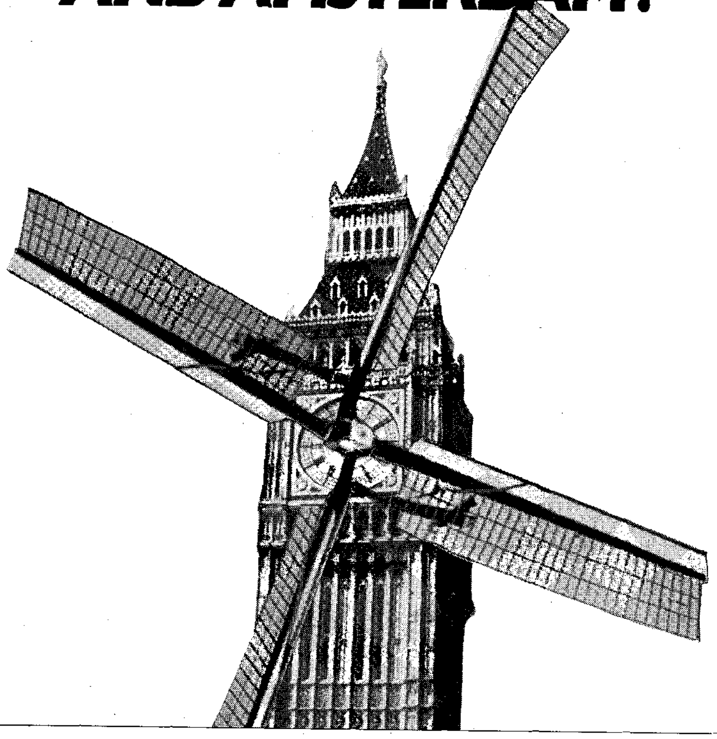

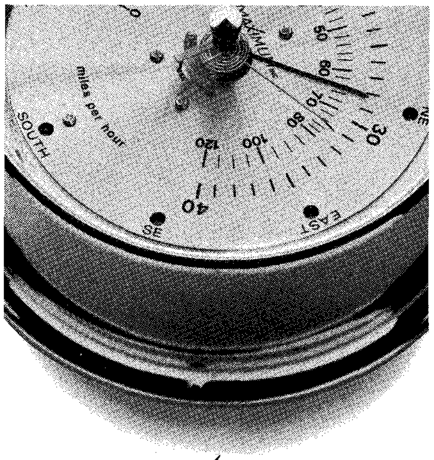

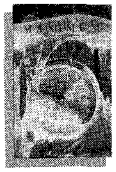

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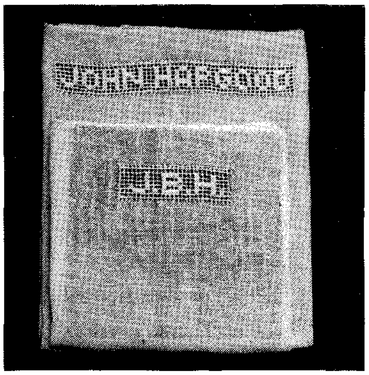

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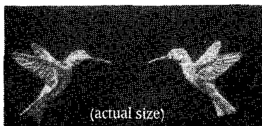

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the rest of his life. At the time of Partition, Zia, who had been trained in the British Indian Army, was an Army captain; his family was in a refugee camp. Zia himself was an escort officer for the last Pakistani train to leave Babina, a military-training center in India's Uttar Pradesh, for West Pakistan.

I spoke with Zia in January of 1983, when he had been in power more than five years, and he told me about the trip from Babina. "It was ghastly," he said. "It should have been a journey of six-teen or eighteen hours. It took me seven days. I had consignments of military equipment, and some fifty refugees. We were under constant fire. The country was burning until we reached Lahore. Life had become so cheap between Hindu and Muslim. It was a civil war. I saw very little greenery, little evidence of life—only the mutilated bodies of men and women lying along the rail line. You can't imagine my feelings when I finally reached Lahore. I felt, for the first time, that I could smell free air. I then realized that we were bathed in blood but at last were free citizens. This was Pakistan."

Zia ul-Haq rose from obscurity in the Army in March of 1976, when Zulfikar Ali Bhutto promoted him over ten other generals to become Chief of the Army Staff. Bhutto had considered Zia a pliable, self-effacing choice, but sixteen months later Zia overthrew him. From the time Zia seized power, he began catering to the country's four strongest groups—the Army, the Muslim clergy, the financial and industrial barons, and the feudal landlords. He embarked on a sweeping "Islamization" program to make Pakistani laws conform with the teachings of the Koran. And although much of his Islamization was cosmetic—no thieves have had their hands cut off, no adulterers have been stoned—Zia nonetheless put the laws on the books. He also gave priority to Pakistan's program to develop a nuclear weapon—a program started by Bhutto in 1974, after India had conducted a "peaceful" underground nuclear explosion. But because of Pakistan's vital strategic importance and Zia's pro-American views, both the Carter and the Reagan Administrations tended to overlook Pakistan's nuclear program—and also Zia's patchy record on human rights. President Carter did cut off aid briefly

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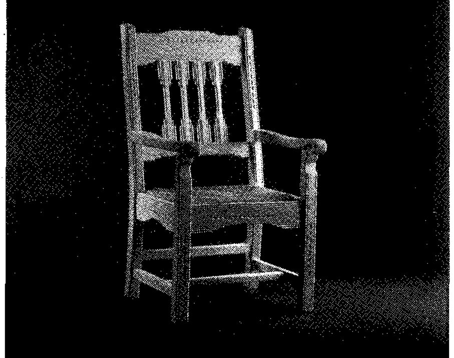

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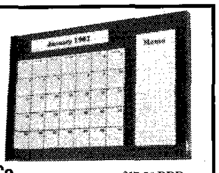

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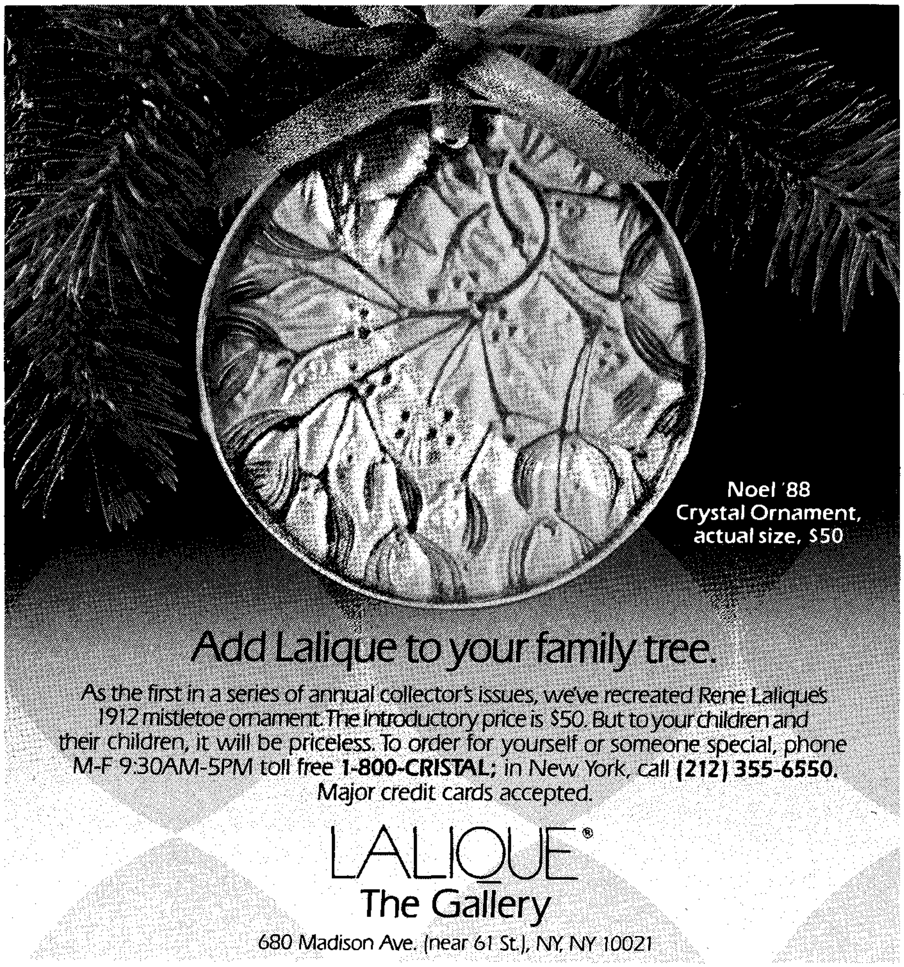
in 1979, but in December of that year, just as some Pakistanis began predicting that Zia would fall, because of rising prices, an idle economy, and the overthrow of the Shah of Iran, Soviet troops crossed the border into Afghanistan and thus bestowed a new legitimacy on his regime. In January of 1980, Carter reversed the ban. No longer treated as a pariah by the Western world, Zia grew from a "simple soldier"—as he often described himself—into a surefooted leader.

Like most military men, Zia lived surrounded by trophies, photographs, regimental badges, and other emblems of a military career. He never moved into the Presidential Residence, in Islamabad, but continued to live in Army House, the official residence of the Chief of the Army Staff. One sensed that the man who would rule Pakistan longer than any other leader in its independent years was far more comfortable there, amid daily reminders of a soldier's life.

Zia had two passions—Islam and Afghanistan—and the actions they moved him to take had powerful effects; he divided the country by his imposition of the harsher aspects of Islamic law and his agreement to provide the Afghan resistance armies with ever-increasing shipments of arms supplied by the C.I.A. The United States had an enormous stake in Zia's Pakistan; since 1981, Washington has committed more than seven billion dollars in military and economic aid to the country, and at least two billion dollars in covert assistance to the Afghan Mujahideen, all of it channelled through Pakistan. From the day of the Soviet invasion, Afghanistan dominated Zia's domestic and foreign policies. In a sense, everything else sprang from it: Pakistan's close relationship with Washington, and its role as a front-line state; the strain on its social and economic structure caused by the influx of three million Afghan refugees; a new "Kalashnikov culture," bred from the profligate slippage of arms from the C.I.A.'s pipeline; and the continuing dominance of the military in Pakistan's political life.

Zia basically distrusted politicians. "If I turn things over to the politicians, they will simply mess things up," he once told me. Yet in February of 1985 he did permit restricted, non-party elections for Parliament, and the following month he appointed Mu-



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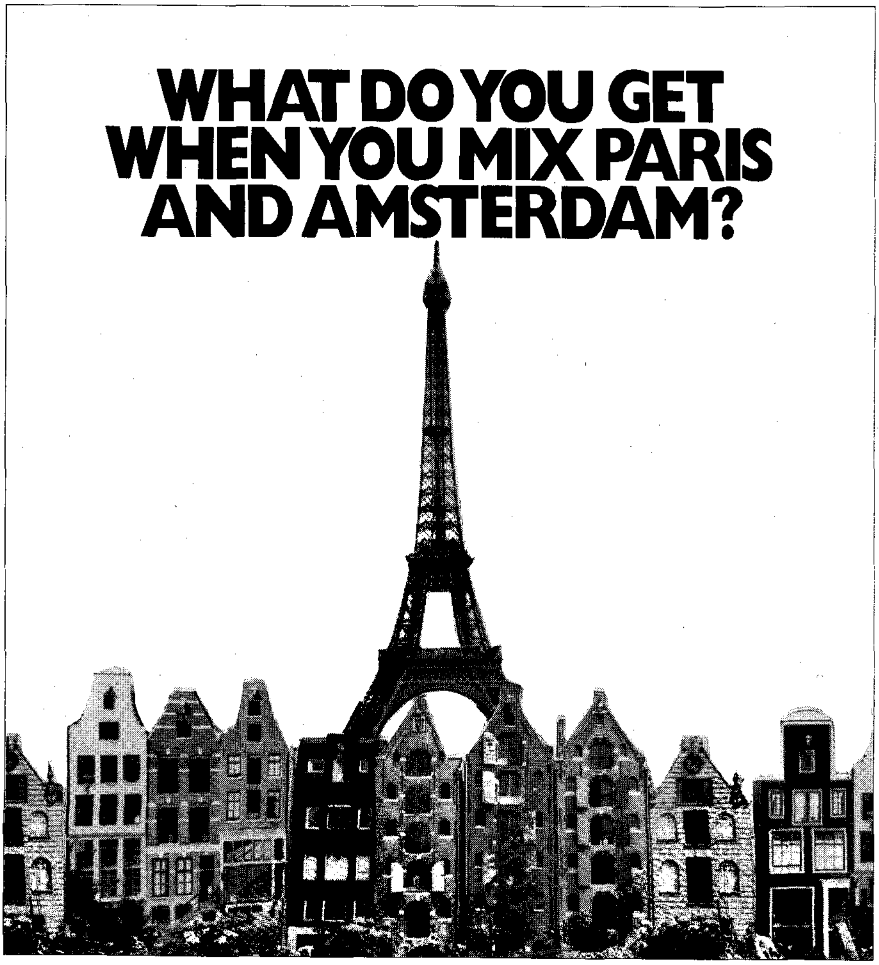

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hammad Khan Junejo, a wealthy landlord from the province of Sind, to serve as Pakistan's Prime Minister. But Junejo began to act as though he really were the head of government, and on May 29th of this year President Zia dismissed him. The two men disagreed profoundly on two issues—Afghanistan and the role of the Army.

Zia was an intensely religious Muslim, and though he was neither fanatical nor doctrinaire, he was committed to an Islamic Pakistan. "Other than Israel, Pakistan is the only state created on religious grounds," he once told me. "We were *created* on the basis of Islam. Look at Israel: its religion and its ideology are the main sources of its strength. We in Pakistan have lost sight of the importance of these things. And without them you're like a straw being thrown about in the ocean. You're a Sindhi, a Baluch, a Punjabi, a Pathan. Pakistan's binding force has always been Islam. Without it, Pakistan would fall."

But Zia's vision of Islam was often confusing, as were his Islamic laws. When he died, at the age of sixty-four, nobody really knew for certain where he stood. He was preparing for general elections that he did not believe in and that many people doubted he would hold. He was also pushing the Army and the Afghan resistance into a more aggressive role, hoping to secure a military victory as the Soviets began withdrawing from Afghanistan. It was increasingly emerging that the armed forces, the United States, and the less fundamentalist wing of the Afghan resistance were unhappy with that position. In their view, after the Soviet withdrawal only a broadly based government in Kabul could prevent a bloodbath between the Marxist government of President Najibullah and the Hizb-i-Islami, the most radical of the resistance groups. Nevertheless, Pakistan's Army was ordered to give the resistance forces maximum support, and some two dozen majors and captains from Inter-Services Intelligence were sent to Afghanistan in the spring of 1988 to direct operations and determine strategy. A hundred others came and went, according to the need. But their help failed to prove decisive in capturing major towns. Nine members of the Pakistan Army died in a battle in July, and three were arrested by the Soviets.

Pakistan was undergoing a particularly delicate transition when General

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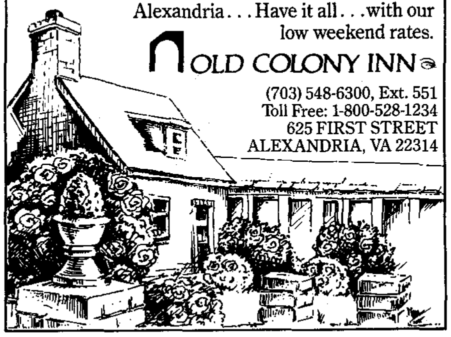

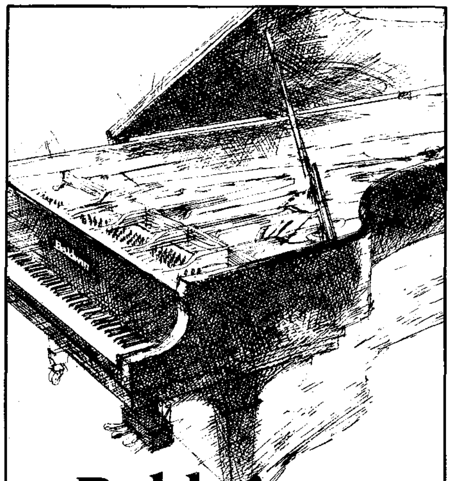

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Zia died. With the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan—scheduled to be completed by February 15, 1989—many Pakistanis were already wondering how Washington would view their country once it was no longer a front-line state. And now the relative stability that Zia brought to Pakistan is being grimly tested. Nearly every day, Pakistan suffers a bomb explosion or some similar act of terrorism—terrorism that is thought to be largely the work of KHAD. A drug culture and an arms culture, which are products of the war, are rife in the Northwest Frontier Province, bordering Afghanistan. Dacoits, or bandits, armed with C.I.A.-supplied AK-47s, which were meant for the Mujahideen but instead were sold on the black market, run with impunity through feudal Sind. From the bazaars of Peshawar to the Rawalpindi headquarters of Pakistan's military command, the country is reminded daily that it has paid an enormous price for Afghanistan.

IN late 1986, Lieutenant General Mirza Aslam Beg, as corps commander of Peshawar, delivered an address at the Army's Staff College, in Quetta, in which he took exception to Zia's policies on Afghanistan. This was a bold and unusual step, but little is predictable about General Beg. "The ideology of standing up to the Soviets was not what he differed with," a military expert who heard the address told me. "His basic argument was that Pakistan cannot afford a two-front situation. We're being squeezed by Afghanistan on our western border, and India on our eastern one. Beg's argument was that we have got to defuse the Afghanistan situation rather than fuel it, so that we can better protect our eastern front." This was a view that a number of officers shared.

On the evening of August 17th, General Beg, who after the crash of Zia's plane was the country's only four-star general, succeeded Zia as Chief of the Army Staff, and thus became the most powerful man in Pakistan. Unlike his predecessors—and, indeed, most Army officers—General Beg is not a Pathan or a Punjabi but a *mohajir*, or refugee, from India's Shiite area of Uttar Pradesh. Nor is he a product of the British Indian Army, as those predecessors were. "He is our first homegrown son," one junior officer said proudly. General Beg, a soft-spoken man of fifty-seven, is a professional soldier but is not unsophisticated politically.

In November of 1971, Beg, who was a colonel at the time and was stationed in what was then East Pakistan, submitted a report to his commanding officer, a general, on how badly the political situation had deteriorated there. The general rewrote the report. Colonel Beg protested, and was disciplined by being immediately transferred out of East Pakistan. The transfer, ironically, may have saved him from becoming a prisoner of war; a few weeks later, the Indian Army moved into East Pakistan, and the third Indo-Pakistani war in twenty-three years began. In December, East Pakistan, backed by a victorious India, became the independent nation of Bangladesh. "Aslam Beg thought his military career was over," one of his Army friends said. "As a colonel, you simply do not stand up to a general. But Beg's action says much about the man. He is

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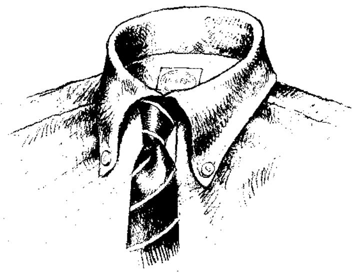

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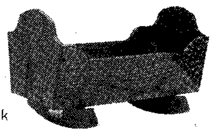

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Beg, of course, did continue his military career, and, in March of 1987, as Vice-Chief of the Army Staff, he became Zia's deputy. Yet he never belonged to Zia's inner circle as other generals had. After the plane crash, some American officials expressed concern that if General Beg decided to seize power he could not be counted on to continue close military coöperation with the United States. I remarked to a Western diplomat in Islamabad that General Beg had the reputation of being an apolitical soldier, and he laughed and said, "If he was, he isn't now."

Beg moved deftly in the hours following Zia's death, and, with the support of the Air Force and Navy chiefs, followed the Constitution. He met with Ghulam Ishaq Khan, a seventy-three-year-old economist, who, as the head of the Senate, was next in line to the Presidency, and assured him of the Army's support. Later that evening, Khan was sworn in as Pakistan's President. Viewed as a transitional figurehead, he immediately pledged that the Parliamentary elections called by Zia would be held, as scheduled, on November 16th. The country's caretaker government, which Zia appointed after dismissing Prime Minister Junejo on May 29th, remained in place, but was augmented by a new, thirteen-man Emergency Council, which is dominated by active and retired military men. (The Council was established following consultations between the chiefs of the three armed services and the new President.) Much of the power in the Pakistani military rests with its eight corps commanders, and if any of them had thought about trying to seize power and fill the formidable vacuum left by Zia's death, such ambitions were thus checked, at least temporarily.

On August 25th, General Beg addressed the senior generals at the General Headquarters of the Army High Command in Rawalpindi and bluntly warned against a coup. The goal of the Army, he said, was to insure that elections would be held. "To meet these obligations, we will have to make right decisions, as there is no room for ill-planned steps in such difficult situations," he said.

Like the other senior generals, Beg was aware that a growing number of field-grade officers disliked the Army's continuing political role—an attitude not shared by many of the generals. There had been so many intelligence reports about discontent in the field-grade ranks, because officers wanted to return to soldiering and let the politicians do the governing, that in May, when Zia dismissed his civilian Prime Minister, he dispatched one of his generals to Army units around the country to pacify angry colonels and brigadiers. The general he sent to do the job was Aslam Beg.

TWO weeks after the death of Zia, I went to the Ministry of Defense to try to find out what might happen next in Pakistan. Politically, there were only two choices: elections or another coup. Would the generals permit Benazir Bhutto, the daughter and political heir of the executed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, to come to power if she should be elected? Many people in Pakistan were skeptical about this. For the assumption was that Miss Bhutto, the head of the People's Party, who was regarded as the front-runner in the electoral race, would want to avenge the death of her father, whom Zia and his generals, despite international appeals for clemency, permitted to hang. The other key question following Zia's death was whether there would be a change in his high-risk policy toward Afghanistan—a change that could prove troublesome in Pakistan's relations with the United States.

The Defense Ministry, a sprawling complex of red, pink, and white brick buildings, is in the old British cantonment of Rawalpindi, where spacious villas are protected by lofty brick walls. The Defense Minister, Mahmood Haroon, who is in his late sixties, is a politician of long standing and also a wealthy Karachi businessman; he was first appointed to Zia's Cabinet in 1978. Dressed in a light-blue *shalwar kameez*, the long shirt and bloused trousers which are Pakistan's national dress, topped by a black silk vest, he received me in his office and offered me sandwiches, cakes, and tea. I asked him about the possibility of a coup.

"We have a well-disciplined Army, and it obeys the orders of the Chief of the Army Staff," he said. "After the plane crash, before anything could happen, General Beg said, 'We will go according to the Constitution,' and I haven't heard a peep from the Army since."

Haroon assured me that elections would take place on schedule. Whether they would be non-party elections, as General Zia had announced in July, or party-based was up to the courts to decide. Benazir Bhutto had submitted a petition to the Supreme Court challenging Zia's ruling only hours before he died. (In October, the court ruled in her favor. The elections will be party-based.)

Political leaders were urging the President to dismiss Zia's caretaker Cabinet and to appoint an all-party interim government to conduct the elections, to insure that they would be free and fair. I asked Haroon if this would happen.

"I just cannot understand why they are now shouting for an interim government," he said, referring to the politicians. "When Parliament is dissolved in Britain, doesn't Mrs. Thatcher stay on? Did Ronald Reagan step down before your elections? What is the issue here? They are simply working up emotions. And have you ever seen the People's Party praise the Army, as it's doing now?" Haroon said that the People's Party had attacked Ghulam Ishaq Khan ferociously when he was Minister of Finance, from 1979 to 1985, but now, because of his influence as President, it regarded him as "an angel."

Haroon refused to say whether Benazir Bhutto had any support within the Army, at the field-grade level, but one of his aides had told me earlier that she had "no discernible support."

Toward the end of our conversation, Haroon talked of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and what he rather caustically termed "his democracy," and of Zia. "On Zia's death, I think a referendum was held," he said. "Five hundred thousand people attended his funeral, and they are continuing to visit his grave." As I left Haroon's office, I was struck by the realization that the elections, if they are actually held, will in a sense be a contest fought from the grave—between Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Muhammad Zia ul-Haq.

SAHABZADA YAQUB KHAN, Pakistan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is a retired lieutenant general and a former Ambassador to the United States, is highly respected both inside his country and by government

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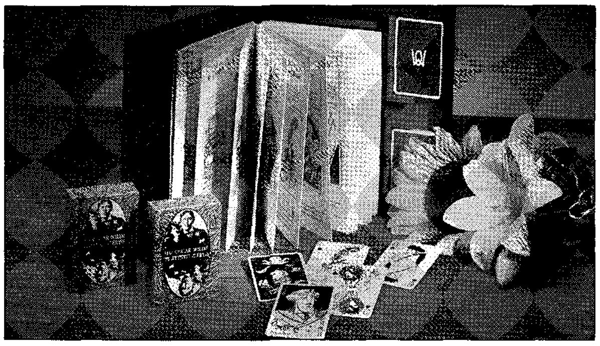

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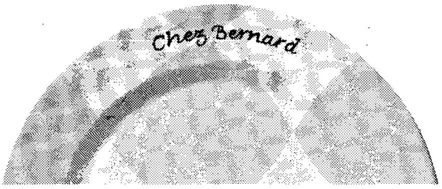

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leaders abroad. He is considered one of the two strongest civilians on the Emergency Council established after Zia's death, and a possible candidate for President.

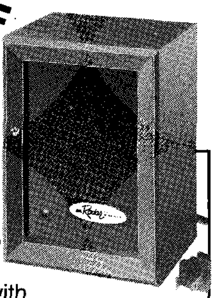
In contrast to the generals in Inter-Services Intelligence, who are solely responsible for operating the C.I.A. arms pipeline to the Mujahideen and for carrying out Zia's Afghan-guerrilla policy, Yaqub Khan is a thoughtful and cautious man, and is concerned about Pakistan's growing involvement inside Afghanistan. He worried that Zia's insistence that the guerrillas should push on to take major towns, with the help of I.S.I. "advisers," would embroil Pakistan too deeply; it was also leading to growing accusations from Moscow—seventy-three in the last six months—that Pakistan was violating accords signed in Geneva in April by Pakistan and Afghanistan and guaranteed by the Soviet Union and the United States. In recent months, Moscow had issued increasingly strident warnings to Islamabad to stop allowing arms for the Mujahideen to be moved through Pakistan and then across its border with Afghanistan. Pakistan's actions could "no longer be tolerated," the Kremlin had warned only days before Zia's death.

I called on Yaqub Khan one afternoon shortly before he left for New York to attend the United Nations General Assembly and meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Shevardnadze and Khan's old friend George Shultz. A tall, erect patrician, who favors three-piece suits, Khan is a courtly insider, equally at home with Pakistan's zealous mullahs and with chiefs of state abroad.

He was particularly troubled that afternoon. Hours earlier, Soviet warplanes had dropped bombs twelve miles inside Pakistan. "Since the April signing of the Geneva Accords, there have been seventy-six air violations and two hundred and ten ground violations by Soviet and Afghan troops," he said. "Since 1980, there have been twenty-three hundred and sixty-three air violations; ground violations have numbered eight hundred and six."

I asked him if he anticipated a change in United States policy in the light of General Zia's death and the beginning of the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Afghanistan.

"I anticipate no change, and I certainly hope there will be none," he



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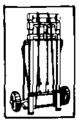

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said. "The withdrawal of Soviet forces"—leaving a large infrastructure behind—"will *not* materially affect the degree to which American national interests are involved. The Carter Administration is an example of how American errors in various hot spots of the world—Ethiopia, Angola, the Iranian hostage crisis, and Pakistan—sent signals to Moscow about American resolve. These, taken together, created in the minds of Brezhnev and his advisers an impression of appeasement and weakness in the United States. The invasion of Afghanistan was one of the results." He reminded me that in 1979, months after the Carter Administration cut off economic and military aid because of Pakistan's nuclear program, the American Embassy was burned to the ground by mobs. The demonstrators, angry over Washington's confrontation with Iran, attacked the Embassy for seven hours, and Zia, whose army was responsible for the Embassy's protection, did little to disperse the crowds.

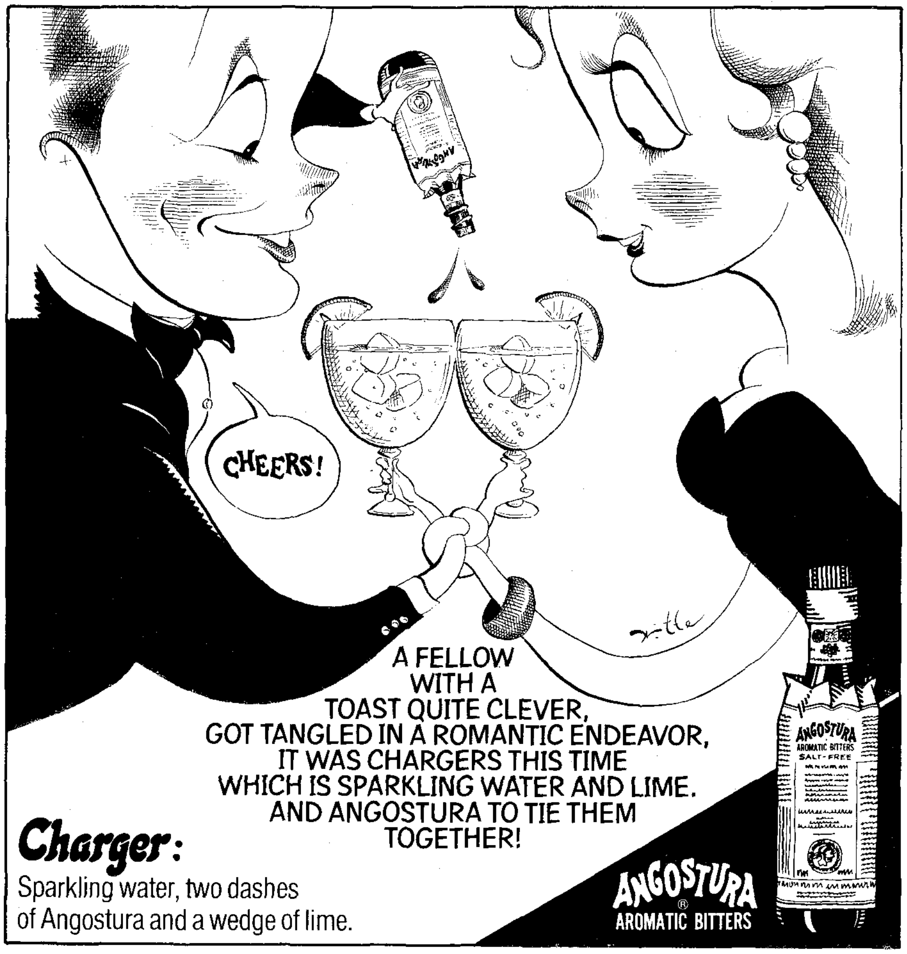
There had been considerable speculation since Zia's death that President Ghulam Ishaq Khan, an old associate of the Foreign Minister, might heed the Ministry's concern over the implications of I.S.I.'s strategy in Afghanistan and tighten the reins of the intelligence organization, and I asked the Minister about this. Not surprisingly, he refused any comment. Posing the question another way, I asked him if there would be any change in Afghan policy.

He said that no major changes were likely as a result of President Zia's death, but that, as "the situation has evolved," the seven-party alliance of Afghan resistance groups could begin moving toward an agreement with Kabul on a broad-based government of transition in Afghanistan.

I asked him what the gravest threats now facing Pakistan were.

"The minatory language from the Soviet Union over Afghanistan, accompanied by its violation of our airspace, and the threat of Indian dominance in the region," he said. "We are nevertheless hopeful that our relations with the Soviet Union will be put on a better footing."

(On September 27th, Shevardnadze hinted in New York that the Soviets might halt their withdrawal from Afghanistan, because continuing arms supplies to the Mujahideen jeopardized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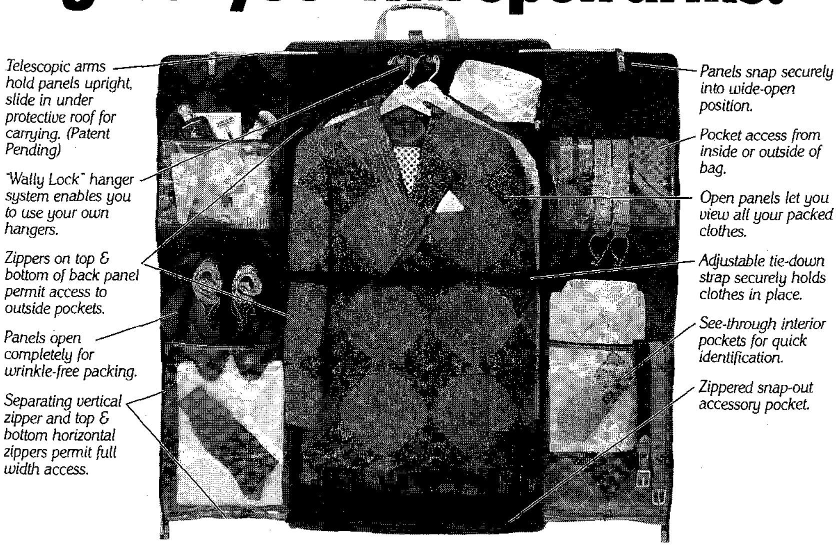
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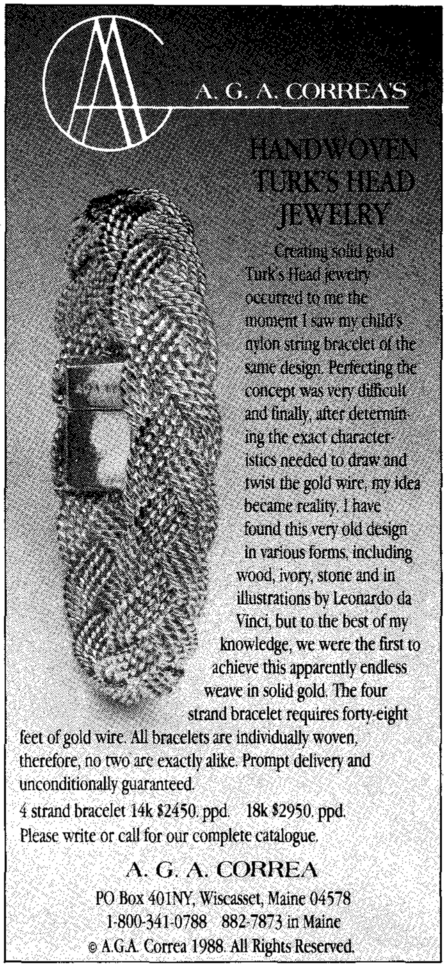

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the Geneva Accords. Before he left for Moscow the following night, to attend a hastily arranged meeting of the Soviet Central Committee, his last meeting in New York was with Yaqub Khan.)

Next, I called on Kamal Matinuddin, a retired general, who is the director general of the Institute of Strategic Studies in Islamabad. He articulated a widespread Pakistani fear: that when Afghanistan is "over," Washington will abandon Pakistan—which is now the world's fourth-largest recipient of American economic and military aid—in favor of Pakistan's giant neighbor and longtime adversary, India. "If Washington thinks the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan is the end of Soviet influence in the area, it is being very naïve. If we are abandoned, is that morally right?" General Matinuddin asked. "This war has created enormous problems for Pakistan. We are spending roughly a million dollars a day out of our own pocket looking after three million Afghan refugees. We have over five hundred thousand drug addicts—a spillover from the war—and daunting geopolitical problems. We can't protect the Afghan border; we can't see over the hills. Our relations with the Soviet Union are at their lowest ebb." He paused, and then said, "Now, when the Americans think it is nearly over, we are seeing the first signs that the small irritants in our relations, like the nuclear issue and human rights, could come to the fore. How can America do this to a friend?"

PESHAWAR, only thirteen miles southeast of the Khyber Pass, is a major staging area for the Afghan war. The capital of Pakistan's Northwest Frontier Province, it is also the capital in exile of the anti-Soviet Afghans. Every man seems to carry an AK-47 on his shoulder or hip. It is a city of gunrunners, smugglers, "freedom fighters," and war victims, which, according to current myth, is visited only by spies and journalists. Before the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the city had a population of seven hundred and fifty thousand. Now there are hundreds of Western aid workers, and over two million Afghan refugees throughout the Peshawar area.

The Central Alliance—the seven major resistance organizations fighting the Soviet forces in Afghanistan—has its headquarters in a four-story build-

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ing in Peshawar. The resistance organizations can be loosely divided into two groups, the "fundamentalists" and the "moderates," which have quarrelled with each other for years. Zia appeared to favor the Hizb-i-Islami, the most fundamentalist of the organizations, led by the ruthless Gulbadin Hekmatyar, so I.S.I. gave priority to Hekmatyar's needs, and, according to Western officials, turned over roughly fifty per cent of the C.I.A. supplies to him. Hekmatyar, a former engineering student who has been in Pakistan since the early nineteen-seventies, is a stocky man of forty-one, with a black beard and black eyes. He has been a source of controversy over the years, because neither Western nor Pakistani officials seem certain of how much strength he actually has inside Afghanistan. Because of Hekmatyar's Islamic militancy and anti-Western attitudes, John Schulz, the Voice of America correspondent in Islamabad, says, "Gulbadin holds to a thirteenth-century vision of Islam as the purest and best of what Islam personifies. And he has a vision of a future Afghanistan that would make Islam the centerpiece of society. He and others like him see the infusion of the Moghul influence as a corrupting element that introduced dancing girls and diaphanous skirts and moved Islam far from a time when it led the world in architecture, astronomy, and mathematics."

New splits were appearing within the Afghan resistance groups. Not only was there antagonism between the moderates and the fundamentalists—and, because of his fanaticism and attempts to dominate the movement, an almost universal antagonism toward Hekmatyar—but some of the best and most successful commanders in the field were now acting independently of their political leaders in Peshawar, most of whom had not entered Afghanistan since the war began. There was a growing belief among commanders in the field that the seven leaders based in Peshawar had made money out of the war. One ranking Pakistani official told me, "If and when the Mujahideen, along with the others, can form a government in Afghanistan, I will be surprised if these seven Peshawar leaders, without proper escort, can reach Kabul alive." At the headquarters of Jamiat-e-Islami, another of the fundamentalist organizations, which has some of the best com-

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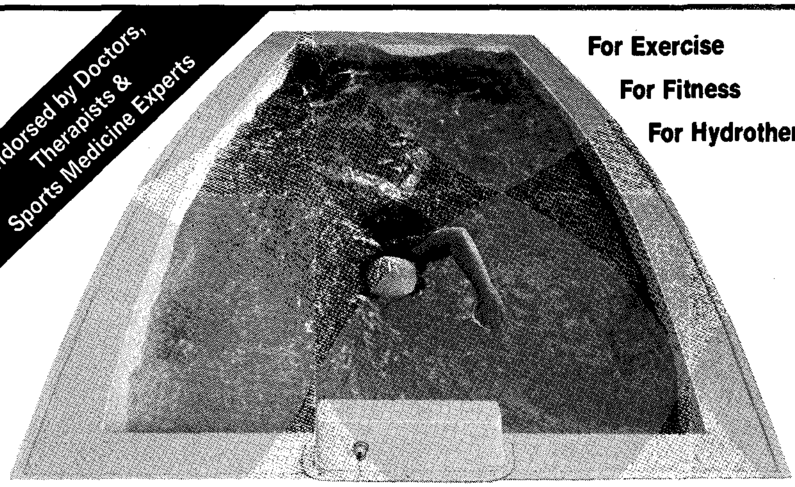

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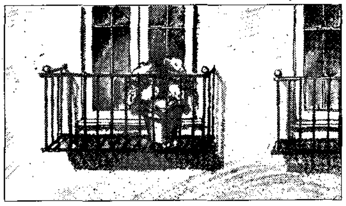
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manders inside Afghanistan, Jamiat leaders expressed the hope that, with Zia's death, the distribution of arms among the guerrilla forces would be more equitable.

I met with Masood Khalili, Jamiat's political officer, and asked him if the Mujahideen were now willing to accept a broad-based government in Kabul.

"With traitors there will be no compromise," he said. He predicted that "within four months of a full Soviet withdrawal the present Kabul government will collapse"—a claim that Western officials and the government of Pakistan view with some skepticism.

I asked Khalili what effect the death of Zia might have on the war.

"His death was extremely tragic for everyone," he said. "For Zia, Afghanistan was a crusade. He was a friend right from the beginning—a bridge between the Western world and Afghanistan. But we could have fought the war without him, and we'll do so now. It would have been very, very difficult if Zia had been killed six years ago. But now the Mujahideen are far better equipped and trained, our morale is much higher, and our casualties are much lower. I see no changes in the war's course."

I asked if he thought that Zia had been killed by KHAD.

"I don't think KHAD is that effective," Khalili said. "The only one that comes to mind is the K.G.B. itself. It could have hired someone locally. I can't rule out the Pakistan Army. It's large and diverse. Without Zia, there's got to be a power struggle going on in the Army now. Out of the chaos, a revision of policy toward Afghanistan could come."

KARACHI, the capital of Sind and former capital of Pakistan, is the country's financial and political heart. A sprawling city of seven million set on the Arabian Sea, it leads a life of its own, frequently erupting into violence—often to the astonishment of the country's leaders in placid Islamabad. (On the weekend of October 1st, nearly three hundred people died in ethnic violence in Karachi and in a massacre by unidentified gunmen in nearby Hyderabad. The killings led to charges by Benazir Bhutto's mother and other political leaders that the government was involved, and fears spread that the violence could be the first step

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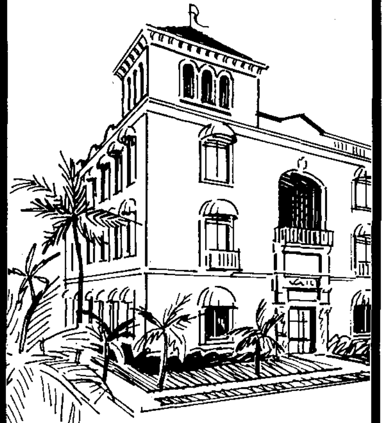
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toward a return to martial law.) When I was in Karachi, it was busily preparing for the elections, even though many people doubted whether the elections would be held. During my stay, I spoke with Kamal Azfar, a fifty-year-old Oxford-educated lawyer, and found him more optimistic about the future than many Pakistanis I had met. A former Bhutto provincial minister, he has become disaffected with the Pakistan People's Party and has joined a number of former Bhutto lieutenants in yet another party, the National People's Party, which is led by Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi.

"I think that with the death of Zia we are coming of age, and will get back to the original framework of building a modern state," Kamal told me. "The Bhutto-Zia feud is finally over. We have a gallery of martyrs in Pakistan: Bhutto was a Sindhi; now, with Zia, a Punjabi has been added; and there are also Pathans. The national balance has been restored. Zia lasted much longer than we thought he would. He did so by combining the role of President with that of Chief of the Army Staff. Every civilian ruler in our history has been under the threat of removal by the Chief of the Army Staff."

I asked Kamal about Zia's Islamization of the country, and whether Islamic fundamentalism posed a threat to the future stability of Pakistan.

"As unpopular as Zia's Islamization programs were, they were thought out—a deliberate attempt to avoid a Khomeini situation, in which a religious leader could appeal to the ranks of the armed forces and incite them to rebel," he said. "Zia, in effect, checkmated the rise of militant Islam."

Kamal continued, "In the history of Pakistan, our crises have always come from within the power structure, and not from the opposition. Ayub Khan was replaced by his protégé Yahya; Bhutto was replaced by his protégé Zia ul-Haq. If ever there was a temptation for the Army to take over, it was on August 17th. There was a total power vacuum: the Cabinet and the National Assembly had been dismissed; twenty per cent of the senior officer corps was dead; and there was every indication of sabotage. But the Army did not take over, and Ghulam Kahn was sworn in."

Traditionally, Pakistan's Prime Minister has come from the province of Sind. Three times over a period of eight years, Zia offered the post to Ghulam Mustafa Jatoi, a former minister and chief minister—the highest elected provincial official—of Sind, and a founder, along with Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, of the People's Party. Jatoi left the People's Party in May of 1986, after disagreements with Benazir Bhutto. The day before I visited him, in Karachi, he had agreed to an electoral alliance with the Muslim League, the ruling party in Zia's limited experiment with democracy, which was now attempting to carry forward Zia's legacy. The chief ministers of the party were urging the President to name Jatoi as Prime Minister.

Many Pakistanis find it difficult to accept Jatoi's collaboration with the Muslim League, since Jatoi had consistently opposed Zia and his martial-law regime. "It is an alliance of the establishment," Kamal Azfar had told me the night before. Jatoi's antipathy toward Benazir Bhutto was obviously greater than his antipathy toward Zia.

When I spoke with Jatoi, he told me

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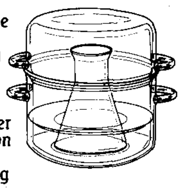

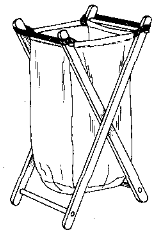

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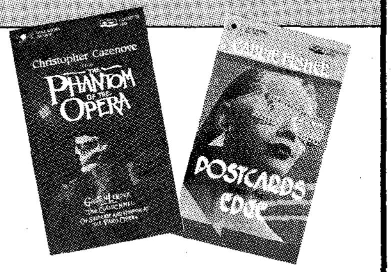

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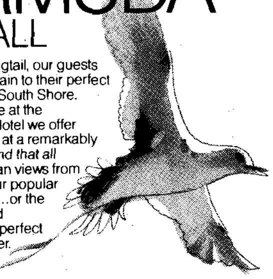

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that he had met with Zia just the week before the plane crashed, and that Zia had offered him the post of Prime Minister. They were to meet again later that month. Jatoi said that he would still consider accepting the post if he was asked. One of his primary demands, however, was that he be permitted to conduct free and fair elections.

I asked him why he had agreed to an electoral alliance with the Muslim League.

Jatoi replied, "You can enter an alliance and not agree on everything. And it is a political battle, which has got to be fought on political grounds. We have got to defeat Benazir politically."

I asked why he so strongly opposed Benazir Bhutto.

It was because of her "heavy-handed, tyrannical ways," he said.

I asked if he believed that Pakistan should sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, though General Zia had refused to do so.

"I have said time and again that Pakistan should not embark on a program of making a nuclear bomb, but we have the right to obtain nuclear technology," he replied. "And, on the treaty, why should we be singled out? First, let us put India, South Africa, and Israel to the test."

The only sustained rebellion against Zia's rule had begun in August of 1983 in Jatoi's home province of Sind, when thousands of demonstrators defied the Army and, for two months, vented their frustration and anger over Zia's rule by demonstrating, attacking government property, and courting arrest. Because Jatoi had been one of the leaders of that movement, I asked him if the Army would now trust him to become Prime Minister.

"If Zia, as the Chief of the Army Staff, could trust me and ask me three times to become Prime Minister, that represents the confidence the armed forces have in me," he said.

ZULFIKAR ALI BHUTTO's daughter, Benazir, lives in a spacious Karachi villa surrounded by twelve-foot-high walls. A simple brass marker at the entrance says "Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Barrister at Law." Bhutto, who was Pakistan's Foreign Minister from 1962 to 1966, administrator during a period of martial law, President between December of 1971 and August

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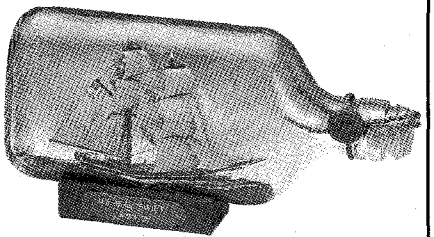

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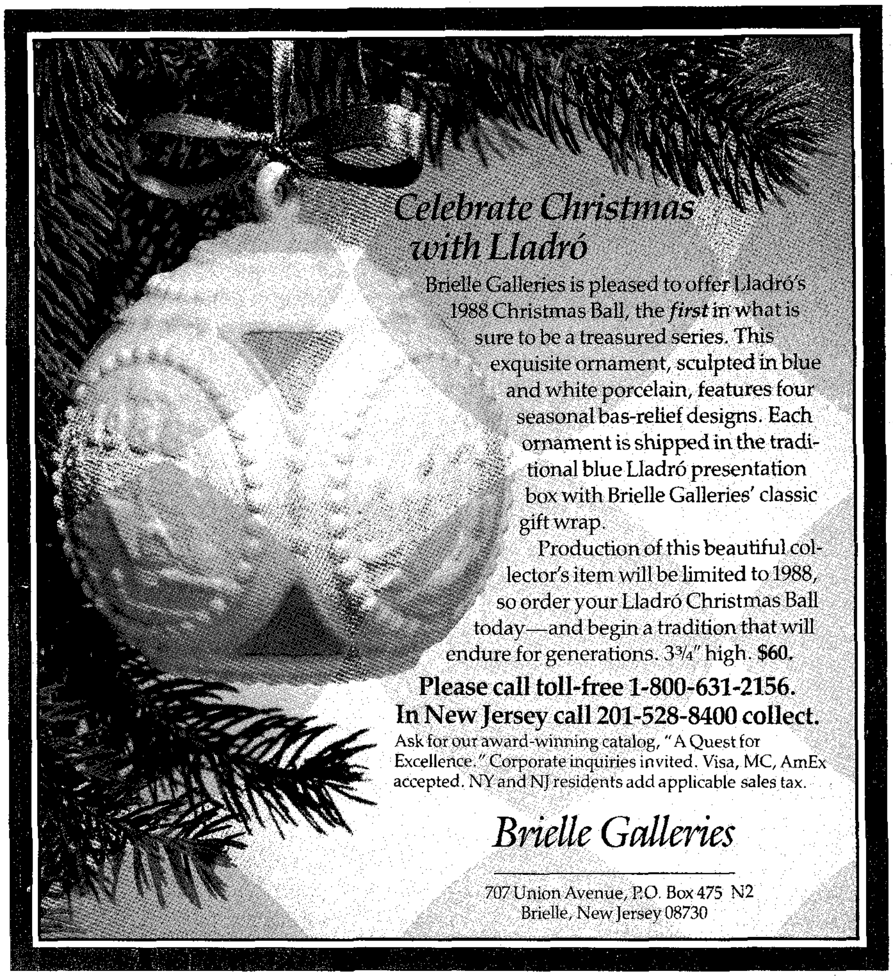
of 1973, and Prime Minister beginning in August of 1973, was convicted of having conspired to assassinate a political enemy and was hanged in the courtyard of Rawalpindi's Central Jail on the morning of April 4, 1979. How people viewed the case depended on their position in the political spectrum.

Benazir Bhutto, who had been a student at Radcliffe and then at Oxford, was under house arrest near Islamabad at the time of her father's death; Zia made her a political prisoner for four years, under house detention or in jail. In December of 1987, she married Asif Zardari, a wealthy Karachi builder—a marriage that had been arranged by the two families. When Zia announced the date of the election, Benazir was pregnant with her first child, and many people assumed that she would not be able to campaign. But she gave birth to a son on September 21st, and continued her campaign not long after that.

Before I called on Benazir Bhutto, many Pakistanis had told me that even though she had never run for office she would probably win in November if she could hold her party together. Doing so, however, will clearly not be an easy task. Over the past two years, she has tried to move the People's Party toward the center, but many of her most active supporters are anti-Army, anti-business, and anti-American—opposed, in other words, to those very forces which she is trying to enlist. Benazir Bhutto, a tall, vibrant woman of thirty-five, received me in a small anteroom of the villa. She had been detained in her father's villa off and on for nearly three years, until a group of American senators pressured Zia to release her, in January of 1984. She then left for London, and returned to Pakistan in April of 1986.

I asked Benazir Bhutto whether the Army would permit her to come to power if she won the election.

"There has never been a conflict between the Army and the Pakistan People's Party," she said. "After the 1971 defeat"—when India defeated Pakistani forces and Bangladesh was created—"my father restored dignity and honor to the Army. Every soldier took pride in his uniform. My father *built* Pakistan's defense infrastructure—he set up Mirage and tank-assembly plants. Not one defense plant was built in eleven years of Zia's rule. During Zia's years in power, he did nothing



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for the Army except give it a bad name. During the time of Zia, there was no pride in the Army uniform. So why should the Army object to a People's Party government? It was the People's Party that gave the Army its dignity back. During the time my father was in power, there was not one violation of Pakistan's airspace. Under Zia, Afghanistan was crossing our borders and violating our airspace nearly every day. In May of 1988, I said in a speech, 'If any plane violates our borders, it should be shot down.' It was only then that Zia began shooting Afghan planes down. Zia was a coward."

Benazir Bhutto's eyes flashed as she went on. "In eleven years, we became a drug culture, a country where people were killed in the streets. Corruption has reached a new high. And the Army saw this. Nothing like this happened when the People's Party governed the country."

Some Administration officials and congressmen in the United States had regarded Zulfikar Ali Bhutto as being too far to the left, but Benazir Bhutto expressed hope for improved relations. "The United States has traditionally been a friend of Pakistan, and given us tremendous assistance," she told me. "I would hope that the United States would continue that support, for the rebuilding and reconstruction of Pakistan. Our infrastructure deteriorated badly during Zia's years, and Washington can help us to rebuild. I would hope for a relationship based on mutual strength. During Zia's years, the United States did not put enough stress on those things for which it stands—things I saw and learned about during my Radcliffe days: human rights, clamping down on drugs. The Americans must also understand our nuclear program. I hope these doubts"—about the nuclear program—"will be cleared up."

I asked Miss Bhutto what it was like to be the first Pakistani woman to run for Prime Minister.

"I have never thought of myself as a woman," she said. "I am, of course, but I'm more a person who was caught up in dictatorship. Circumstances pulled me into political life—my father's murder, my mother's illness." Nusrat Bhutto left Pakistan in 1982 for medical treatment in France, and lived abroad until she returned to Pakistan to participate in the election campaign. "I never sought leadership of the People's Party for myself. When I was a child, there were many attempts on my father's life. This is a life that I never wanted for myself. But fate has such turns and shifts. I've been in politics since 1977, and I've learned a lot. I'm still learning, every day. But politics is not the be-all and end-all of my life. I wouldn't like to be a professional politician. What concerns me is the restoration of a democratic Pakistan. And I'm young. Here politicians reach their prime when they're seventy. I can have a whole life after politics. There's plenty of time."

Part of Benazir Bhutto's election strategy is challenging Zia's interpretation of Islam. "Zia's Islamization was a hoax," she said. "And his dictatorship was contrary to the Koran. The Koran says there should be government by consensus—*ijma*. The very notion of military dictatorship is contrary to the Koran."

Benazir Bhutto said that she wanted to reach out to the business community and the middle class, and that this was why she had considerably moderated the policies of the People's Party. "We have no plans for nationalization," she told me. This represents a turning away from the policies of her father, who had a broad plan for nationalization, which included some sixty manufacturing enterprises and Pakistan's three major crops: cotton, wheat, and rice. "We want the private sector to come forward, and we've had some success. We want land reform, but we needn't nationalize landholdings—there is so much state land available that can be given to peasants."

Miss Bhutto's optimism about the future extended to Pakistan's relations with India. "I'm sometimes told that I'm being naïve—that the Indo-Pakistani rivalry is as old as our country," she said. "Still, there's no reason that relations can't be improved." She spoke of India's Prime Minister. "Rajiv Gandhi is young—part of the post-Partition generation, as I am," she pointed out. "So perhaps we are freer of the prejudices and the bitterness of that time. Look at the European Community. France and Germany had age-old rivalries, but slowly they've come to terms with each other. Why can't we?" —Mary Anne Weaver

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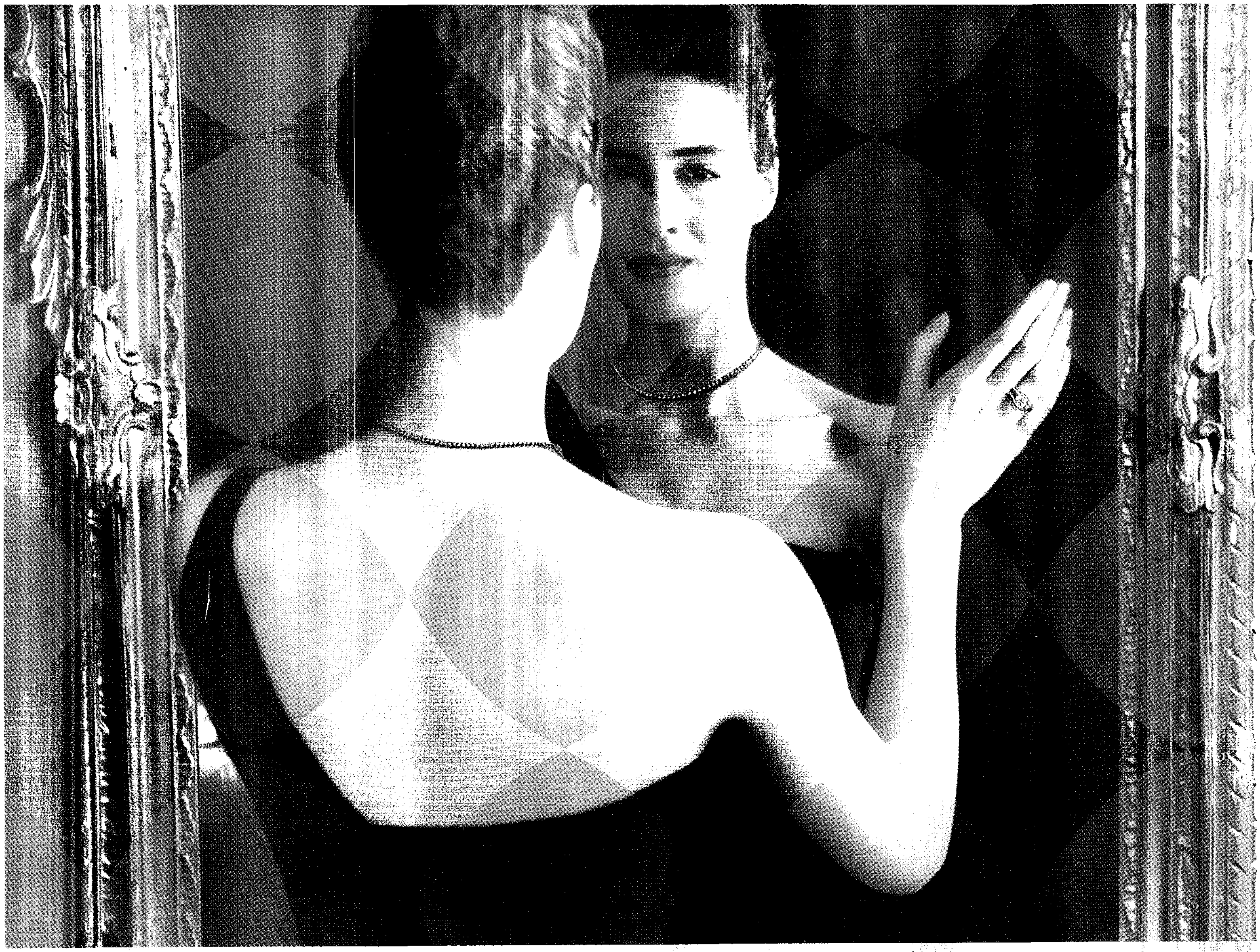

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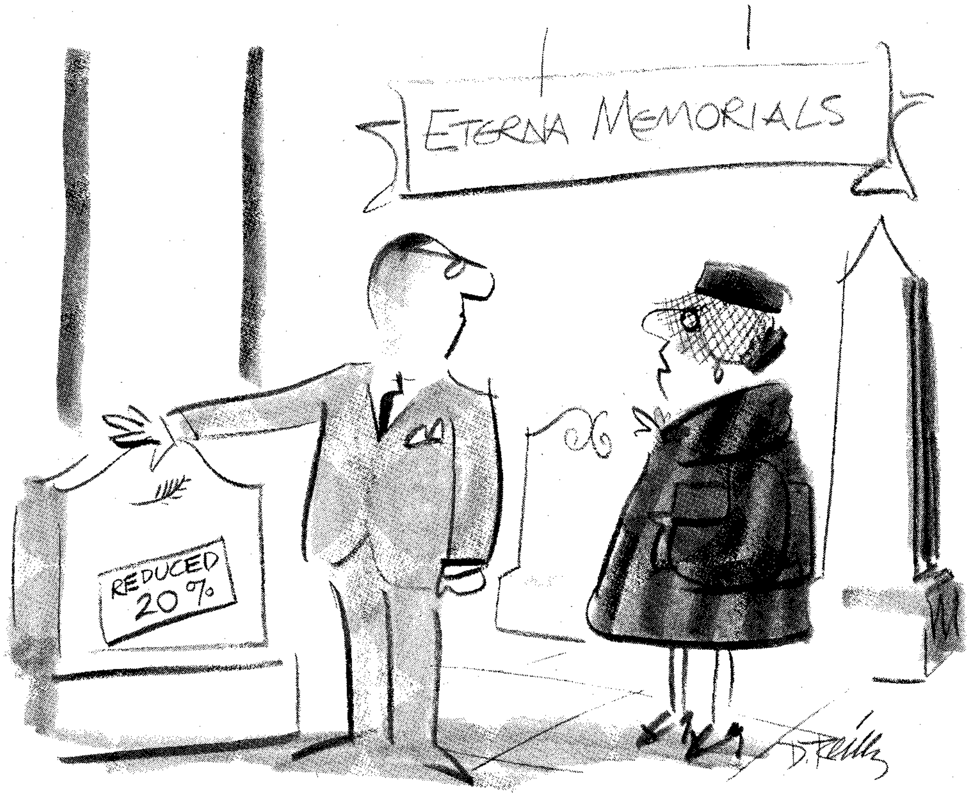
In His Room

THE psychodrama and hype surrounding "Brian Wilson" (Sire), the first solo album by the leader of the Beach Boys, threaten to distract us from hearing the album for what it is—a modest, supremely touching set of songs by a man who isn't quite sure his ideas about pop mean anything to present-day fans. The album arrives with suspicious production and co-writing credit given to Wilson's longtime psychotherapist, Eugene Landy, and with the sort of promotional ceremony that invites you to distrust the record itself. As an object of rock-and-roll gossip, Wilson had become a sad, perverse joke over the last two decades, making so many forced comebacks that you learned to stop caring about him. He was still capable of making uplifting records, though, when he snapped out of whatever stupor he was in: 1970's "Sunflower;" 1971's "'Til I Die," from "Surf's Up;" 1977's misunderstood "The Beach Boys Love You;" the 1979 single "Good Timin'." But his compositional ambition and off-the-wall humor seemed increasingly at odds with the band he created, a band that is now content to trade on the easy nostalgia of concert performances centered on Wilson's sixties hits. These days, the group glides along by offering the escapist junk of its fluke No. 1 hit "Kokomo," and two of its members, Mike Love and Bruce Johnston, recently serenaded George Bush with a few lines of "Good Vibrations." (It's unfortunate—and entirely appropriate—that American commerce, in the full flush of its love affair with the Reagan Administration, seized upon the Beach Boys' music as the official soundtrack to mindless consumption, and played and mimicked it in the background of countless ads.)

Of all the major rock figures of the sixties, the Beach Boys have worn the least well, and seem the most irrelevant to any current conception of rock and roll. Nowadays, the hedonism of their up-tempo hits rings false. Both the strict order of the vocal harmonies and the complexity of the melodies have the faded glow of too much old-fashioned care lavished on simple lyrical conceits. But you can still be struck by how minutely detailed the songs' descriptions of American teen life are, and feel the melancholy longing that hides just behind those songs' easy good times. The gap between Wilson's wide-eyed arrangements and his subjects—the drag race in "Don't Worry Baby," marriage in "Wouldn't It Be Nice"—wasn't ludicrous; as an outsider to the sunny, physical culture he wrote about, he mythologized everything in California suburbia out of proportion as a way of claiming it for himself. It was only when his envious eye grew tired that you heard a shameless pathos not far beneath. "In My Room," which could still be Wilson's theme song, might be the saddest song in all of rock.

The dense arrangements and supple melodies on "Brian Wilson" bespeak the meticulous attention of a determined recluse, but the album is no throwback. It's a less fussy record than 1966's often precious "Pet Sounds," partly because it lacks that album's song-cycle aspirations. (There's a multisectioned song on "Brian Wilson"—"Rio Grande"—but it's as small-scale an epic as you could hope for; its cowboy winsomeness and childlike message of perseverance keep it grounded.) Wilson's recent mastery of synthesizer technology plays right into the one-man-band leanings he has demonstrated since "Good Vibrations," and his work with the Emulator is surprisingly deft, without the predictability that such preset sounds and grooves usually provide. The bass-synthesizer work—he's been fooling around with the technique over the last decade as a substitute for his own bass guitar—is full of tricky, stop-and-start cadences that push the songs along unexpectedly. And the album lets Wilson indulge his oft-stated affection for the thickness of Phil Spector's landmark productions: Spector's trademark bells are all over it, and "Meet Me in My Dreams Tonight" has the rumbling, double-time rhythm of some of the old Philles tracks. Spector's obsessiveness was that of a teen wizard let loose in the studio—there's an undertow of sonic violence in some of his most romantic productions—but in Wilson's hands you hear only the hermitic plaintiveness of someone desperately trying to get something across in the only language he knows. The result is the sound of neurosis, not a sense of play.

Wilson's songs are aimed at iconic abstractions rather than the flesh-and-



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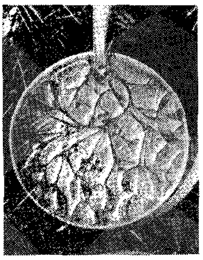

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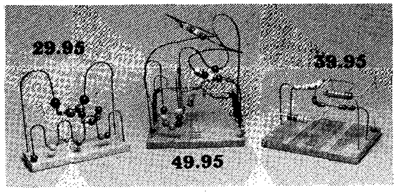

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blood inspirations of his youth; the romantic interests in songs such as "Melt Away" and "Baby Let Your Hair Grow Long" are flat archetypes culled from the vast storehouse of past pop lore, and it may be that for the moment Wilson is more comfortable at some remove from the dingy everyday. That remove gives the album an other-worldly glaze, which is reinforced by such sentiments as "And even though I can't be with her/I still have my fantasy/Fantasy world" (from "There's So Many") and the title phrase of "Meet Me in My Dreams Tonight." The devotional tone behind the lyrics and choral vocals of "Melt Away" and "Love and Mercy" blends a sense of gospel quest and the pained directness of the blues, without obviously summoning either tradition harmonically. For all the glittering, candy-colored layers of these songs, their sense of struggle, of difficulty, is never far from the surface. Beyond the sentimental charge of hearing a man in his mid-forties still searching for the lost ideals of pop romance, the album has two shining intervals of compassion, which take the singer out of his own cramped head: the benediction of "Love and Mercy" and the sketchlike vision of "Little Children." Counterposed against the idylls of the other tracks, these two songs suggest the hard knocks that come from trying to maintain innocence in a realm where innocence may be beside the point.

Wilson's use of massed vocal arrangements has, if anything, grown more complicated over the years, and one of the immediate delights of the album is hearing him cluster harmonies—most of which are his voice overdubbed into a choir—for the sheer luxurious fun of it. That impulse reaches its peak in the wordless cries of "One for the Boys," a Beach Boys-like workout that, in a neat piece of gamesmanship, manages to eclipse any of the Beach Boys' vocal work of recent memory. Wilson's solo singing has a tense fervor, the voice threatening to crack and split at its most keyed up; his urge to speak almost overwhelms anything he might want to say. He sounds comfortable only when he is surrounded by other voices, even if they are just reproductions of his own, and that's a fitting image for a record that, with all its studio help and full-bodied settings, still conveys the unmistakable ache of loneliness.

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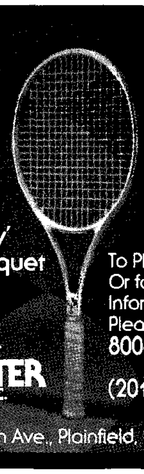

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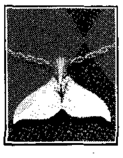
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Its considerable charms notwithstanding—is there a more fluent tunesmith in pop music?—"Brian Wilson" could have taken a few of the crackpot risks that have marked Wilson's work from "Barbara Ann" to "Johnny Carson;" what rock could use at this moment is fewer grand composers intent on retaining their poise and more cutups who end up revealing themselves as grand composers. Touches of humor spark some of the songs (the galumphing gait of "Baby Let Your Hair Grow Long," the loopy chatter of "Night Time"), but the record has trouble opening up its intricate pleasures to a listener. You feel that Wilson is withholding his quirkier ideas, and falling back on harmless lyrical platitudes, which, coincidentally or not, occur mostly in songs with his therapist's co-writing credit on them. (It's worth noting, though, that Wilson has often needed a verbal collaborator: most of "Pet Sounds" was co-written with an advertising copywriter.) It may have taken twenty years, but Brian Wilson is ready to leave his room, however tentatively, and stroll the coast all by himself.

THROUGHOUT his long career, Elton John has constantly looked to the Beach Boys as a model; their influence can be seen not just in his shimmering harmonies and sprightly tunes but in the arbitrary good cheer he brings to songs that on closer hearing aren't so cheery. There has always been something naggingly random about John, not just in his delivery but in the breadth of his taste, and, for better or for worse, he has been enormously influential in sanctioning the lack of stylistic allegiance which marks so much eighties pop, and also in demystifying old-hat rock pretensions. A mercenary little hit machine he may be, but his career over the past two decades has acquired enough ups and downs to make him seem a friendly grizzled veteran. Coming off a bad patch in the late seventies, he has seemed right at home as the eighties have progressed, spinning out hits almost unnoticed, and filling last year's volume of greatest hits, his third, without any apparent effort. One of those songs is the kind of epiphany only he could pull off: "I Guess That's Why They Call It the Blues" is neither particularly bluesy nor long-suffering—it's a blues from someone who has never known the blues.

John's most recent album, "Reg Strikes Back" (MCA), is as solid and as representative of his work as anything he released during his seventies reign as king of the pop charts. He may no longer be an object of critical controversy, but that may just be because his conception that pop's disposability is the source of its true profundity has seeped so far into the collective fan (and performer) consciousness that we now take it for granted. It isn't quite accurate to say that it's when John strives for significance that his worst work occurs; rather, it's when Bernie Taupin, John's longtime lyricist, overreaches his own colloquial limits while John indulges his weakness for the drippy ballad. (There has always been something peculiar about their work habit of John's writing melodies to Taupin's finished lyrics. It links them less to rock and roll than to an older, and perhaps more businesslike, songwriting tradition.) On the new album, it's the fatally mundane novelty of "Japanese Hands" that goes by unnoticed—the rock equivalent of a made-for-TV movie playing in the background in a suburban living room.

John the rocker is a breed unto himself: nearly pre-sexual in his playfulness, with a constant, automaton energy that never goes over the top. His chief, and underacknowledged, asset is the soulfulness of his voice, which has got suppler and less showy as he has got older. His signature moody effervescence drives the hit single "I Don't Wanna Go On with You Like That" just as much as the song's wound-up rhythm does. Good sport that he is, he's as much at home with the defiant underclass pride of "Town of Plenty" as with the sleazy voyeurism of "The Camera Never Lies." But a triumph typical of the album is "Goodbye Marlon Brando," whose title makes you worry that it's another soppy Hollywood tribute, on the order of "Candle in the Wind"—John's lament for Marilyn Monroe, from "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road"—which was a surprise hit last year in a live version. Instead, the song is a pumping, gleeful farewell to the glut of pop-culture debris, and a welcome addition to the noble tradition of the rock-and-roll laundry list.

John has fashioned himself of bits and pieces of such pop-culture debris,

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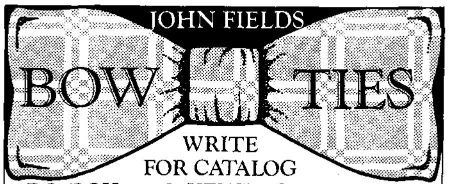
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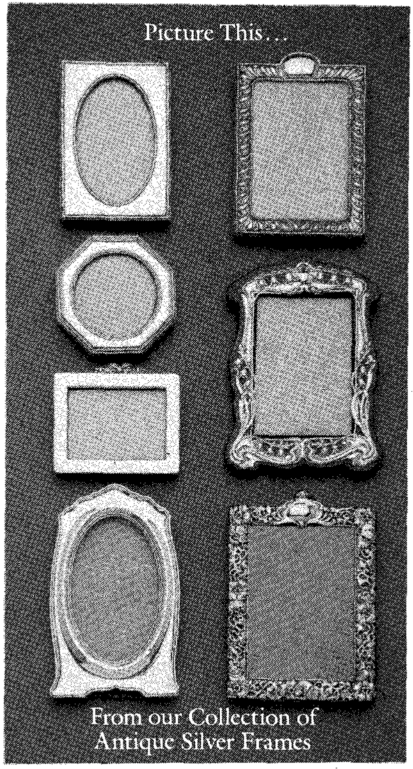

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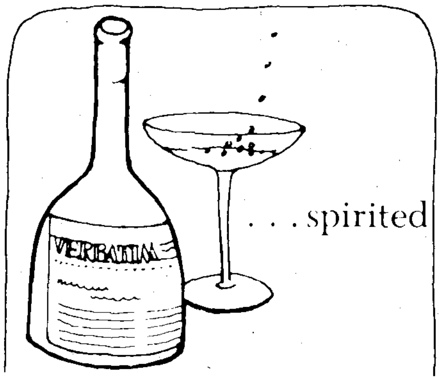

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but, just as he once slyly referred to sixties musical gems in his own songs, he is now enough of an original to refer to his own early work with the same warmth and certainty. "Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters (Part Two)" revisits the ballad from 1972's "Honky Chateau," rewriting it as an up-tempo, if ambivalent, paean to the joys of Manhattan. But the role he most delights in playing (and the role he plays best) is that of the generous fan giving a tip of the hat to a cherished performer. And so "Reg Strikes Back" closes with "Since God Invented Girls," a yearning recollection of Brian Wilson's ballad style, complete with the Beach Boys' Carl Wilson and Bruce Johnston in suitably angelic vocal harmonies. The chords twist and arch upward to the line "Now I know what Brian Wilson meant," and you wonder whether Wilson, years later, knows what he meant when he wrote all those hopeless rhapsodies to unattainable girls. Just as startling, you realize that, however much the song may recall the Beach Boys, it sounds like nothing so much as a little ditty that could only have been recorded by Elton John. —MARK MOSES

•

THE RIVER

You brought me
 to the mouth of a river
in mid-October
 when the swamp maples
were saw-toothed and blemished.
 I remember

how strange it felt—
 not having any
names for the red oak
 and the rail
and the slantways plunge
 of the osprey.

What we said was less
 than what we saw.
What we saw was
 a duckboat, slowly
passing us, a hunter and
 his spaniel and

his gun poised,
 and, in the distance,
the tips of the wild
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that blue which raids and
 excludes light.

—EAVAN BOLAND

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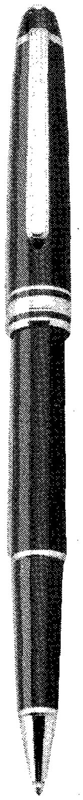

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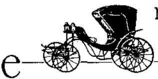

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At the Crown

"CAFE CROWN," a revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the late Café Royal, opened a couple of weeks ago at the Public, in a most agreeable performance, starring —no way around it—Santo Loquasto, whose setting is an enhanced replica of that Second Avenue restaurant, home away from home to the finest actors, critics, and writers of the Yiddish theatre. The setting, gorgeous and lavish (as lighted by Richard Nelson), is absolutely convincing as a theatrical hangout, and somehow hospitable as well. The play takes place in 1940, when it was more fashionable to welcome an audience than to alienate it. The golden days of Yiddish theatre were drawing to a close, the actors dispersing to the mainstream; Stella and Luther Adler, daughter and son of the great Jacob Adler, had joined the Group Theatre, and Muni Weisenfreund was making movies ("Remember me to Paul Muni," somebody says to somebody en route to the Coast). The actors here are worthy of the scenery. Eli Wallach, in the leading role, as a former star, has exactly the right controlled authority. No need for bravura here—where everyone, so to speak, is family—as there would be at Lindy's perhaps, or even Sardi's. His importance is unquestioned, though. At news of his impending arrival, a lace tablecloth is placed on his table; his entrance is an entrance, with two waiters at the ready; and even the three pinochle-playing actors at stage right pause for a moment in their never-ending game.

Mr. Kraft's script is competent, though scarcely more than that. (I happen to have some regard for competence.) The former star, David Cole, plans to produce and direct a kind of Jewish "King Lear" with his prospective son-in-law in the title role. Trying to raise money takes up much time; Hymie the waiter, a usual contributor, is leery of Shakespeare; illegitimate son of Cole, hitherto unknown, saves the day; agent from uptown arrives on opening night and offers prospective son-in-law a bit in a new Max Gordon show and, later, one in Hollywood; Cole's daughter ecstatic, but how to get him out of this show and on his way? All ends satisfactorily, and everybody lives happily ever after. The story, fortunately, is the least of it; it is the details, the little byways of the script, that count, and that give the play what richness it has —those and the jokes, sight and sound, most of which pay off. The actors, as Lower East Side Jewish intellectuals of a couple of generations ago, by and large do well, although there is some sliding into italics. Hymie, the bossy waiter, becomes, in the delightful person of Bob Dishy, Master of the Revels, and presides over the action with great comic aplomb. As Sam, another waiter, no less firm (or funny), Fyvush Finkel, himself of the Yiddish theatre, is splendid, and so is Tresa Hughes, as the proprietress of the restaurant. I also enjoyed Joseph Leon, as a critic who writes his reviews ahead of time; Harry Goz, as a playwright; David Carroll, as the long-lost son; and, above all, Anne Jackson, who, in the small role of Cole's actress wife, is as near to perfect as makes no matter. Mr. Loquasto also designed the costumes. Martin Charnin directed.

LAST winter, Richard Greenberg's "The Maderati," a merry satiric comedy about the outlandish behavior of the literary and artistic set in this city right now, was one of the happiest surprises of the season. His comedy "Eastern Standard," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is a sad surprise. A trendy piece if ever there was one, the play ticks off AIDS, the homeless, homosexual and heterosexual love, ugly buildings that are blotting out the New York sunlight, and so on. The dialogue has a kind of forced sprightliness that is very trying, and the characters, of sawdust, make tedious company for two and a quarter hours. The play is acted as well as it deserves to be, I suppose—better than that in a number of cases. Anne Meara, who doesn't turn up every day of the week, succeeds, heaven knows how, in being legitimate in the hokiest of roles—that of a profane and crazy homeless tramp. There are many indications, amid the clinkers, that Mr. Greenberg is in the right profession. The play is a fake, but the playwright is not.

—EDITH OLIVER

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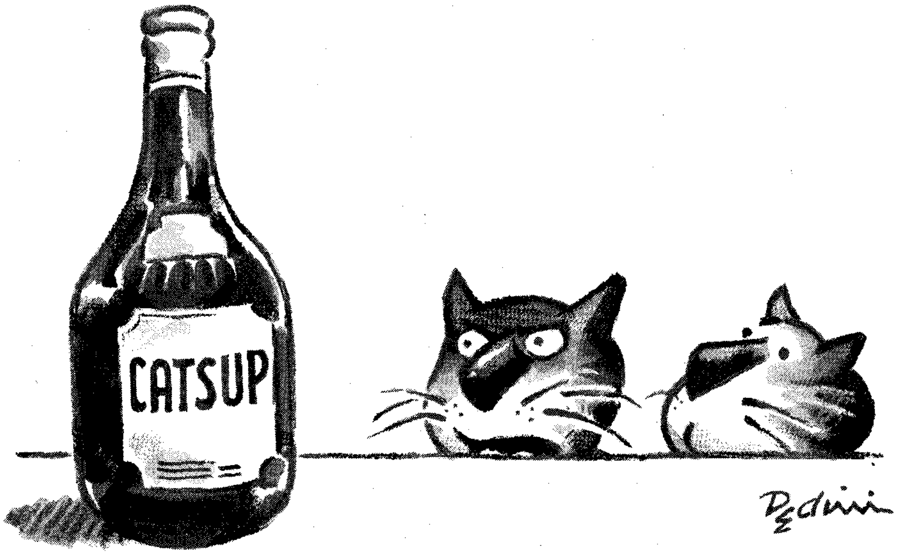

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the play that began the cycle, is that rare being—an actor in the Al Pacino/John Malkovich school of mannered realism who manages to put his special stamp on a role without upstaging the material. Here he is irresistible as Aldo Scalicki, a young man trying to do good by seducing his best friend's fierce ex-wife. The ex-wife is played by Jayne Haynes, who performed a number of roles exquisitely this summer in Jim Cartwright's "Road." Miss Haynes and Mr. Shanley, incidentally, were recently married, so the play is also a chance to see Mr. Shanley direct his current wife in a role that he has indicated is based on his former wife.

Today Shanley is best known as the author of "Moonstruck," but before he was a hot young screenwriter he was a hip young playwright: our premier poet of singles anxiety. His plays mixed raw, searing emotions with sitcom tendencies. Rough-hewn, they tended to put college-bred ideas into the mouths of blue-collar street toughs and to be full of lost, solitary young people. They juxtaposed psychological acuity with incredibly young-seeming moments of self-conscious whimsicality. They had a pretentious streak a mile wide, but they were very, very funny. Shanley has the gift of gab. He writes wonderful Runyonesque dialogue—a sort of gritty, downtown version of sparkling drawing-room comedy—and highly rhetorical speeches that are fun to hear, because actors love to perform them.

The current play, which takes the form of a flashback—a story, Aldo tells us, with which he means to "teach" us something—concerns Aldo's best friend, Huey (John Pankow), and the time Aldo tried to prevent him from going back to his ferocious ex-wife, Janice. Aldo feels, on the whole, that Teresa (Laura San Giacomo), the perfectly nice waitress Huey has been seeing, is better for him than Janice (Miss Haynes), who shot Huey's dog. He nevertheless agrees to act as an emissary and pave the way for a midnight reconciliation between Huey and Janice—planning, all the while, to save Huey by going after Janice himself.

Dogs, midnight reckonings, stolen women—at times "Italian American Reconciliation" seems to be patched together from whatever of "Moonstruck" wound up on the cutting-room floor. Nearly every element in the movie has a counterpart in the play—from the plot (the idea of a diplomatic mission gone awry) to the bits of Puccini and schlock music with which Shanley tries to achieve an ironic distance from what is essentially a hip version of a gothic romance. Not that the play isn't funny and entertaining: like all Shanley's urban fairy tales, it has charm and a certain theatrical elegance. In the past, though, his whimsical premises have been vehicles for the dramatic exploration of an idea. "Italian American Reconciliation" doesn't really tell us anything. Like "Moonstruck," it's just a pretty story.

With actors of Miss Haynes' and Mr. Turturro's ability, Shanley might at least have set up a great confrontation. But nothing of any import is revealed in the climactic scene between Aldo and Janice. It isn't enough for us to discover that Janice's abuse of Huey was an attempt to make him really "look at" her, that a desire for someone to "take charge" of her "like a man" lurks behind her fierceness, that her hatred of men stems from an unsatisfying relationship with her late father. These are Hollywood clichés. Nothing in the script gives Miss Haynes a chance to suggest why we should be interested in Janice or why she is worthy of redemption. It's not Miss Haynes' fault that Janice remains a monster (she has certainly been got up to look like one, in blackish dressing gown and jungle-red nail polish), any more than it's Miss San Giacomo's fault that she gives a routine performance in the purely stock role of Teresa. In fact, although Helen Hanft fires off some good lines as Teresa's Aunt May (sort of a louder version of the bemused, disillusioned older woman that Olympia Dukakis played in "Moonstruck"), no one in Shanley's cast except Mr. Turturro has much of anything to do.

In the end, the most memorable aspect of Shanley's play is the set that Santo Loquasto designed for it. (It seems to be his week.) Dominated by a single structure—a rotunda that sits slightly upstage, left, on a turntable—it perfectly evokes the world of charming squalor that Shanley's plays inhabit. Only one face of the structure is visible at a time, but the three localities it depicts—Huey's apartment, Teresa's diner, and the back-garden balcony of Janice's apartment—are linked by visual motifs: corresponding instances of missing brickwork and peeled wallpaper, glimpses of wrought iron that foreshadow and echo one another, draped hangings that function similarly in different scenes. In designing "Italian American Reconciliation," Mr. Loquasto managed to unify a series of places that seem to exist both everywhere and nowhere—like the people in Shanley's plays, whose lives and speech are made up of such familiar elements, but who live and speak in a way that no one has ever really known. Shanley also had three things to unify: the idealized relationships between Aldo and Janice, between Janice and Huey, and between Aldo and the audience. But there's no connection between the pat moral that concludes the evening—"The greatest, the only, success is to be able to love"—and the story that purports to illustrate it; no consistency between Huey's avowal to Janice—"If I have to go back to the beginning, right or wrong, and win you again . . . I am willing"—and his announcement the next day that, with Janice's ghost laid to rest, he's now ready to go off in pursuit of Teresa, whom he really loves. The moral would appear to be that women are interchangeable. Perhaps Janice was right to be fierce.

If Shanley's play is disappointing, that's partly because it's so vague on the subject of women. Not that plays have to be "about" women, but women have always been Shanley's strong suit. He is genuinely interested in them, in the same way that he's captivated by Little Italy, and possibly for the same reason: he seems to find us shabby but charming. Ordinarily, that combination makes for good theatre, and at a time when almost no one was writing interesting parts for women Shanley was. It may be that he has run out of ideas about us. If so, I hope this is only a temporary condition and the result of married bliss.

—Mimi Kramer

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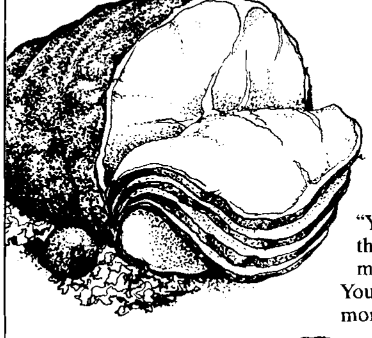

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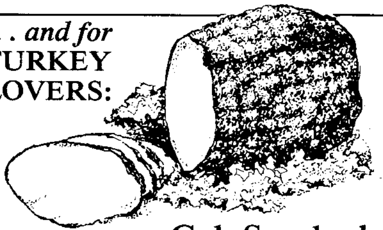

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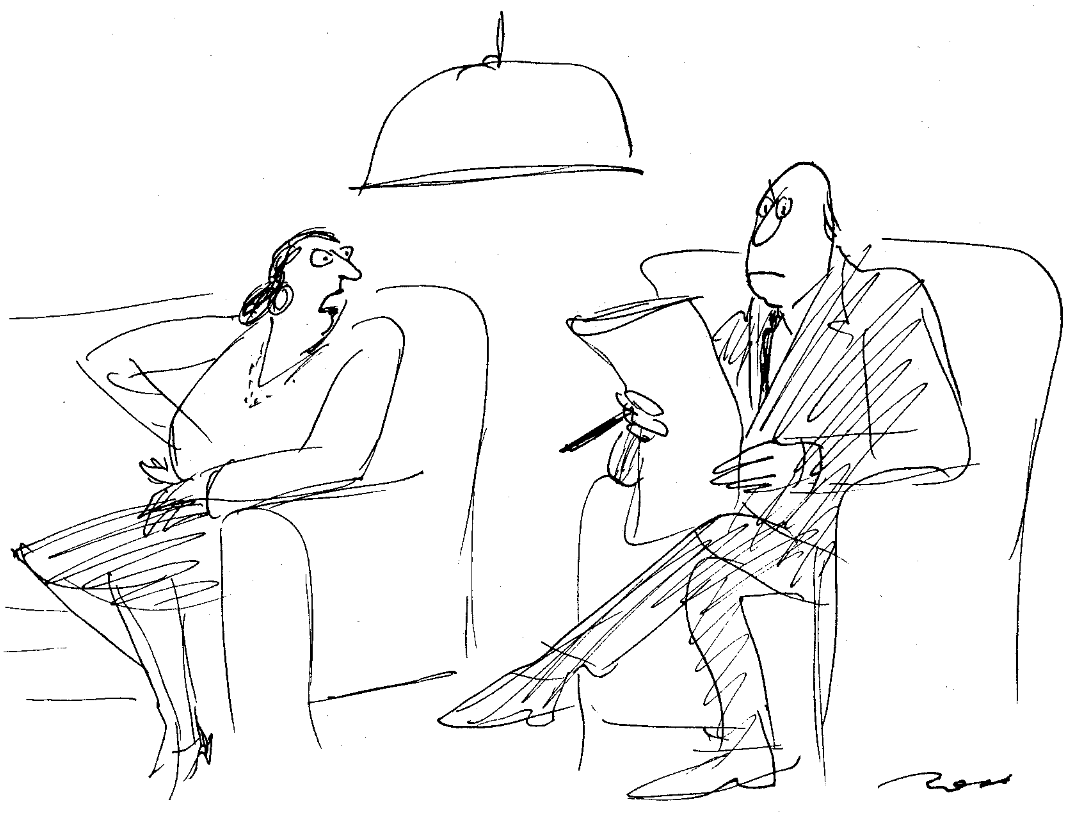
Pedro Almodóvar may be the only first-rank director who sets out to tickle himself and the audience. He doesn't violate his principles to do it; his principles begin with freedom and pleasure. Born in 1951, this Spaniard from hicksville went to Madrid at seventeen, got a job as a clerk at the National Telephone Company in 1970, and, during the more than ten years he worked there, wrote comic strips, articles, and stories for "underground" papers, acted in theatre groups, composed film scores, recorded with a rock band, performed as a singer, and shot films in Super 8 mm. and 16 mm. He absorbed the avant-garde slapstick of the late sixties and the seventies along with Hollywood's frivolous and romantic pop, and all this merged with the legacy of Buñuel and with his own intuitive acceptance of loco impulses. Generalissimo Franco kept the lid on for thirty-six years; he died in 1975, and Pedro Almodóvar is part of what jumped out of the box. The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, he's Godard with a human face—a happy face.

His new "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown," his seventh feature (since 1980), is one of the jauntiest of all war-of-the-sexes comedies. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, and does dubbing, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated at the way her long-time live-in lover, Iván (Fernando Guillén), has evaded direct contact with her—he can lie to the machine without fear of being challenged—she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront him. Angry and impatient, and imagining she doesn't want to be in her apartment without him, she instantly puts it on the market.

Pepa is so wound up about Iván that although her girl friend the lightheaded Candela (María Barranco) keeps phoning and chasing her, asking for help, Pepa, hearing nothing, answers that she doesn't have time. What Candela is trying to tell her is that her own lover has turned out to be a Shiite terrorist who was using her place as a base of operations, and she thinks the police are after her. Without registering Candela's words, Pepa takes her in. Meanwhile, blankly handsome Carlos (Antonio Banderas), who turns out to be Iván's son, comes to see the apartment, and brings his soon to be discarded fiancée, Marisa (Rossy De Palma, who looks startlingly like the double face of Picasso's 1937 portrait of Dora Maar). Iván's earlier lover Lucia (Julieta Serrano)—she's Carlos's mother—arrives in search of Iván; she was over the edge for twenty years and has just recouped her sanity. And when Pepa, on Candela's behalf, consults a feminist lawyer (Kiti Manver), the woman turns out to be Iván's newest lover—and the next candidate for a breakdown. All these women are sleek-legged and chic and made up as if they were painted in acrylics.

The artificial is what sends Almodóvar sky high. The movie has nothing to do with what passes for nature or realism. It starts with titles set against divided-screen fashion and cosmetics layouts that parody the bright, crisp American-movie openings of the fifties. (All that plugging away to be Mondrian-new and striking.) "Women on the Verge" looks as if it had been made by a mad scientist playing with chemical rainbow colors—John Lithgow in his lab in "Buckaroo Banzai." When you were a kid, you wondered if your crayons would kill you if you ate them. These toxic colors are toxins for the pleasure of it; Almodóvar makes the artificial sexy.

The film's controlling metaphor is right there at the start, in those sharp-edged layouts: Almodóvar is after the phosphorescent glow of cosmetics in women's magazines. (It's dream-candy color. You don't just see it; you consume it, lustfully.) Pepa and the others in their short short skirts have created themselves in the image of hot, desirable women. They function in the world; they do fine. But when it comes to men, that sassy image may be all that's holding them together. The lovely, wacky



"*I wish you'd stop referring to our marriage as 'being in the same boat'!*"

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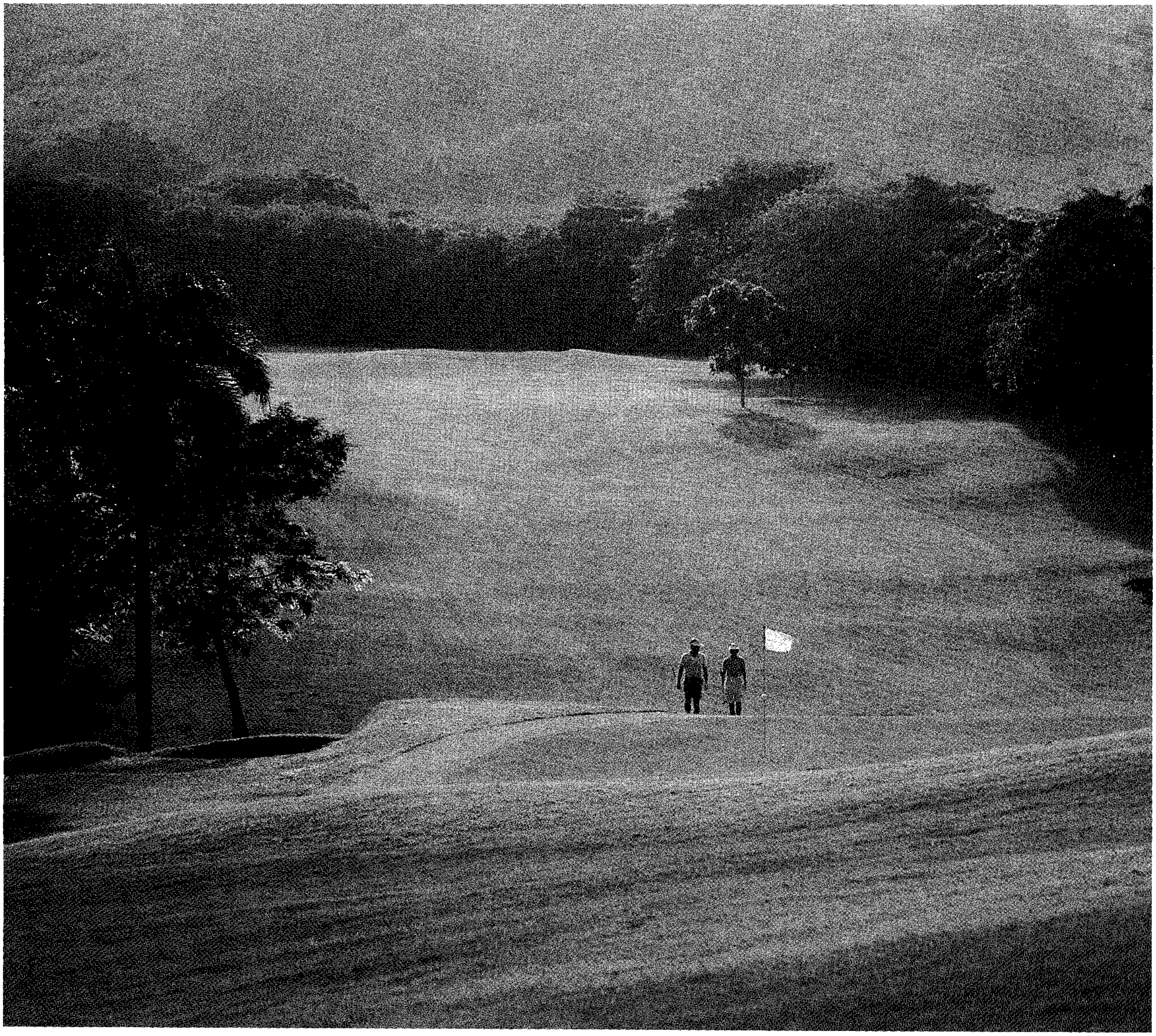

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Candela is always speeding between panic and ardor; she talks about being entrapped by the Shiites, and her earrings—they're little silver espresso-makers—dangle alluringly. Except for Lucia (who suspects the truth about herself), they all know they look great; that's not a small thing. (Lucia can't keep up her morale; her makeup slips and blurs.)

The movie links Carmen Maura's Pepa to the Hollywood goddesses who blew a trumpet to announce that they were entering the house of passion. Their emotional display was morbidly fascinating; Almodóvar and Maura take off on that display and go further into it. Pepa looks great even though she shows some wear and tear. It's in her nature to charge into things bang, head on, and get scuffed up. She doesn't mind; she enjoys flaunting the ravages of love. It's also in her nature to let off steam; she distracts the police, who come looking for Candela, by giving them a stormy account of intimate experiences. Almodóvar revels in her overdramatizing, but it's never held an instant too long; it's quick and buoyant. It's taken for granted. Pepa is both overtly nuts—a coquettish, fluttering wreck—and profoundly sane and practical. After she gets the kiss-off from the answering machine, she's so zonked on pills and misery that she accidentally sets her bed on fire. She stares at it for a few seconds, then flips her cigarette into the flames and puts them out with the hose from the terrace.

"Women on the Verge" is serenely unbalanced—a hallucinogenic Feydeau play. Mad-again Lucia, in pale pink, rides to the airport on the back of a motorbike, her wig rising and blowing in the wind. She's determined to catch up with Iván, and he's about to board a plane. Inside the terminal, her head, seen gliding by above a moving walkway, is the head of a mythological creature—a wiggy Fate. When the people in the airport hear a shot fired and try to protect themselves by hitting the floor, they stay down until Iván comes over to Pepa, who has raced Lucia there. Then they all get up at once, like the dancer-spectators in a musical version of a gangster picture. The Madrid of the film is a pop utopia; it's also—as the closing song has it—"Puro Teatro."

Almodóvar celebrates women because they run the theatrical gamut. Carmen Maura is his star, his muse, his comedienne because she's all histrionics; she doesn't make a move that isn't stylized. Yet she's snappy. And it won't take her Pepa twenty years to see through Iván. Gray-haired, vain, and elegant, he's the film's MacGuffin—a shell of a man, and perhaps an archetypal Spanish roué. A dubber by profession, he's a voice pouring out inanities. It pleases him to flatter virtually every woman he sees; he's complimenting himself on his aplomb, his powers of seduction. When he has something to say that might provoke an emotional response, he'd rather talk into a machine. He's a sly fellow: while dodging Pepa, he keeps leaving messages accusing her of avoiding him. (He tells her to pack up his clothes and leave the suitcase with the concierge.) Iván is right to communicate by machine: as a disembodied voice, he gives the illusion of masculine strength. In person, he's just a pretty illusion, like his son, Carlos, and the police officers and the men from the phone company who invade Pepa's apartment.

The script began with Cocteau's "The Human Voice"—the famous telephone monologue in which a woman tries to win back the lover who is leaving her. Almodóvar had already done a turn on the play in his last film, the 1987 "Law of Desire;" this time, the monologue grew into a comic revenge on his old employer the phone company. Pepa grabs her phone and throws it out the window, and she throws out its offspring, the answering machine, too. She's paying them back for the long waits for men to call and the lies listened to.

This high comedy is the most visually assured of the five Almodóvar movies that have opened here. "Law of Desire" and the 1986 "Matador" were more sultry and erotic; this one is fizzier, sexier. Earlier, you could see him trusting his intuitions and taking leaps; now you don't see the risk-taking—he's just up in the air flying. The movie is all coincidences, and each new one adds to the crazy brio. What seem to be incidental jokes turn out to be essential parts of one big joke. This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny.

"Things Change" is a modernist version of a sentimental fable. David Mamet, who directed and was the co-writer (with Shel Silver-

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stein), gives you the blueprint but not the feeling. The story is essentially a heart-warmer: Sicilian-born Gino (Don Ameche), a dignified old Chicago shoeshine man who gets mixed up with mobsters and is mistaken for a Mafia don, emerges unscathed because of his simple goodness—his humanity. But it has been directed at a deliberate and unvarying pace. The result is like a Frank Capra–Damon Runyon movie of the thirties in slow motion.

This is the bare bones of the plot: The mob offers the impoverished Gino a deal. If he'll confess to a killing that a man he resembles has been arrested for, he'll serve only three to five years, and when he comes out he'll be able to retire to Sicily and buy the fishing boat he has always wanted. He agrees, and is put in the hands of Jerry (Joe Mantegna), a "probationary," blundering mafioso assigned to lowly tasks, who is supposed to spend the weekend holed up with Gino, coaching him in his story. Gino asks Jerry if he can go for a walk on the beach; the restless, grandiose Jerry decides to give the old gent a break, and takes him, by plane, to Lake Tahoe. That's where Gino is mistaken for a bigwig, and where he and Jerry become buddies.

Mamet piles on improbabilities in a matter-of-fact style, and with a minimum of emotion. Most of what a viewer sees is just Ameche being a straight-backed peasant—a man of his word—and Mantegna being a confused hoodlum. There's nothing to look at except their rather mummified skits. But Mamet cons the audience. He brings it into a hip complicity with him. He gives people the impression that in making them wise to the actors' games he's making them wise to how the world works—that he's letting them in on life's dirty secrets. And flatness of performance seems to be part of the point. Mamet's minimalism suggests a knowingness, a disdain for elaboration or development. (This was also his strategy in the first film he directed, the 1987 "House of Games.") People can feel one up on the action, the way they can when they're watching the David Letterman show.

Or they may feel that Mamet overcontrols the actors and the other elements of moviemaking, and that his approach takes the fun out of hokum. In Capra's 1933 comic fairy tale, "Lady for a Day" (in 1961, he remade it, mawkishly, as "Pocketful of Mira-

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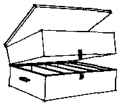
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cles"), Apple Annie, a Times Square peddler, passes herself off as a society matron, with the assistance of a gang of Broadway racketeers, who are saying, in essence, "We're as hardboiled as they come, but we have big, soft hearts." (They also have a colorful lingo.) And in Hal Ashby's 1974 "The Last Detail," where Jack Nicholson, escorting Randy Quaid to naval prison, decides to give him a fling, the tension is between the Nicholson character's generous, paternal impulses and his mean, blowhard cowardliness. (Robert Towne provided rowdy, lewd dialogue.) Mamet appears to draw from these films (and when Gino's remarks about the best methods of shoeshining are taken to be parables, to be drawing a little from the Ashby–Jerzy Kosinski "Being There"), but the language is blandly arch, and there's no dramatic tension, just a stiff unease. No one seems to take a breath on his own.

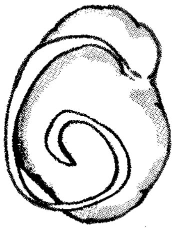
You expect the trip to Tahoe to be a realization of Gino's dreams, but Mamet can't give himself over to the fable—he keeps his hardboiled distance—and so there's no inkling of what Tahoe might mean to Gino, or of what being treated as a Mafia don might mean to him. The movie is an extended, undernourished anecdote. Ameche starts repeating himself early on; Mantegna, a practiced slicker who's all wrong for fraidy-cat buffoonery, doesn't seem sure whether he's playing a dumb mug or just coming across as one. Mamet's talent is for lowlifers' rancorous scrapping, not for comic gangsters and buddy love.

You half expect the actual killer—the guy that Gino is supposed to resemble—to turn up; you wait for the plot to be more clever than it is. That's the only suspense the movie has. Mamet set up a story with a buried theme: the yearning for a day when men kept their word. And then—it's no surprise—he couldn't deliver the third act. Gino has a Mafia lucky coin that keeps saving him, but by the end this device rings like a lead quarter. —PAULINE KAEL

•

TORONTO BLUE JAYS—Appointed Richie Hebner first base coach, replacing Billy Smith, who has been offered another position in the organization; dropped Winston Llenas as Latin instructor.—*Washington Post.*

A. Bartlett Giamatti is not going to be pleased.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MUSICAL EVENTS

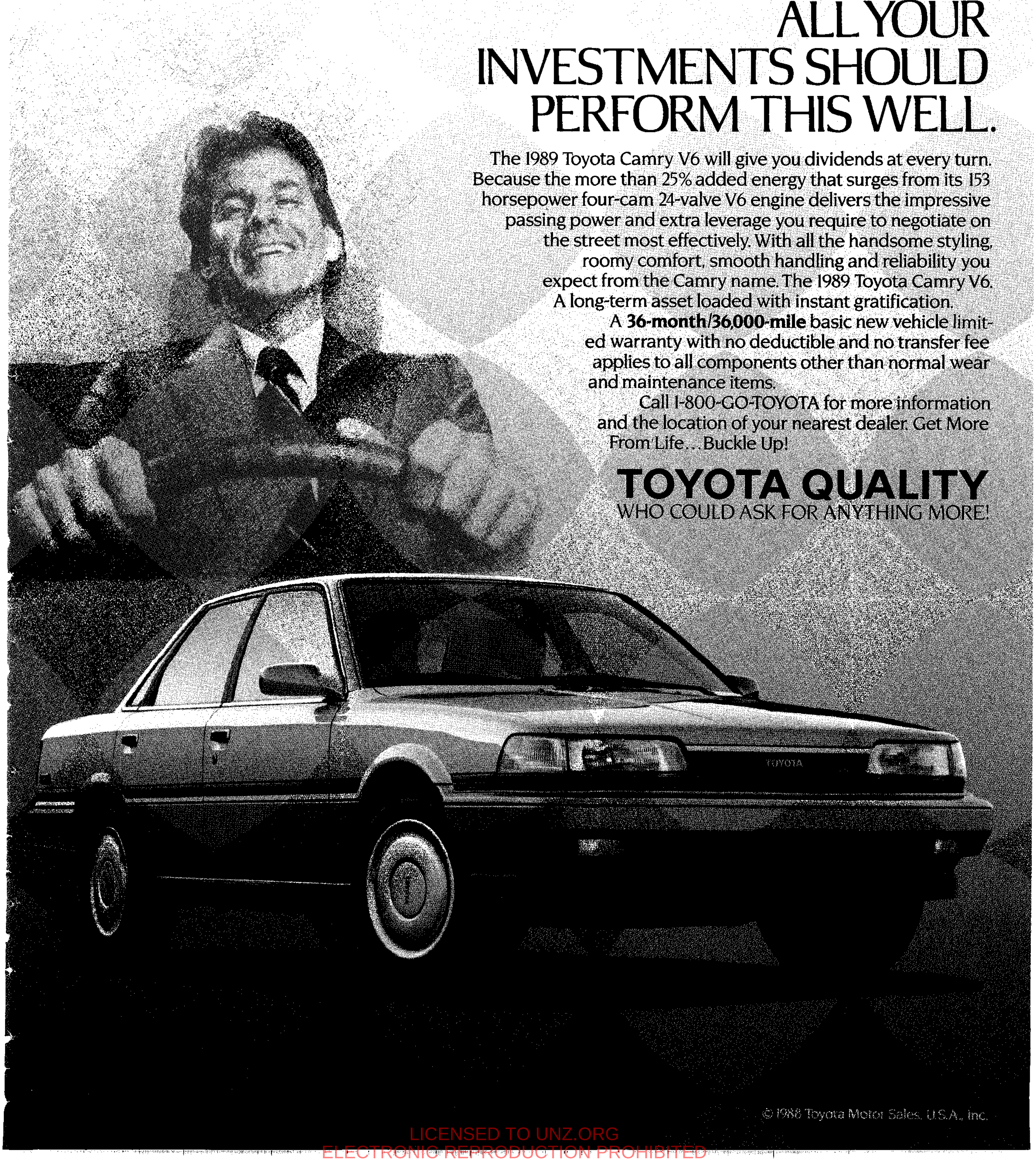
Inventions

JOHN ADAMS' latest composition, "Fearful Symmetries," commissioned by the Orchestra of St. Luke's, had its official première last month at a St. Luke's all-Adams concert in Avery Fisher Hall. (A few days earlier, there had been a "preview" in Battery Park City's Winter Garden.) The composer conducted. "Fearful Symmetries" is a twenty-seven-minute piece scored for, more or less, the "Nixon in China" instrumental ensemble—including three clarinets, four saxophones, three trumpets, three trombones, and two synthesizers. Some of it sounds like Adams' "Grand Pianola Music" (1982). Some of it sounds like "Nixon in China"—but the accompaniment of that work only, without the text, without the voice lines. And most of it sounds like vamping: chord sequences awaiting tunes to be put over them. Since no tunes arrive—at one point, there is an almost-a-tune from the horns—the result proves to be a long vamp. What interest the work possesses derives from the scoring—big-band sounds, slow or sudden transformations of timbre, textures now dense, now ethereal, and always active—and, to some extent, from the structure. It is not enough. In a program note, the composer says "hopefully some things will sound new," and specifies modulation by chromatic half steps (instead of the third moves of his earlier pieces) and "deeper layers of counterpoint." There was a recurrent but banal motif of chords ascending by half steps in an accelerando sequence. The counterpoint scarcely sounded at all; it was lost in busy texture. "Fearful Symmetries," though carefully assembled and colorfully scored, seemed depressingly minimal in its musical material. The Blake title for the piece, Adams says, occurred to him when, "not long into its composition," he "realized that the harmonic phrase structures were falling into almost maddeningly symmetrical patterns." No immortal hand is traceable in the framing.

The concert began with the string-orchestra version of "Shaker Loops" (1978), an early Adams work holding promise that was fulfilled in "Harmonium" (1980) and in "Nixon in China." The composer dispatched his score with a brisk efficiency that emphasized its sewing-machine characteristics. The original, string-septet version (which is recorded on New Albion) seems less mechanical. After "Fearful Symmetries," there was about fifty minutes of "Nixon in China": Nixon's aria from Act I, Mrs. Nixon's aria from Act II, and Act III complete. This is music more arresting. The President's exuberant melismas as he sets foot in China provide a point of focus that would otherwise be missing. (Imagine a Donizetti opera performed accompaniment only, without the vocal lines; that would indeed be a "minimal" affair.) Alice Goodman's libretto gives the mind something to follow and also prescribes to the composer a welcome rate of change in musical imagery. I have heard "Nixon" a good deal now. (A Nonesuch recording, bearing a copyright credit to Red Dawn Music, has been published.) The music proves worth listening to. Act III, an almost actionless span of lapped solos and duets—reflective, reminiscent, narrative, visionary—works as well in the concert hall as in the theatre.

Five of the excellent original cast—James Maddalena (Nixon), Sanford Sylvan (Chou En-lai), Carolann Page (Mrs. Nixon), Trudy Ellen Craney (Mme. Mao), and John Duykers (Chairman Mao)—repeated their roles with the confidence born of many performances; Henry Kissinger's few contributions were well sung by Frank Curtis. Fisher Hall—this was a Lincoln Center Great Performers event—lit the

"I don't know. He seems to be some kind of throw-ahead."

**TOYOTA** CAMRY V6

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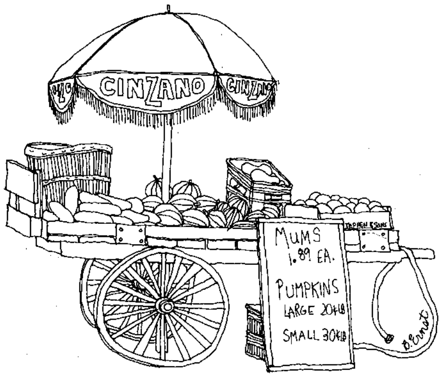
singers' features clearly. One should be able to take that for granted, but cannot. At a Carnegie Hall presentation of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda" last month, a basic everyday-concert lighting plot was employed, and the soloists' performances were thereby diminished.

"BEATRICE" (1833), the ninth of Bellini's ten operas, is an uneven but interesting work. It was his answer to Donizetti's "Anna Bolena." In 1829, Bellini had suffered the first setback of his career, with the failure of "Zaira," which he composed to inaugurate the new opera house in Parma. In 1830, he and Donizetti were engaged to write operas for the Teatro Carcano, in Milan, with the same librettist, Felice Romani, and the same singers. After the Carcano success of "Anna Bolena," Bellini abandoned *his* romantic tragedy, an "Hernani," and composed instead the pastoral opera semiseria "La Sonnambula." In 1832, the ascendancy at La Scala of his "Norma" (thirty-four performances) over Donizetti's "Ugo, Conte di Parigi" (only four performances) gave him renewed confidence. His next engagement was in Venice, to mount "Norma" and follow it with a new opera for Giuditta Pasta, the great singer for whom the roles of Anne Boleyn, Amina in "La Sonnambula," and Norma had been written. He chose Queen Christina of Sweden as a heroine, and Romani began the libretto. Then the composer changed his mind, and decided on Beatrice di Tenda.

The sources were a "Beatrice" ballet that he and Pasta had seen at La Scala, Schiller's "Maria Stuart" (a play that Pasta admired, and not yet a Donizetti opera) and his "Don Carlos," and, above all, "Anna Bolena." Hopefully, Bellini wrote to Pasta that "Romani will handle things in such a way that no situation recalls 'Anna Bolena.'" In fact, the soprano, the second soprano (or mezzo), the tenor, and the bass (or baritone) of "Beatrice" stand to one another in almost precisely the "Anna Bolena" relationships: a ruler (Henry VIII/Filippo Visconti), bored with his wife (Anne Boleyn/Beatrice) and infatuated with one of her ladies-in-waiting (Jane Seymour/Agnese), commits the wife to trial on a trumped-up charge of adultery with a man who loves her (Percy/Orombello). False evidence is exacted by torture, the woman is declared guilty, and the sentence is death. A "Don Carlos" element added is the mezzo's love for the tenor—Agnese's for Orombello. He, summoned by a letter, comes to a rendezvous where she, like Princess Eboli in "Don Carlos," is playing a lute. (Romani lifts lines of Schiller directly.) Orombello thinks the invitation was from Beatrice. Misunderstandings clear, and Agnese learns whom he really loves. A woman scorned, she steals papers from her rival and gives them to Filippo as evidence of his wife's guilt, repents, comes to beg forgiveness from the woman she has wronged, and is forgiven. The linked emotional triangles of "Don Carlos" are missing, however. In short, Filippo loves Agnese, who loves Orombello, who loves Beatrice, who loves no one and is very unhappy, and so there can be no love duets, only one-way declarations. There is a little political content that is not in "Anna Bolena": Filippo owes his dominion to enormous wealth that Beatrice, the widow of his father's condottiere Facino Cane, brought him, and much of her grief is due to her having by this second marriage placed her subjects beneath his tyrannous rule. Beatrice was one of Giuseppina Strepponi-Verdi's roles; she sang it in Leghorn (1838), Lucca (1839), Florence (1839 and 1840), and Faenza (1841). Verdi lifted a striking motif from the first-act finale into the first-act finale of his "Macbeth." "Beatrice" belongs to the prehistory of his "Don Carlos."

In its own right, the opera has proved worth revival. Uneven, I called it, and so it is. Time grew short; "Norma" was already in performance before the "Beatrice" libretto had been completed. Romani was overworked; he had five operas in hand that season. "Beatrice" was delayed, and the first-night critics were unkind. Bellini, stung, complained publicly of Romani's tardiness. Romani told the world of the last-minute change of subject, and said he had been "tormented every day by the composer's caprices" and "tortured worse than Orombello" by the need to create new poetry to fit existing music. The finale of "Beatrice" includes a trio (a beautiful trio) borrowed from "Zaira," and a final cabaletta (a trivial cabaletta) adapted for soprano from a tenor piece in the early "Bianca e Fernando." But the opera also contains new, remarkable things. Bellini was an ambitious and questing composer, eager not to repeat himself. His early Scala operas, "Il Pirata" and "La Straniera," had been vigorously declamatory, and people rightly discerned a new voice, one able (as Romani declared) to lead Italian music drama beyond Rossini. Bellini left it to Donizetti—and, after him, Verdi—to promote this forceful *canto d'azione*, while in "I Capuleti" he contrasted Romeo's energetic utterances with Juliet's smooth, long-breathed melodic periods, adumbrating the "Sonnambula" and "Norma" melodies for which today he is chiefly valued. In "Beatrice," however, he began to work with short, pregnant motifs, apt for the creation of developed, non-repetitive spans. I cannot prove (for there is no documentary evidence)—but cannot hear "Beatrice" without, in passage after passage, feeling—that Bellini had, in 1832, been looking at Beethoven.



There is also a new harmonic richness. The "Tristan chord" was prominent in the Act II introduction of "Norma." In "Beatrice," the euphonies of the preceding works—main beats of the main melodies placed on consonant harmony notes—yield to stressed discords, producing added-note chords that Bellini resolves but his successors use, unresolved, as the stuff of Romantic music. No wonder Wagner admired Bellini. Moreover, the phrase lengths are as often as not irregular. Likewise the formal structures of the numbers. Indeed, "numbers" no longer seems an appropriate word: "Beatrice" contains just one cavatina, the heroine's (in Act I), and one aria, Filippo's (in Act II), and neither of them is cast in a standard mold. The opera is composed in long spans, of which the greatest is the trial scene of Act II: a dramatic action in which solos, ensembles, and instrumental passages of uncommon poignancy are

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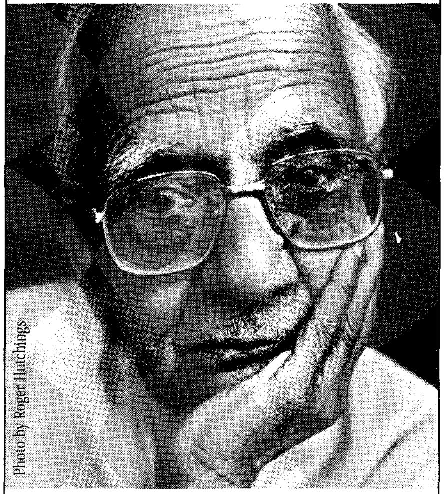

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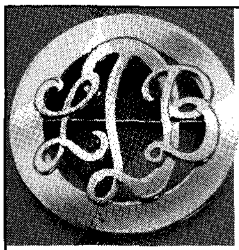

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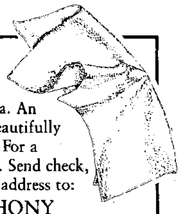

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held together by a framework of recurrent motifs and rhythms, related tempi, and carefully devised harmonic planes. But "Beatrice," completed in haste, is not what Bellini wanted it to be. The autograph does not show many fine revisions such as that of "Norma" does. A full score was published. Autograph, published score, vocal scores, early manuscript copies, and early librettos all hold different readings, especially of the final scene. And the librettos contain pages of text that is *virgolato*—marked to show that, although not sung, it needs to be read if the drama is to make full sense.

"Beatrice" reached New York in 1844. It returned in 1961, when, in Town Hall, Joan Sutherland made her local début, as Beatrice; Marilyn Horne was the Agnese, Richard Cassilly the Orombello. The Carnegie "Beatrice" opened Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York season. A good loud sing, it moved the audience to cheers but did little to reveal the special qualities of the work. The prima donna was June Anderson. She commands bright, brilliant tones, which she used without much expression. She has a cultivated middle voice but evidently needs time to get into and out of it; in rapid dropping-sixth figures the lower notes were barely sounded. Her rhythms were not energetic. It should be added that probably no other soprano around could give a stronger vocal performance of the role, though some sopranos might well be more moving in it. Rhythmic inertia, which can afflict fast tempi as well as slow, was a general fault of the evening. All the recitatives were delivered loudly and slowly. Eva Zseller, a soprano Agnese, had some pleasing moments; Ivan Kiurkciev, the Orombello, did not. Eduard Tumagian was a crude Filippo. Dwayne Croft, in the bit part of Anichino, a friend of Orombello, sang his few lines firmly and well. The Princeton Pro Musica was in lusty voice but without theatrical sense. It was comical to hear a "conspirators' chorus" of quiet, urgent exchanges (such as Verdi later wrote in "Macbeth" and "Il Trovatore") so robustly sung.

THE Lyric Opera of Chicago mounted its first "Sonnambula" this season. It was a rather silly production, which had been acquired from the San Carlo, Naples; the director was

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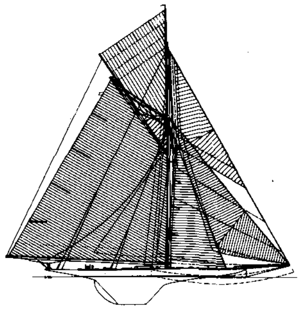

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Sandro Sequi and the designer Giuseppe Crisolini Malatesta. Bellini's pastoral was played out in a grand neoclassical *salone*. The director (according to the program note) had

> imagined that the action takes place . . . in an aristocratic palace where the members of the family have gathered to celebrate the marriage of a noble young couple. . . . They present a show in which they themselves portray the principal characters of "La Sonnambula." The simple story of the sleepwalking Amina thus becomes a symbolic parable of the joys and sorrows of love.

Oh, for heaven's sake! This is "La Sonnambula." In Act II, I wondered why all the men of the village, Elvino included, were cloaked like conspirators, and whether Amina customarily went to bed in a hooped nightgown. At "Ah non giunge," all became clear: cloaks were shed, and everyone was in full, formal evening dress. Bellini, not foreseeing Mr. Sequi's requirements, had failed to compose music to allow time for a costume change.

Ruth Welting, the Amina of my performance—Cecilia Gasdia sang the others—was sweet-toned, charming, and exact but somewhat doll-like of demeanor. (Pasta, by all accounts, brought much dramatic variety to her interpretation.) Dimitri Kavrakos was a sonorous but musically unimaginative Count. ("Vi ravviso" can be made to seem the most beautiful bass aria ever written.) The Elvino was Frank Lopardo; this was his Chicago début, after successes abroad (among them Mozart at La Scala and Rossini in Vienna). He has developed into an admirable young tenor, with a voice that is ringing, focussed, and unforced in timbre, agile in action, and verbally clear. His phrasing was clean, distinct, and shapely. From someone as good as this, one always wants more: Mr. Lopardo must now add melting, Schipa-like moments to his expressive armory, think about portamento, and drop at once some clung-to loud high notes that were rude provincial intruders upon an otherwise cultivated performance. Donato Renzetti's conducting was brisk, efficient, unloving.

—ANDREW PORTER

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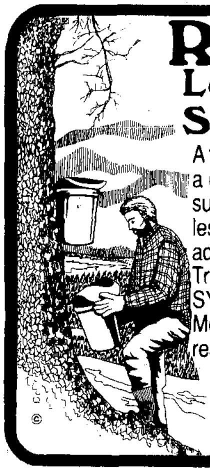

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BIOGRAPHIES of thinkers and of historians are a relatively modern literary practice. They began to accumulate less than a hundred years ago. It is at least arguable that interest in the life as well as the works of a thinker results from an evolution of consciousness which is not only a psychological phenomenon but a democratic one. Yet Alexis de Tocqueville, who has long been recognized as the greatest analyst of the democratic age, has not been the subject of an extensive and scholarly biography until the present decade; in 1984, André Jardin's biography was published in France, and now it is available in an English translation, by Lydia Davis and Robert Hemenway (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $35). "Tocqueville: A Biography" is a book of considerable importance, primarily because of its comprehensive treatment of both Tocqueville's public life and his private life—including many details necessarily absent from the two previous biographical essays, by Antoine Redier (1925) and J. P. Mayer (1939). There are reasons for the late arrival of such a biography. Tocqueville left an immense literary heritage, of which the major (and perhaps the most valuable) portion may be his thousands of letters, but not until 1951, ninety-two years after his death, did a commission in France begin to publish his complete works. Nineteen volumes have been issued, and eleven more are planned. M. Jardin, the editor of several of these volumes, has been an indefatigable Tocqueville researcher over the last thirty years; encouraged by the Comte Jean de Tocqueville, Alexis's great-grandnephew and the present head of the family, he presumably decided that the materials for a serious biography were finally at hand.

Americans naturally associate Tocqueville with his classic "Democracy in America," but "Democracy in America" is only a small part of Tocqueville's œuvre. Besides his formidable correspondence, there is the innovative and profound history "The Old Regime and the French Revolution" (1856); its sequel, unfinished because of his last illness; his incomparable "Recollections" of the revolutionary year 1848, written during an earlier illness and also published posthumously; and many smaller works. The main theme of all these is, in various ways, the arrival of and the prospects for democracy in the modern world—a preoccupation that both preceded and followed "Democracy in America." As Jardin observes, the surprisingly large success of its first volume, published in 1835, was not a result of fortunate timing. By then, French interest in the United States had actually abated, but intelligent readers knew that they were in the presence of a masterly philosophical and literary exposition of a democratic society. (One of the best reviews was written by the young Sainte-Beuve, at the very beginning of his literary career.)

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Shanahan

"*Police, Ma'am.*"

Tocqueville, accompanied by his friend Gustave de Beaumont, had spent nine months in the United States, in 1831 and 1832. The pretext for their trip was a commission from the French government to make a study of the American penitentiary system. ("The penitentiary system was an excuse," Tocqueville wrote to another friend. "I used it as a passport that would allow me to go everywhere in the United States." But Tocqueville and Beaumont were not really precursors of modern grantsmen, since they paid for the trip themselves.) Tocqueville wrote the first volume of "Democracy in America" in less than a year. Then he began to write the second volume, which is very different from the first. Jardin exaggerates a bit when he says that in this volume Tocqueville's accounts of life in the United States are "no more than illustrations of a particular line of reasoning." Yet it is true that the second volume is about democracy rather than about America. At the same time, Tocqueville emphasized that the American experiment was not necessarily a model for democracy everywhere. Throughout both volumes he used the term "Anglo-Americans," mindful not only of the antecedents of the American people but of the specifically English origins of their freedoms. He worked on the second volume for at least four years. Although it had a mixed reception—critical, for the most part—to us, almost a hundred and fifty years later, it seems even more penetrating than the first. Many of its chapters (shorter than those of the first volume; the very organization of the two books is different) are distillations of a wisdom that astonishes us, since they seem to be directly relevant to the democratic world of our times. The chapter entitled "Some Characteristics of Historians in Democratic Times," for example, contains only forty-eight sentences, almost every one of them an argument so condensed and profound that it would be sufficient for an entire book—indeed, for the kind of book that could establish the reputation of a twentieth-century thinker or scholar.

In the two volumes there is also a subtle difference in emphasis. What struck many readers in the first volume—and for a long time reduced Tocqueville's appeal to modern liberals—was his exposition of a new kind of danger, that of the tyranny of a majority. But in the second volume Tocqueville describes another kind of danger: the eventual growth of an all-provident and all-powerful government, which would rule more and more spheres of life, until its unwitting subjects became so accustomed to its powers that the independence of their thinking vanished—in sum, the devolution of democracy into a new kind of bureaucratic state. This idea corresponds to another important Tocqueville thesis, set forth in the chapter "Why Great Revolutions Will Become More Rare," in which he writes that the exact opposite of the political condi-

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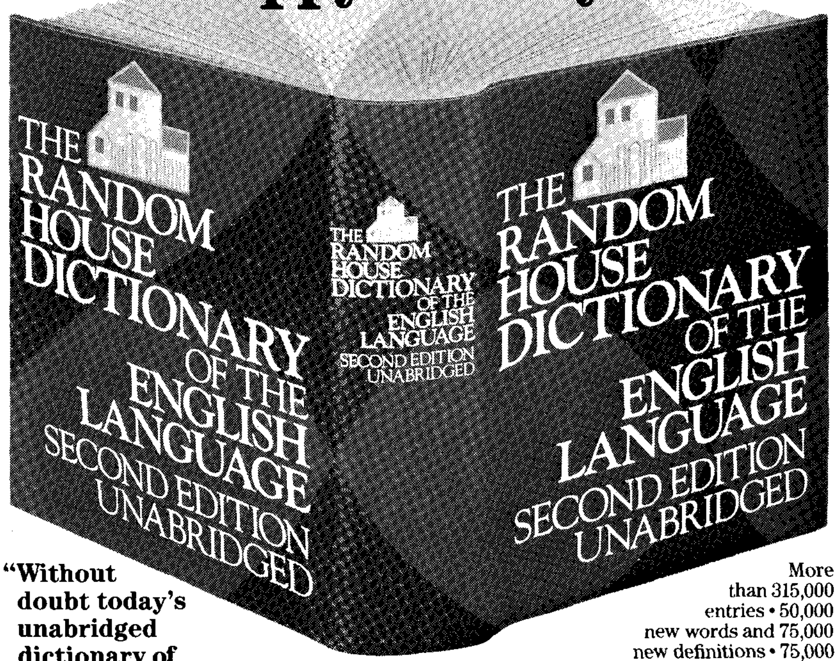
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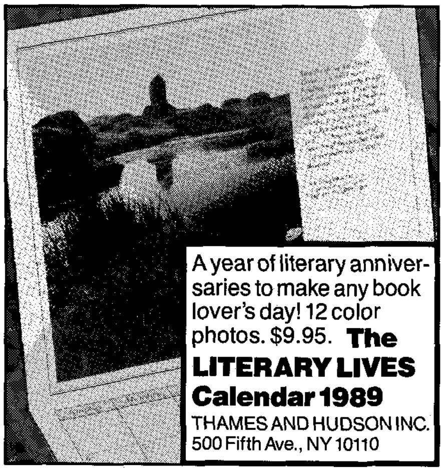

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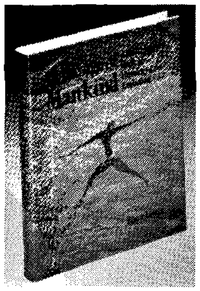

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tions feared by opponents of democracy might develop. These opponents thought that an unbridled democratic society would necessarily tend to extremes. On the contrary, Tocqueville wrote; the incessant agitation on the surface of a democratic society merely obscures the slowing down of the true advancement of ideas, and a kind of agitated intellectual stagnation prevails.

Continuity was a principal perspective of Tocqueville's historical vision. His great and novel contribution in "The Old Regime and the French Revolution" was his observation that there had been more continuity between the practices of the monarchy and those of the revolutionary republic than people were accustomed to believe: the most harmful feature of the old regime—the centralization of governmental power—was unthinkingly extended by the new. Another significant element in Tocqueville's political philosophy—one generally overlooked by his commentators—is the recognition by this traditionalist aristocrat of the dangers to liberty from what we may call a radical right. Just as his brilliant reminiscences of the revolutions of 1848 demonstrate insight and literary powers far superior to those of another contemporary observer, Karl Marx, Tocqueville had an understanding of the conservative inclinations of masses of people—their nationalism, for example, and their desire for respectability—which seems to have eluded Marx completely. In June of 1848, in Paris, Tocqueville supported the military suppression of what may have been the first socialist revolt in Europe (for this he was acidly and unfairly criticized by some radicals, including Alexander Herzen); yet very soon thereafter he recognized the danger latent in the appeal and the respectability of anti-Communism. "The insane fear of socialism throws the bourgeois headlong into the arms of despotism," he wrote to a friend. "But now that the weakness of the Red party has been proved, people will regret the price at which their enemy has been put down." Concerning the widespread acceptance of Louis-Napoléon's dictatorship he wrote to his brother Édouard, "I am saddened and disturbed more than I ever have been before when I see in so many Catholics . . . this love of force, of the police, of the censor."

Tocqueville, as Jardin correctly states, "was incapable of writing on a subject that did not impassion him to the point of anguish." The evidence for this exists not only in his published works but in his letters and in his many notes. His friend Beaumont said of Tocqueville that "for one volume he published he wrote ten; and the notes he cast aside as intended only for himself would have served many writers as text for the printer." There was, however, a gap of twelve years between his completion of "Democracy in America" and the beginning of his archival researches for "The Old Regime." The gap was due to his political career, to which this biography devotes nearly two hundred pages. The first full summary of that career, it is useful in many of its details, though perhaps of greater interest to French than to American readers. In 1837—after he began writing the second volume of "Democracy in America"—Tocqueville chose to stand for election to the Chamber of Deputies from his Normandy district. He lost, but two years later he was elected, and in the next ten years he won four such elections. He was not a parliamentary success. "His efforts to win over his colleagues . . . seem to have been rather clumsy," Jardin writes. "He did not have the right hail-fellow-well-met parliamentary manner, and to others he appeared ambitious and proud." He himself wrote to his wife in 1842, "Yesterday once again I discovered that I absolutely lack the talent which, in this government, is everything—the talent for extemporizing." Yet his reputation was considerable enough (especially after a speech in January, 1848, in which he predicted the coming revolution) so that he was appointed to the commission drafting the Constitution of the Second Republic. In 1849, he was briefly the Foreign Minister of France, a task he fulfilled creditably (and of which a scholarly study remains to be written). He resigned after five months in office, unwilling to abide by the dictatorial tendencies of Louis-Napoléon.

MORE important than the detailed reconstruction of Tocqueville's political career is Jardin's accumulation of material about Tocqueville's personal life. For the first time, we have many details about the private Tocqueville. We have had different accounts of his temperament, and even

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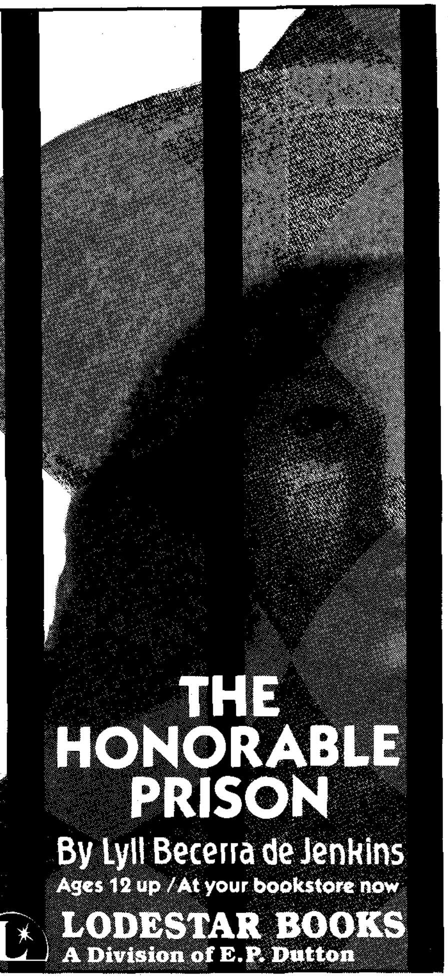
of his physical traits. Some Frenchmen described him as cold and aloof; some Americans described him as nervous and excitable. Besides a few caricatures (one by Daumier), there is the beautiful portrait by the French romantic painter Théodore Chassériau. Tocqueville was not a vain man; Jardin tells us that Chassériau volunteered to paint his portrait out of gratitude for a favor that Tocqueville had done for the painter's brother. Jardin's verbal picture of Tocqueville corresponds well to the Chassériau portrait: he was "slight and thin," with a face "at once childish and rather sickly, framed by long silky black hair and brightened by large, sparkling black eyes." Tocqueville, who died at the age of fifty-four after a bout of bronchitis, suffered from recurrent gastric pains, a liver condition, and a serious pulmonary weakness. (His mother's health was also fragile, but Jardin is not convincing when he writes that Alexis inherited his inclination to moody anxiety from her.) Yet he was anything but a bookworm. He wrote in the mornings and took great pleasure in going out into the fields in the afternoons. He was a good rider. He was addicted to long walks, insisting on them even during his illnesses, save the last one.

Until this biography, even Tocqueville scholars knew very little about his relationships with women. Now we know that he had a love affair with a middle-class girl, Rosalie Malye, during his student years at Metz and wrote letters to her even after her marriage. More important, he rejected the custom of arranged marriages between aristocratic families. He was impressed by the American practice, in which marriage resulted from mutual affection, and also by the fidelity and assiduous domesticity of American wives. Jardin suggests that Tocqueville had a passionate temperament; in one instance, he implies (without citing his source) the existence of a few clandestine extramarital excursions. Many things about Tocqueville's marriage are still a mystery. Very much contrary to the habit of his time and of his family—and against his mother's wishes—Tocqueville, in 1835, married a not very attractive middle-class Englishwoman, Mary Mottley, who had been a governess in a French household. She was older than he was, and—at least temperamentally—his complete opposite. Opposites often at-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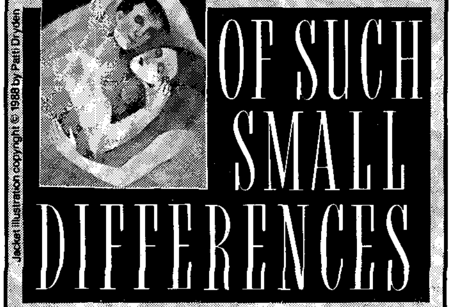
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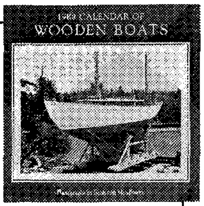

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tract, but in this case there were evident difficulties. On one occasion (also described by Jardin's predecessor Redier), Tocqueville is supposed to have thrown a plate at his wife, whose slowness at the dinner table he found insufferable. Yet she was an intelligent woman, and their ménage seems to have been more successful than not. Tocqueville's friend the essayist Jean-Jacques Ampère left a record of cozy days and good dinners at their château, of playing billiards with Mme. de Tocqueville, of the couple reading aloud to each other on long afternoons and evenings. From Jardin we learn that Tocqueville loved Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and the music of Rossini.

A German visitor—one E. Gans—observing Tocqueville in a Paris salon, commented, "In his manner, there is a grace and a politeness to which the present generation of Frenchmen seems to attach less value than the preceding one." Yet some people accused this Comte de Tocqueville of being a traitor to his class, who made his peace with democracy too soon. Indeed, he carried himself with the minimum of pretension; among other things, he refused to use his title, and chose to take his place, whether in his parish church or in a line of voters, among the common people. It would be a great mistake, however, to consider him one of those aristocrats (and in the history of Europe there have been many) who sought popularity in a kind of reverse snobbism, or enjoyed rebelling against family tradition. Tocqueville was proud of his ancestry—for example, of his great-grandfather Malesherbes, who defended Louis XVI at the King's trial, and who was himself sent to the guillotine. He also took deep pleasure in his friendship with the Norman peasants, and in their loyalty to him. (Conversely, loyalty was one of Tocqueville's most admirable traits. He was sufficiently magnanimous not to nurse grievances. "My poor Hippolyte, what a sorry character, but what a heart of gold!" he wrote about one of his brothers, whose life and opinions could not have been more different from his, and who had often disappointed him.) His literary style was part of the heritage of the Tocqueville family, who read and discussed books constantly. During his early writing career, his father and his brothers "weighed every turn of phrase, down to individual words, and all three required the sort of exactness that gives Alexis's style, in places, a crystalline purity." His love and respect for his father, who was an amateur historian of sorts, were strong and enduring.

Tocqueville was one of those great thinkers who straddle their age by transcending it. His style was classical, yet his temperament was romantic. His reason carried many of the marks of the eighteenth century, yet the unwitting prophetic thrust of his thought carries us far into the twentieth. He was well connected—related not only to Malesherbes but to important writers, like Chateaubriand, and Prime Ministers, like Molé—yet independence of mind and character were the principal elements of his personality. This uncategorizable independence was doubtless the reason for the comparative obscurity of his reputation—an obscurity that persisted, especially in France, for many decades after his death. He transcended not only his times but also categories that are still prevalent. Was he a liberal or a conservative? Was he a social thinker or a historian? In the present sense of those words he was more the second of each pair than the first; but in a higher sense he incarnated the best and most enduring qualities of them all. There is, too, the question of Tocqueville's Catholicism. Few of his commentators have dealt with it adequately, most of them simply asserting that his faith was restricted to expressions of a belief in the necessary stability that religion brings to the social order. M. Jardin, recognizing the complexity of the issue, at the end of the book redeems his own speculations with an expression of modest wisdom: "In the case of a mind as active, as passionate, as secret as that of Alexis de Tocqueville, we will not be so bold as to assume any certainty about his last thoughts. There are intimate reaches of the spirit that compel one to silence"—an honorable conclusion to this solid reconstruction of Tocqueville's agitated life. —JOHN LUKACS

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